

THE AMERICAN THOROUGHBRED

By

CHARLES E. TREVATHAN

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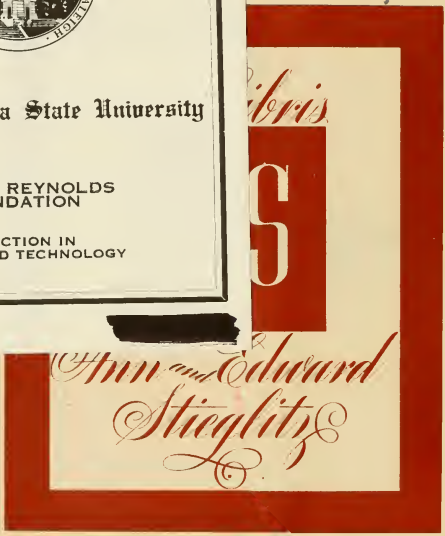
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DEDICATION

To the Memory of the Late

WILLIAM COLLINS WHITNEY

GENTLEMAN AND SPORTSMAN

TO WHOSE ADVICE AND ASSISTANCE I OWE MUCH

OF WHATEVER IS WORTH WHILE

IN THIS VOLUME

THE AUTHOR

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THE AMERICAN THOROUGHBRED

CHAPTER I

WHENCE THE AMERICAN THOROUGHBRED

For the existence of this thing which we call the thoroughbred horse of America, we, in common with all countries of civilization, must give thanks to England. There is not at this day galloping upon the turf of any land under the sun a single animal worthy of the name of race-horse which does not go back through generations to an original English foundation.

The American turf is only the English turf transplanted, with some alterations, to a new soil. Our whole instinct for racing comes from our English and Irish ancestry, and we were the first country outside of England itself to begin the breeding of horses for purposes of the turf and for their general improvement.

Almost with the genesis of the white man upon the American continent the use of the horse as a

means of sport came into vogue. In spite of her years of precedence, England has scarce had upon her own home turf — which is the mother turf — more delightful days of racing, accompanied by more delightful incident, than that which accompanied the early sport of the running of horses in these United States of America.

Somewhere, at some time in the long-ago, the writer remembers a tall gentleman, with the manners of a grenadier, delivering a sort of lecture on the sword. He illustrated his talk with an exhibition of the swords of all times and of all nations. He concluded his oration with a striking passage, of which there remains to this day in the writer's mind this line: "It [the sword] has ever been the friend and the faithful of the gentleman." And it would seem, following this story of the thoroughbred race-horse, or that species of the equine which has furnished sport for half the civilizations of the world, and peculiarly and particularly for those civilizations which had the Anglo-Saxon race for their beginning, that the thoroughbred has ever been the companion and the faithful. Certainly we owe his early and prominent existence in America to the coming of the first gentleman.

Back yonder, so far as there is record, or even tradition, to tell of a race-horse in America, there is mention, which has been credited as true mention, of the importation to this country of a stallion called Bulle Rock. In the American Stud Book, which is that authority to which we must all refer, you may find the name Bulle Rock as given to a horse foaled in England in 1718, and imported into Virginia in 1730. So early was his birth in Albion, that neither the Stud Book nor Racing Calendar in that country had been established, and the records of exportations from there were as unreliable and as fragmentary as those of importations to this country.

But, from the old advertisements in the very early Virginia papers, we know that this horse called Bulle Rock, by the Darley Arabian, first dam by Byerly Turk, was owned by Samuel Patton and Samuel Gist, of Virginia, and that he was spoken of in the small prints of his time as being a horse of the best English (or Arabian) racing family, and that it was hoped the gentlemen of Virginia would seek opportunity, through him, of improving their general stock.

There is no way of establishing the fact that previous to the coming of Bulle Rock any race-

horse had arrived in America. It is possible, of course, that some of the early exportations made by the Virginia Company for the benefit of the colony at Jamestown contained race-horses among them. If so, no records were ever made of them. Old histories may be found which speak of horses being sent out as gifts to the colonists, but so far as the race-horse is concerned, beyond this Bulle Rock we cannot go.

And so, looking over the great stock-farms of the America of to-day, we must say that the first of these, albeit half unknown, dying in obscurity, and held up to but light fame in his lifetime, was this undescribed Bulle Rock. For the sake of plain history one would like to know what manner of horse he was, — whether he was bay, brown, gray, or chestnut; whether he was small horse or large; whether his disposition was gentle or fiery; whether he was good of wind and limb; and all those things which we like to know of the horses that have come to be called thoroughbred and that do such brilliant and admirable things under the afternoon suns of our land for practically every day in the year.

But we know Bulle Rock only as a name. If the pedigree given for him be correct, then he was

aristocratic indeed. Of his personality there is not even a shadow. He is to us now only the first race-horse to come. And on far occasion we find in an old pedigree, at its very American remoteness, "This horse was by Bulle Rock."

The first race-horse of America landed on Virginia soil. For many, many years thereafter every race-horse that came to this country landed at the ports of Virginia or the Carolinas. Many men, studying the history of the race-horse of America, have wondered that he should have been, in his importation, so purely local, — why he did not disembark in old Boston, or even on the coast of Maine, or at the Battery. There is plain reason for that in the types of the men who were coming from other lands to make this new country under a new flag. The masters of Virginia and of the Carolinas were the cavaliers of old England. They were men of the horse and the sword at home. Long military training had taught them that a man well horsed had his battle half won. So it was the most natural thing in the world that, coming to the conquest of a new land, the man who had been swift-mounted in his own land upon a horse capable of carrying him at great speed and of maintaining such speed under difficulties for

a great length of time, should want an animal of such character to be his companion in the new country. The cavalier of England brought the race-horse to America and for fifty years after his coming maintained the existence of the race-horse by fresh importations and by crossing upon such selected animals of native breed as seemed suited to produce the race-horse of speed or the saddle-horse of quality and endurance.

New York's early Dutch were not horsemen. They did their riding at home upon cumbersome animals more calculated to carry great burdens slowly than lighter ones with vim and dash. The Dutch brought horses to New York, but they brought the ponderous animal of burden rather than the prancing steed that might carry a cavalier and his caparisons with grace.

The Puritan of New England was not a man for horse-loving nor for display. Certainly he was not the man in whose heart the race-horse could have honest home. He was given to humility and to simple drudgeries, denying himself the indulgences of that very class which had populated early Virginia. So it is that the old pictures of the Puritan of New England set him always at his going and coming on foot. Ever a sturdy

man and ever a reliant one, he did for himself the duties which the horse was supposed to share with the cavalier. Your Virginian and your North Carolinian and your Marylander threaded his way through the early forest astride his horse. He had him for constant companion and held him as being scarcely second to his flint-lock as a protective or aggressive agency.

Beyond all this utilitarian suggestion which caused the cavalier to bring the race-horse with him to America, there was the sporting instinct which he had inherited from his ancestor at home. For although the thoroughbred horse had not existed for such a great number of years before the founding of the colony at Jamestown, there still had been horse-racing regularly conducted at Newmarket Heath in England since the time of James I. There had been sporting monarchs of old England long before the Virginia charter was issued.

So it came that the race-horse followed the cavalier, and he became the attendant of the labors as well as the pleasures of the gentleman in this new country as he had been that in the old. Also, being a selected animal and therefore being held at more than ordinary price, the race-horse was

available only to that kind of man who enjoyed the favors of fortune in his own country and could bring with him to the new one that equipment which was considered necessary in the *entourage* of a gentleman.

From the time of the landing of Bulle Rock to this day, when we find associated with the great jockey clubs of the country some of the most distinguished names to which this country has given birth, save for now and then some unfortunate period when his association was unworthy, we find ever the gentleman and the thoroughbred as companions. America is commercial, and there be many men with slight claims to respectability who may own a race-horse for what he may earn. Above these always, when our turf has been in healthy life, the gentlemen have stood and dominated.

In a previous paragraph reference was made to the crossing of the English thoroughbred upon native stock. That expression "native" is misleading. There is no native horse of America. There is no evidence, historic or prehistoric, that the horse ever had habitat upon this continent previous to the coming of the white man. Columbus brought horses with him on the

occasion of his second voyage to America, in 1493, and the Indians were as much concerned over the animals which the men from Columbus's ships mounted to ride over the land as they were at the appearance of the men themselves. When he returned to Spain, the horses which Columbus had brought in his ships remained. They were, presumably, left somewhere in the Central American states.

The first horse to be landed upon what we now call American shores was brought to the coast of Florida by Cabeza de Vaca. In 1527 this commander landed at St. Augustine, Florida, and after some exploration there turned loose his band of Spanish animals. There was the genesis of the ordinary horse in America.

In 1609 a stallion and six mares were imported into Virginia from England. In 1625 a few horses were brought from Holland to New Netherlands, now New York. In 1629 the first equine to tread the soil of New England was landed at Boston, from England. In 1678 the plains of Louisiana, Texas, Missouri, and Illinois were peopled with great bands of horses descended from those landed by De Vaca and from wanderers of the Virginia stock. Bancroft's History of the

United States says that, in 1656, "the horse was multiplied in Virginia, and to improve that noble animal was an early object of pride favored by legislation. *Speed was especially valued.*" So when native stock is referred to in this way, it may be considered as native only so far back as that time when the Spaniards were landing on the lower coast.

Getting back from the general horse of America to the especial type which is the subject of this article, the honor of having bred, reared, and developed a type of race-horse in America belongs to Virginia and Carolina. Almost up to the time of the Civil War Virginia was known as the race-horse region of America, and the expression "Virginia horse," from Maine to Florida and as far west as the Mississippi River, was taken to mean a superior animal.

Virginia furnished the first thoroughbreds from England, and by judicious crossing of the get of these established a type which might be called truly American, and Virginia inaugurated a style and kind of racing which from its continuance in popularity and its magnificence in contest might be called the American type of racing.

As Virginia was the mother of the general

race-horse of America, she was also the mother of the "four-milers." Some of the most brilliant social events of the South have clustered about the four-mile races. While there were contests at four miles and even at four miles and repeat in England, such events were not considered the true test of merit in a horse; and that kind of racing became really American, since for seventy-five years the four-mile-heat horse was the king of his day.

The ascendency of Virginia on the turf for many years was decided. It could not have been otherwise, since, beginning with Bulle Rock, following closely with Dabster, joining then with Jolly Roger, Janus, and Fearnought, importing mares of equal quality with these stallions, and continuing to import as each gentleman upon his plantation needed a stallion to replace one gone, it is no wonder that Virginia should have held her place as the first thoroughbred mother of this land. As it has been said, for more than fifty years all the best thoroughbred stallions and all the best thoroughbred mares in America were owned on the plantations that lay along the James and the Rappahannock rivers or in the Carolinas.

The men who gave their energies to the devel-

opment of the Virginia horse were the best men who had gone to form the early colony. It is a peculiar but interesting fact that every man named as a member of the original King's Council of the colony of Jamestown is somewhere or other mentioned in the American Stud Book as having owned a thoroughbred stallion or brood mare. You may look at all the personalities which went to the making of a new country in Virginia, and you will not be able to find one whose name may not be duplicated in the racing records of the land.

This is not to say that there were not importations of thoroughbreds to other parts of what is now the United States. Lath and Wildair, both horses that made great impress upon the stock of their time, were imported into New York in 1760 to 1768 by Mr. De Lancey. Fair Rachel and the "Cub Mare," both yet famous in American pedigrees, found their way to America by way of the Battery. Yet these in time went to Virginia to join their relatives who had come by that route before them.

The climate and soil of Virginia seem to have given themselves so handsomely to the production of a high type of race-horse that within a

very few years after they began breeding, the Virginians had established such a class among their speed animals that they were quite willing to take a Virginia-bred horse back to old England and try conclusions with the best animals of the mother country.

Not alone, however, were the Virginia gentlemen in their desire to own animals of high quality, and many plantation-owners from the north, the south, the east, and the west travelled to Virginia and, at good prices, bought, off the plantations about the James and the Rappahannock, the best of the Virginia blood. An early result of all this successful breeding in Virginia was to distribute among her sister states the produce of some of her best mares from the old English stock. Though Virginians took care to retain many at home, yet some of the highest-bred horses found their way to distant counties, and the mother of the American thoroughbred soon found herself supplying weapons that were destined ultimately to give her signal defeat. The casting of this bread of blood upon the waters gave her disastrous return in after seasons.

In the very infancy of our turf, when George III. was king, South Carolina purchased and

transferred to her borders many Virginia brood mares got by the noted imported horses Fearnought, Shadow, Lofty, Sentinel, and Janus. From the home country the Carolinians brought stallions to mate with these mares, and in a very brief time after Virginia had established herself as the home of the thoroughbred, South Carolina had at least placed herself as a fit abiding-place for the same splendid tribe.

The first interstate racing of which there is any record in this country was between the turfmen of Virginia and the turfmen of South Carolina. Almost contemporaneous with South Carolina, Maryland had begun to breed and race, and it was not long before the aristocracy of Annapolis was disputing with the aristocracy of the James the ownership of the fastest and stoutest horses in the country.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST RACE MEETINGS

Regular race meetings of brief duration were given in Virginia prior to the defeat of General Braddock in 1753. The first actual racing organization of which there is such testimony that it can be accepted, was formed at Charleston, South Carolina, February 19, 1760. A Mr. Thomas Nightingale, a Yorkshireman by birth, constructed a course and built a club-house. He called it the Newmarket Course, and upon it were inaugurated certain race meetings which became famous affairs and were the forerunners of almost a hundred years of regular racing in the old Southern state.

In Virginia there was also a Newmarket, and there was a Tree Hill Course, and a Broad Rock Course, and a Fairview. All these were recognized places for the assembling of the racing people, and were at times the centres of the social life of Virginia.

There is existent record of the acting by Gen-

eral Washington as a judge at one of these Newmarket meetings before the Revolutionary War. At the same time there was in operation a course at Annapolis. The Church had even given recognition to racing as one of the harmless social delights of the higher class of Annapolis people. Outside Baltimore, also, existed another racecourse which had no name, but was known generally as the Maryland Course.

There do not exist more than fragmentary records of the doings upon any of these tracks; and one may not, with any degree of certainty, write of any incident upon them until after the period of the Revolution. By the time the first difficulty with England occurred, the scientific breeding of the race-horse had progressed so far that in all of the wealthy communities, from Carolina to Long Island, there were breeding studs where the very best type of animal for cavalry purposes existed. Much of the activity of the British during the winter months was given to the raiding of the farms in an effort to capture this much-desired property. It may be said with truth, however, that the production of the American race-horse had become a fact and his successful racing a public entertainment before the first

red-coated invader came across seas to learn the little lesson of '76.

Immediately subsequent to the Revolution racing-stables were established in Virginia and Maryland as well as in South Carolina. It was then that the turf began to have intimate knowledge of Colonel John Tayloe and the Messrs. Hoomes, Selden, and Johnson, in Virginia. In Maryland, Governors Ogle, Ridgely, Wright, Lloyd, and Sprigg interested themselves. In South Carolina, Colonel Washington, General Pinckney, General Wade Hampton, William Alston, General M'Pherson, Colonel Mitchell, and other distinguished citizens gave themselves to the ownership of thoroughbreds.

In the North, racing was begun on Long Island, but at that time the names associated with it were obscure and the sport was not of much character. A few years made great changes in the Northern turf, but it was many, many seasons before it approached that respectability and had that social stamp which characterized it in the states of the South.

So, although we can trace racing back to the very earliest infancy of our history, the turf was not conducted on a systematic plan until about

the year 1815, and the records of running which took place prior to that date are not always authentic. The people of New York, like those of the Southern states, indulged in the sport of racing before they even dreamed of going to war with Great Britain. But there was little or no organization, and the result of each contest was not officially recorded.

"Frank Forrester," the first American author to attempt to give a continued history of the American turf, says: "To draw a parallel, as nearly as I can draw one, I regard the old Virginia turf prior to the fifteenth year, at least, of the nineteenth century as neither more nor less authentic than that of England up to the time of English Eclipse. From the day when the sons and daughters of imported Diomed and imported Messenger began to run upon the turfs of England and the tracks of America, all is plain and on record, so that who runs may read."

"Frank Forrester," however, had not at the time of his writing all the facilities for following the tale which are now preserved, and there is a great deal of the history from the Revolution on that is reasonably straight and true.

For instance, this Newmarket Course at

Charleston had almost a continuous existence from its creation up to the Revolutionary War. After the Revolution, regular meetings were held there up to 1791.

And then, in that year, there came into life one of the most brilliant racing organizations which has ever been known in this country, under the name of the South Carolina Jockey Club. It is good to read what the historians of South Carolina have to say of this time when the little Newmarket Course had for its successor so splendid an establishment of ladies and gentlemen as the Jockey Club. Referring to it, Dr. Irving, who was secretary of the club for upward of forty years, speaks of the Newmarket days with love's labor, in these delightful terms: —

"We will commence with the proceedings at the New Market Course at Charleston, S.C., season of 1786; and here it may be remarked that if ever there was 'a golden age of racing' in South Carolina, or rather, if ever there was a period destined to be the commencement of a new era in the annals of racing in this state, that period is the one to which we are now referring.

"Whether we consider the elevated character of the gentlemen of the Turf, the attraction that

the races possessed at that time, and for many subsequent years, 'for all sorts and conditions of men' — youth anticipating its delights for weeks beforehand — the sternness of age relaxing by their approach — lovers becoming more ardent, and young damsels setting their caps with greater taste and dexterity — the *quality* of the company in attendance — the splendid equipages — the liveried outriders that were to be seen daily on the course — the gentlemen attending the races in fashionably London-made clothes — *buckskin breeches and top boots* — the universal interest pervading all classes, from the judge upon the bench to the little schoolboy with his satchel on his back — the kind greetings of the town and country — the happy meetings of old friends whose residences were at a distance, affording occasions of happy intercourse and festivity — the marked absence of all *care*, except the *care* of the horses — the total disregard of the *value of time*, except by the competitors in the races, who did their best to save and economize it — everything combined to render race-week in Charleston emphatically the *carnival* of the State, when it was *unpopular*, if not *impossible*, to be out of spirits, and not to mingle with the gay throng.

"The best idea we can give of the *moral influence* of race-week (as exerted formerly) is to state that the courts of justice used daily to adjourn, and all the schools were regularly *let out*, as the hour for starting the horses drew near; with one consent the stores in Broad and King streets were closed — all business being suspended on the joyous occasion, the feelings of the good people partaking of the rapidity of the races themselves — in fact, it was no uncommon sight to see the most venerable and distinguished dignitaries of the land, *clergymen and judges*, side by side on the course, taking a deep interest in the animated and animating scene around them!

"With such a stimulus to propriety and the preservation of good morals, no wonder that order, and sobriety, and good fellowship prevailed as abundantly as they did in those days.

"We must not omit to notice, that in the early days of racing in South Carolina, the gentlemen of the Turf, like the ancient nobles Hiero and others, never ran their horses for the *pecuniary value* of the prize to be won, but solely for the *honor* that a horse of their own breeding and training should distinguish himself. Mr. Daniel Ravenel and many others of the high-minded

turfmen of those days, expressed great disapprobation at any departure from the good old customs of their fathers, and did all in their power to prevent a change, when it was proposed. The prize used to be, not a purse of gold or silver, but *a piece of plate.* Several of these tokens of success are in the possession of the descendants of those who formerly owned race-horses in the State.

"Such *were the races* in South Carolina! Let us hope, then, that we of the present generation will never feel less attachment than our fathers did, to the sports of the Turf; and that, whatever other changes may occur in our State, no change will ever take place in the celebrity of our horses; that the animating spirit of the chase will, in all time to come, continue to call our youth to the woods, and the rational amusement of the course, our sportsmen to the Turf!"

After the Revolution racing was revived in South Carolina in 1786. During that and the following season, however, only a few gentlemen trained their own horses and those of their friends that were thought to give any great promise. Hence the number of horses trained was few, and not many races were run in public. A gray horse,

called Ranger, the property of Colonel Washington, seems to have been the cock of the walk in the state, winning all the principal events, until beaten by the celebrated Comet in 1788, carrying 140 pounds, four-mile heats, over the Newmarket Course (the exact location of which has already been described) near Charleston. It must have been a fine race and a very sporting affair, according to tradition.

Comet was a black horse by Mark Anthony, bred by Mr. Nash, in North Carolina. He was a wonderfully *great little* horse, very small, only fourteen hands and a half high — some accounts say only fourteen hands. He was a black, with blaze face, and had eyes in which the iris was of a very light gray color, and all his legs were white to the knees — he ran with his hind legs very much apart, but he could run all day. He was a winner from Petersburg to Charleston. He was first brought to South Carolina by Mr. Twining. Comet was sometimes entered by Colonel Alston and sometimes by General Hampton.

Ranger was a descendant of an imported horse by the same name (got by Martindale's Regulus, a son of the Godolphin Arabian), imported into

Maryland about the year 1767, by Dr. Thomas Hamilton, of Prince George's County.

Mark Anthony, the sire of Comet, was the rival and successor of Janus in the southern part of Virginia, and along the northern border of North Carolina. He was an American-bred horse foaled on the banks of the James River, the property of Mr. Lee. He was got by Partner, out of a fine imported mare. Like his son Comet, he was almost black — his two hind feet white, and was *a little over fifteen hands high.* It is recorded of him that he was excellent as a race-horse in Virginia, and stood many years in that state and in North Carolina. He became, in his later days, the property of Mr. Peter Morgan, of Halifax, in whose possession he died, about 1794.

In this early time of racing at the Newmarket Course, the champion of the day seems to have been a mare called Betsey Baker, belonging to Colonel Alston. She was a chestnut mare bred by Mr. Wiley Jones of North Carolina. She was by old Flimnap, and, like most of his get, was remarkably handsome. She was small and delicate.

Chief rival to her was another mare, also a

chestnut, called Rosetta, by imported Centinel. The latter belonged to Colonel William Washington. Rosetta was nearly sixteen hands high, with a prodigious shoulder. There was a striking unlikeness in these two mares that were, in 1791, the figures of the turf of South Carolina. They met with frequency, running against each other with alternate success. Both were retired to the breeding ranks after their turf performances, but neither produced anything to carry on her distinguished name.

A gentleman, writing fifty years ago of these two then queens of an exceedingly young turf, said of Betsey Baker: "I was quite young when I witnessed their races, but I recollect the enthusiasm which prevailed on those occasions. I remember meeting Betsey Baker at the corner of Friend and Tradd streets on her return to Colonel Alston's stables in King Street after having beaten Rosetta in 1791 — a great crowd following her."

This was the last year of the races over the Newmarket Course. In the following year it was that the South Carolina Jockey Club, which had taken over the Newmarket track, moved to the Washington Course, where it held its race meet-

ings until the Civil War put an end to its grandeur.

And this seems fitting time and place to tell those persons who imagine that racing has always been the pastime of the low and the suspects of humanity, what a sport it was in that splendid Southern day when the aristocracy of the country gave themselves to it for their chief pleasure, not as their occupation. From this same gentleman, Dr. Irving, we quote a description of a meeting under the auspices of the South Carolina Jockey Club, that some idea may be had, not only of the enthusiasm attending upon the exercises, but to give an idea of the quality of the people who presented themselves for the enjoyment of a racing day: —

"Respectable strangers from abroad, or from other States, are never allowed to pay for admission to any of the Stands on the Course. On their arrival they are immediately considered guests, and provided with tickets and a ribbon which *frank* them everywhere, entitling them to the hospitalities of the club during the whole meeting.

"The arrangements on the Course are such as to insure good order and etiquette; refinement

and high breeding characterizing those who prefer lingering about the Grand Stand, whilst those who wish to diversify the scene, and witness life in other phases, can seek it in other parts of the Course, at the booths, where ample preparations are always made, by the different proprietors of these restaurants, to minister, in every conceivable way, to the tastes of the votaries of fun and frolic, and to those also who require, in a long day, to have their inner man regaled from time to time. We must not omit to mention that, at considerable expense, the Club put up a Citizens' Stand, opened to all, *gratis* — the second story arranged with rows of seats, one above the other; the lower floor divided off into different compartments, some commodiously and conveniently arranged for the accommodation of small or large parties, and fitted up in good taste. Many of these refreshment rooms are superintended by well-known *habitués* of the *locale*, well experienced in such undertakings, and to cater to the tastes and appetites of the most fastidious.

"In addition to the courtesy manifested to the public by the Club, in providing a Citizens' Stand, the Club purchased and owns a large farm adjoin-

ing the Course, which is arranged with stables, to accommodate in the most convenient and economical manner all who visit Charleston with horses from distant States.

"The Races over our Course are well patronized, season after season, by owners of some of the best stock on the American Turf; likewise many lovers of the sport, 'for itself alone,' never fail, from year to year, to put in an appearance from distant points, as *the days of promise* come round. The proximity of our Race Ground, too, to the city — (in fact, it is now a portion of the city itself, by a late annexation bill) — offers great temptations and facilities to all of our own good people disposed to participate in the sport, to go out whenever the weather is at all inviting. From these circumstances, and the numberless *agrémens* incident to our meetings, the Races are generally well attended, having a charm for many others besides those who are altogether absorbed in the appearance and performances of the horses.

"The Races commence on the first Wednesday in February of every year, and continue throughout the week.

This book the property of
Edward J. Stieglitz, M. D.
Chicago

"First Day

Wednesday, 4 mile heats, Jockey Club Purse . .	$1,000
Same day, Hutchinson Stakes, mile heats, $200 given by the Club, with forfeits averaging an amount for the winner of	1,400

Second Day

Thursday, 3 mile heats, Jockey Club Purse . .	750
Same day, Carolina Stakes, mile heats, $500 given by the Club, with forfeits averaging an amount for the winner of	700

Third Day

Friday, 2 mile heats, Jockey Club Purse . . .	500
Same day, Hutchinson Stakes, 2 mile heats, $500 added by the Club, with forfeits averaging a sum for the winner of	2,000

Fourth Day

Saturday, Handicap, 3 mile heats, Jockey Club Purse	600
Same day, single heat of 3 miles, Jockey Club Purse .	300
	$7,250

"Besides the above sums, there is frequently a purse given by *the citizens* of Charleston, $1,000 and upwards, which, if added to the regular Jockey Club Purses, as set down above, will, without any private ventures, inside stakes, etc., swell the sum total of *the good things* that are within the reach of the different stables attending the Charleston

Races, to upwards of EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS!

"To give additional *éclat* to the Charleston Races, and to further the prosperity of the Club, Mr. Tattersall, of Hyde Park Corner, London, presented, in 1837, to the South Carolina Jockey Club, *a whip*, to be run for annually, upon the principle which governs the Whip in England. It was accepted by the Club in the same spirit in which it was tendered, and, in compliment to the donor, it was denominated '*The Tattersall Whip.*' Mr. Tattersall was at the same time unanimously elected an honorary member of the Club. Colonel Hampton won this whip with his imported colt Monarch, by Priam, out of Delphine. It has since remained in the possession of that gentleman, unchallenged."

And here was a typical contest of these magnificent days on the Southern turf: —

"*Same day — Second race.* — A single heat of 3 miles. — Jockey Club Purse, $ 200, weight for age.

O. P. Hare's b. f. 3 yrs., by Willis, out of Mary Lea . . 1
W. H. Skinner's br. g. 3 yrs., by Monarch; dam imp'd, by Glaucus 2
James Tally's ch. c. Tally-Ho, 3 yrs., by Boston, dam by Tom Tough 3
Time — 5 minutes 49 seconds.

"This was one of those races we like to see, and take much delight in reporting — it was certainly a magnificent race, every inch closely contested — and we venture to say, no one could have seen it without feeling an interest in it. The uncertainty, the vicissitudes, the changes that marked it from the first jump up to the throbbing anxiety of the final struggle, created a concentration of interest that could not fail to awaken a pleasurable excitement, even in the coldest bosom. We cannot think of passing over such an event without as particular a notice of it as our leisure will permit, and our fancy prompt.

"The jockeys mounted and took their places. The word was given. The horses, as if endued with intelligence, and an instinctive desire for fair play, dashed forward at the very same instant. It was a beautiful and exciting sight to see those fleet and impetuous horses, giving themselves up to the excitement of the occasion with a sort of personal relish, carried away by their own ardor. They roused of their own free will and accord into a wild and intoxicating gallop, as if they were really of themselves taking all the pleasure in the race, they were affording to the spectators. Like roses on the same stem shaking in the wind, they

hung together with unabating energy, and at a rattling pace. One moved with a strong and steady stride, whilst the other two, light and agile as fawns, bounded along without an apparent effort. It was impossible to predict what the result would be. As they passed under the string and commenced the last mile, their riders leaned a little forward, and gathered up their reins with a closer and stronger grasp — not to check the speed of their coursers, but evidently to obtain additional power to brace and steady the good animals they strode, knowing the great struggle was soon to come, and that they would have to hurry them on still faster and faster if possible, by the aid of whip and spur! All three jockeys seemed now, by simultaneous impulse, to bury their spurs at the same moment in their horses' flanks. Thus goaded, the excited animals darted forward with a more furious speed — a magnificent struggle commenced — they flew along the back stretch, like swallows on the wing, past the gates; then, in as little time as it takes us to indite it, rushed round into the straight home run, like arrows, shot

"'From some hunter's strong, unerring bow,'

flying so straight, and true to the mark, and with such velocity, as to be almost in their rapid flight,

for a time as undistinguishable in form and color, as the viewless spirits of the air through which they were passing, and with which, it took no great stretch of a poet's fancy to imagine, they were joyfully gambolling. A deep and strange silence brooded over the crowd. Every eye was intently fixed upon the competitors, as with flanks smoking, eyes dilated, nostrils heaving, with sinews of steel they reached the winning chair. Anxiety seemed to have deprived the spectators of their breath, until the goal was past, and the victory won. Then a long shout, or rather a loud murmur of admiration, escaped from the lips of all those, whose hearts, a moment before, were too full for words; and who, even then, when the race was over, from witnessing the changes and doubtful vicissitudes of this truly beautiful contest, were a little bewildered, *beside themselves* with delight — a sort of cloud, hovering, as it were, before their mental vision, rendering them uncertain for a time whether the animated scene around them, the exciting race, the moving figures, had been real all, or only one of those pictured illusions in some wonderful phantasmagoria, which are seen, sometimes conjured up by necromantic art, neither a reality nor yet a dream!

"This race was a magnificent wind up, indeed, to the sports of the week, and proves the good judgment of the Club in terminating our Races with a description of race that must always insure, when the horses are at all equal, excellent sport. Being but a single heat, there can be no waiting for chances, but every one must make play *ab initio*, if he wishes to console himself at the finish with the agreeable reflection, that *Finis coronat opus*."

One might go on writing for an interminable number of pages anent this one racing association alone. Conceived entirely as a social institution, conducted purely for love of sport and as an out-door affair calculated to bring together the best-bred ladies and gentlemen of the South, as well as the best-bred horses of that district, it is not a matter of wonder that the South Carolinians, so stricken by the war of 1861–65, had neither heart in them, nor purses sufficiently well filled, to renew the old graces of the time that had gone, and never again have those gladsome days been seen down there in the old Southern city.

But they did make turf history, and such early and such elegant history! They were also of the kind who preserved the records of their doings,

and from the very first race which was run over the Newmarket Course, on the nineteenth day of February, 1760, absolute knowledge can be had, not only of all the races run in or near Charleston, but of those run at other courses in the old state of South Carolina previous to 1760. Over the York Course, which was situated on Charleston Neck, there had been a number of matches run, and in the South Carolina *Gazette* of February 1, 1734, there is an extensive account of the running of a race by unnamed horses over this Neck Course for the prize of a saddle and bridle valued at £20. The race was run on the first Tuesday in February, 1734, mile heats, four entries. The horses carried 10 stone (140 pounds), white riders. This last was one of the stipulations of the race.

So, as far as any history goes, this affair at mile heats, with 140 pounds and white riders up, was the first event ever run in Carolina, and it is doubtful if many races of real thoroughbred character had occurred in this country before that. A kind of sport which came to be known as quarter-racing had been indulged in between the Virginians and the Carolinians along the borders of those two states for many previous years. But they were match affairs between horses whose speed

and endurance were limited to a high flash of galloping at an extremely short distance, and were of the type and kind of equine contest which has never had recognition as real racing.

The utmost research has developed that the first thoroughbred, or more strictly speaking, racing, horse that came to America was this Bulle Rock in 1730. And yet, so busy did the Carolinians make themselves with the sports of the turf that they were running these races on Charleston Neck in the golden afternoons of 1734. And you may be quite sure that the stock starting in that first authenticated race, of which the Charleston *Gazette* made proper report, were not dunghills, because, in all of the long story of the horses which have made the turf, the dunghill has not run at mile heats with credit to himself. Any of the old Virginian or Carolinian quarter horses would have had an easy journey to have beaten a cold-blooded dunghill even at mile heats.

CHAPTER III

EARLY OWNERS WERE GENTLEMEN

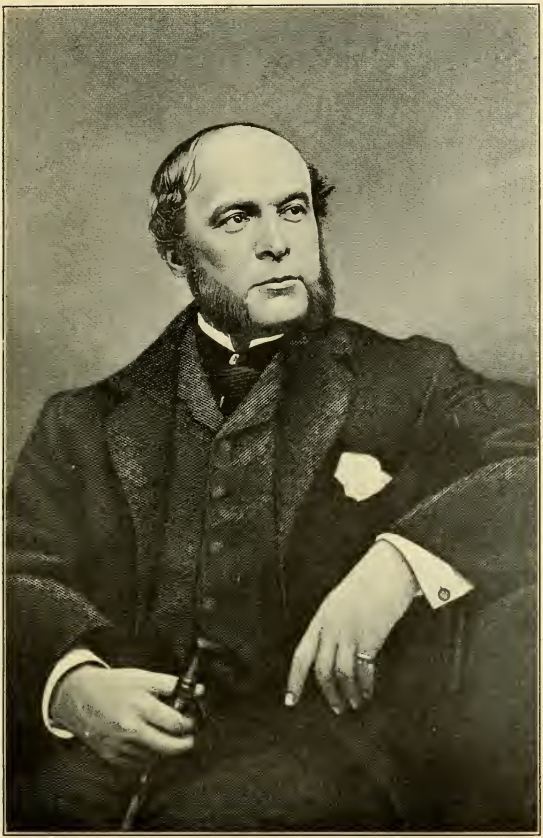
As a second congratulation on the character of the genesis of the turf in America are the names and personalities of those distinguished gentlemen who gave themselves to the support and participation in the affairs of the turf. To him who loves the traditions of the sport, whether in this land or in foreign climes, it would be pleasant to know that from the time of the organization of the Charleston Jockey Club and the taking possession of the Washington Course, the men who controlled the sport and who took a leading part in its conduct were the highest men of their times. They were to the human kind the thoroughbreds which their horses were to the equine race. They were the men who made colonial history and the men who have left behind them families of the most distinguished character. Josiah Quincy, visiting Charleston in 1773, made these observations in his famous published Journal:—

"March 3d. Spent this day in viewing horses, riding over the town, and receiving complimentary visits.

"March 16th. Spent the morning, ever since five o'clock, perusing public records of the province, etc., and am now going to the famous races.

"The races were well performed, but Flimnap beat Little David, who had won the last sixteen races out and out. The last heat the former distanced the latter. The first heat was performed in 8.17, being four miles. Two thousand pounds were won and lost at this race, and Flimnap sold at public vendue the same day for £300 sterling. At the races I saw a fine collection of excellent, though very high-priced horses, and was let a little into the singular art and mystery of the turf."

In other connections Mr. Quincy spoke of the men whom he met in South Carolina, they being the men of the times, and his hosts on the occasion of his visit to the race-course. It is almost like a page out of the strong, manly history of the Carolina colonies to read a list of the names of the original proprietors and owners of the Washington Race-



AUGUST BELMONT

course. They were General C. C. Pinckney, General Washington, O'Brien Smith, John Wilson, James Ladson, William Alston, H. M. Rutledge, Gabriel Manigault, General Reed, Colonel Mitchell, General Wade Hampton, Dr. Moultrie, James Burn, Captain White, Lucius Campbell, William Moultrie, General M'Pherson, Colonel M'Pherson, Colonel Morris, Edward Fenwicke, and William McCleod.

These were the men who fathered the first organized racing in America and to whom the credit may be given for maintaining during its lifetime such a high character of sport that it has never been surpassed in this country, and, for the social phases of racing, probably never will be. At the time of the glory of this particular institution the social life of the Atlantic seaboard, from Baltimore to the distant coast towns of Florida, was affected. The Charleston Races were as much an institution as the Inaugural Ball at Washington, and the pride of attendance upon them was quite as great.

With Virginia and Maryland furnishing their aristocrats upon their own turfs, the reader can know that if, in this day and time, he is giving his affections to the sport of the thoroughbred,

he is at least following in his passions the footsteps of some of the ablest and brightest men who ever laughed in its pleasures or were brave in the storms of American life.

The history of the owners who raced in South Carolina is also the story of the advance of the thoroughbred horse to his secure position of popularity in this country. It was but a short time after the Revolution, when, so far as the Southern country was concerned, racing was upon a firm footing and the breeding of horses exclusively for the turf had become the pastime of the gentlemen of the land.

One of the greatest of the South Carolina breeders was Colonel William Alston, of Waccamaw. Among his most distinguished and popular mares from which he bred was "the Brilliant Mare," bred by his friend and neighbor, Mr. Fenwicke, and got by the imported English horse Matchem, out of a mare by Brilliant. Another noted breeding animal was the Tartar Mare by old Flimnap out of a mare by old Faro. He owned altogether some twenty thoroughbred mares, including among them that remarkable racing mare, Betsey Baker. The racing animals which he got from these, by

mating them with thoroughbred stallions imported from England, and from thoroughbreds brought down from the Virginia stock, produced a great number of the best race-horses of the Southern turf.

Perhaps the best animal which Colonel Alston ever owned, and certainly the one to which he was most partial, was a gray mare called Alborac. One day in 1797 she gave a beating to Telegraph, the favorite horse of Colonel William Washington. Colonel Alston was so elated over the victory that he turned to the latter gentleman and said, in a tone of friendly badinage, "Washington, what should you think of a mare that, like her namesake, the horse of the Prophet, can run in one night from earth to heaven?" Colonel Washington smilingly replied, "Just tell me the distance, sir, and then I'll give you an opinion as to what I think of the performance."

Gallatin, a chestnut horse foaled in 1799, by Bedford, out of Mambrina by Mambrino, was another of Colonel Alston's favorites, and he certainly justified his distinguished owner's regard, for his successes on the South Carolina turf had no precedent. He defeated everything when

in his prime and was considered the highest class animal racing south of the Rappahannock. Colonel Alston paid $4000 for him, at that time a very high price, and he always spoke of him as the cheapest horse he ever owned.

In 1803, over the Washington Course, for the Jockey Club Purse, three-mile heats, then only three years old, and carrying 92 pounds, he beat Mr. Singleton's mare Dorocles, Captain Fields's Belle Rattle, Mr. Clifton's Republican, Colonel Washington's Achilles, Mr. Bellinger's Miss Tims, and Mr. Seabrook's Furiosus Celscis. Gallatin won the first heat in 5 minutes 57 seconds, and the second heat in 5 minutes 53 seconds, distancing the field. Bets at starting were three to one in favor of Gallatin.

On Saturday of the same week he won the Handicap Race, three-mile heats, beating another uncommonly strong field; viz. General M'Pherson's celebrated race mare Roxana, by Marplot, General Washington's Ariadne by Bedford, Captain Fields's Belle Rattle and his beautiful colt Buonaparte, and Mr. M'Pherson's Leviathan. Although the course was very muddy, owing to a heavy fall of rain on the morning of the race, Gallatin won the first

heat in 5 minutes 52 seconds, and the second in 6 minutes.

This race was a very great triumph for a three-year-old to achieve. Every horse entered was well known to fame. Buonaparte was a very promising colt. It was claimed for him by some of his admirers that he was the handsomest horse of his time, with the exception of imported Rowton.

1804. — Washington Course, February 15, Wednesday, four-mile heats, Gallatin walked over, for the Jockey Club Purse.

Same year, on Saturday in the same week, he won the Handicap Race, three-mile heats, beating Dungannon and young Dare Devil.

1805. — Gallatin started for the Jockey Club Purse, four-mile heats, but was beaten by Mr. J. P. Richardson's ch. c. Sertorius, four years, by Alderman. He must have been entirely out of condition in this race, for the time was very bad, — 8 minutes 16 seconds, and 8 minutes 18 seconds.

John Randolph of Roanoke was present in the stand at Fairfield (Richmond) when Colonel Alston bought Gallatin of Mr. Tayloe. He was then entered as Expectation. Each of these three gentlemen held a stop-watch. The first, second, and fourth miles were barely cantering,

but the third was the fastest at that time ever run in the United States, the best on record for many years; and this determined Colonel Alston to make the purchase, when he changed the name to Gallatin.

In October, 1802, at Richmond, when three years old, he ran a two-mile heat in 3 minutes 43 seconds.

Gallatin's back was long, and not in the best possible shape, but he had fine shoulders and powerful, muscular thighs. Unfortunately for his general success as a stallion, he stood in Georgia, where there were, at that time, not many good mares. He got some colts that proved good nags, but nothing equal to himself. His most distinguished progeny were Topgallant (the sire of Monsieur Tonson's dam), Mark Time, Lafayette, and others.

Colonel Alston, in the season of 1805, determined to retire from the turf, after having trained and run some of the best horses that ever started in Carolina; namely, Maria (the dam of Lady Lightfoot), Gallatin, Nancy Air, and others; he bred also Lottery and Young Peggy, the former purchased by Colonel Singleton, the latter by General Hampton. He offered for sale all his

race-horses and young stock, most of them got by Bedford, Marplot, Stirling, and Spread Eagle. Three of his mares that were sold were imported; namely, the dam of Ariadne and Gallatin; another, named Peggy, bred by Lord Clermont, and Anvilina, got by the Prince of Wales' famous horse Anvil, out of O'Kelly's celebrated mare Augusta by Eclipse. His whole stud was put under the hammer soon after the Charleston races in 1807, when, by judicious purchases, Messrs. Singleton and Richardson and Hampton were enabled to keep up very strong stables for many years after.

Second only to Colonel Alston in his devotion to the affairs of the turf was Colonel William Washington. For perhaps thirty years, Colonel Washington's colors were familiar to the race-goers of the Carolinas and of Virginia, and it was his highest ambition to own the best animals and to win the plates and cups offered at that day for preservation as family heirlooms.

Probably the best animal that ever raced under Colonel Washington's jacket was Shark. He also owned famous performers of their day in Ranger, Rosetta, Flora, Actæon, Ariadne, Childers, and Trumpetta.

Shark was a very distinguished animal — a dark bay. His first appearance in public was in 1794, as a three-year-old, carrying 92 pounds, when he was beaten over the Washington course, near the city of Charleston, South Carolina, for the Jockey Club Purse, three-mile heats, by Dictator, a horse bred by General M'Pherson in 1790. Five started — Dictator, Shark, Mr. M'Pherson's Escape, Mr. Burns's Paragon, and Mr. Hugh Rose's Coquette. Shark won the first heat, Dictator the second and third heats.

Time: first heat, 6 minutes 34 seconds; second heat, 5 minutes 58 seconds; third heat, 6 minutes 8 seconds.

1795, February 11. — Four-mile heats, Washington Course. Shark, as a four-year-old, 106 pounds, beat Captain Warren's Echaw. This was on the Wednesday of the race week. On the following Saturday he also won easily, against a good field, the Handicap Race, three-mile heats.

1797. — Shark, six years old, carrying 129 pounds, over the same course, on the Monday preceding the regular race, won a sweepstakes of £1200 sterling, in two-mile heats, beating Colonel Alston's celebrated g. f. Alborac and General Hampton's Hazard. This was a most

excellent race, and run in good time: first heat, 3 minutes 54 seconds; second heat, 3 minutes 57 seconds. On Saturday of the same week he beat Alborac, three-mile heats.

1798, Monday, February 12. — Shark was beaten by Commerce for a subscription purse of $1000, four-mile heats. This was a very exciting race. Shark won the second heat, Commerce the first and third heats. Colonel Hampton's Patriot also started.

1799, Wednesday, February 13. — Over the Washington Course, Jockey Club Purse, four-mile heats. Shark, aged, 133 pounds, beat Harpoon and Greyhound.

Same year. — Shark won the Handicap Race at Charleston, three-mile heats; beating, after a severe race of four heats, Alborac, Merry Andrew, Greyhound, and Harpoon. Merry Andrew won the first heat, Alborac the second heat, Shark the third and fourth heats.

Shark started several times in 1800 and 1801, but without success. He was then advertised as a stallion, and became as popular in the stud as he had been on the turf.

Shark was conquered in 1800 by Black Maria, who had been sent on by Colonel Tayloe from

Virginia to General Hampton, for the express purpose of a trial with him. The famous race-mare Virago was first applied for to accomplish the same purpose. It is often stated and regretted that Shark's pedigree is little known. There can be no doubt he was by imported Shark, his dam by Flimnap. His performances establish the purity of his blood. To show the favor in which he was held for the good he had done in his generation, he was buried with distinguished honors at Jamesville Race Course at Clarendon, near the seat of James B. Richardson, of South Carolina. A marble slab, with a suitable inscription, marks the spot where his remains were deposited.

Colonel Washington owned a full sister to Shark, and trained her, but she did not acquire any of the fame of her brother. She was matched in 1797 against Colonel Alston's Atalanta, but paid forfeit.

Ariadne, owned by General Washington, was first called Fairy. They were one and the same, and not two distinct mares. The General changed the name to Ariadne after he bought her of Colonel Hoomes, of the Bowling Green. The same season that he bought Ariadne, he purchased also Trumpetta, which won at Petersburg, beating

Doctor, a very good horse, and very like Collier in figure and size.

General John M'Pherson and Mr. E. Fenwicke were both stanch patrons and contributors to the sports of the turf during a long racing career. They both owned many fine horses, which, from their intimate knowledge of horseflesh and condition, they were enabled to place with advantage. The former brought upon the course, in 1794, the renowned Commerce, who, at three years old, in a race of two miles (February 15), won the South Carolina Jockey Club Purse, beating a large field.

In 1796 Commerce passed into Mr. Fenwicke's and Mr. Ferguson's hands. They ran him in his five-year-old form, four-mile heats, on Wednesday, for the Jockey Club Purse, over the Washington Course, which he won, beating a very fast horse, Matchem, the property of Mr. Bellinger. In the same week, on Saturday, he won easily the Handicap Race, three-mile heats.

Like Shark, he was a great feature on the South Carolina turf and for that reason his principal races are here enumerated. His first race, as has been just said, was over the Washington Course, as a three-year-old, season of 1794, carrying 92

pounds, for the Jockey Club Purse, two-mile heats, when he beat Captain Saunders's Cornelia, Colonel Washington's Actæon, Captain Davis's Picture, Captain Alston's Meteor, Mr. Hugh Rose's Flirt, Captain Moultrie's Tristram Shandy, Mr. Richardson's Farmer, and Mr. Field's Peter Pindar.

Time: first heat, 4 minutes; second heat, 4 minutes 1 second.

1795. — For the Jockey Club Purse, of two-mile heats, he beat Mr. Bellinger's Justice, after a very severe contest. Justice won the first heat.

1796. — Over the same course Commerce, then five years old, carrying 120 pounds, beat Mr. Bellinger's bl. h. Matchem, four-mile heats. Matchem won the first heat, and bolted in the second.

On Saturday, in the same week, he won the Handicap Purse, beating Captain O'Brien Smith's Tally-Ho, Mr. Moultrie's Banker, and Colonel McPherson's Touch-and-Jump.

1797, Wednesday, February 8. — Same course. Four-mile heats. Jockey Club Purse. He beat Lath easily.

1798, Monday, February 12. — Commerce won a Jockey Club Subscription Purse of $1000, four-mile heats, over the Washington Course. The entries were: Mr. Fenwicke's b. h. Commerce,

aged, 133 pounds; Colonel Washington's b. h. Shark, aged, 133 pounds; General Hampton's Patriot, four years, 106 pounds.

Commerce won the first and third heats, Shark the second, and made a very near thing of the third. Patriot was well up in each heat. The course was very heavy or the time would have been better. The time of the first heat is recorded as 8 mile 16 seconds; second heat, 8 mile 17 seconds; third heat, 8 mile 32 seconds.

Commerce and Shark were often tried against each other, and were so nearly equal, it was the opinion of competent judges that condition alone determined their superiority. This was confirmed by the fact that whenever Mr. Fenwicke, who knew the temper and constitution of both horses well, trained Commerce, he beat Shark; and whenever he had the care and handling of Shark, Shark in his turn would beat Commerce.

Shark having beaten several of General Hampton's best horses, — his Lath and Hazard, — he resolved to find a horse that should be more fortunate against him. In 1799, therefore, he trained a remarkably fine gelding, and brought him on the course. As he was entered to destroy Shark, he gave him the significant name of Harpoon. This

formidable instrument, however, that was chosen to do so much execution and afford such sport, proved blunt and unworthy, not even grazing the side of the monster of the deep. Harpoon, though not being able to make any headway against Shark, nevertheless proved a good horse and won many fine races.

With the same object that Harpoon was matched against Shark, a horse was also selected to defeat and put down Commerce. He was named Privateer. This clipper (for he was a horse of great foot) did not prove fast enough, however, to overhaul his anticipated prize, and, like Harpoon, had to retire "inglorious from the field."

General M'Pherson bought from Colonel Alston his Brilliant Mare, and his brood mare Hope, with her filly by Marplot, besides importing, from England, Star by Highflyer out of a mare by Snap, — a very promising stallion from the appearance of his colts, when he left England; also Fire Brand, a ch. c. by Buzzard out of Fanny, own sister to King Fergus; a br. f. got by Sir Peter out of Vivaldi's dam by Mercury, — this filly was trained and ran under the name of Cinderella; a roan colt, own brother to the brown filly mentioned above; a large b. f. by Sir Peter, dam by Woodpecker; a

gr. f. by Sir Peter out of Bab by Bordeaux; and a dark br. f. by Trumpator out of Demirep by Highflyer. Of the above importations, Star did not answer the expectations raised of him as a foal-getter in South Carolina. Fire Brand died on his passage out to this country. The roan colt was called Sir Peter Teazle; he was trained, but never ran. The gray filly was called Psyche, and was in the stud of Colonel Singleton.

General Hampton was for a long time one of the most spirited of the South Carolina racing men. He trained and ran Mogul, — a very great three-mile horse, — Lath, Hazard, Patriot, Harpoon, Maria, Rattle, Lady Bull, Highlander, Arabella, Dungannon, Merchant, Omar, and Caroline, with many others, too numerous to mention here. In 1800 he won all the purses at Charleston, Maria winning on the first and fourth days, Harpoon on the second day, and Rattle on the third day.

Ugly, a very fortunate horse, though bred by General Sumter, was usually run by General Hampton. He was a good four-mile horse. He was *ugly* by nature as well as by name. On one occasion, after he had made a capital race, a gentleman (Judge Huger, who in a green old

age long enjoyed the love and veneration of his native state), looking at him in the crowd, remarked, "Who would have expected such a performance from such an unpromising looking animal?" General Hampton, overhearing the observation, with characteristic quickness of repartee, replied: "Perhaps, sir, you did not know who trained him."

General Hampton purchased from Colonel Alston a br. c. Wonder, by old Flimnap out of Kitty Fisher; a b. c. by Stirling out of Kitty Bull; a ch. f. by Bedford out of an imported ch. f. by Mambrino out of a sister to Naylor's Sally. *This was a full sister to the great Gallatin!*

The principal breeding animals used in the old stud of General Hampton were:—

Gunn Mare, bred by General Hampton, got by Paragon out of a mare imported into New Jersey. Paragon was got by old Flimnap out of Camilla, sister to Brilliant.

Stirling Mare, foaled 1802, out of the Gunn Mare.

Cora, bred by Colonel Kennon of Virginia, foaled 1790, got by Obscurity, her dam Nancy Whirlgig by Figure — Mark Antony, Jolly Roger, Mary Gray.

Desdemona, bred by Mr. Dance, and purchased by Colonel Selden, was got by Dare Devil, her dam Lady Bolingbroke by Pantaloon, her g. dam Cade by King Herod (by Fearnought out of Kitty Fisher), her g. g. dam Primrose by Dove (son of Cade by old Cade), her g. g. g. dam Stella was got by Othello by Arab, her g. g. g. g. dam Selina was got by the Godolphin Arabian.

Cormorant Mare, foaled 1800, bred by Colonel Hoomes, her dam by Medley, her g. dam by Pegasus (son of Fearnought out of Jenny Dismal), her g. g. dam Sally Wright by Yorick, out a thoroughbred mare of Colonel Tayloe's.

Calash, foaled 1802, got by Saltram, out of Cora.

Little Witch, foaled 1803, got by Saltram, her dam by Clockfast, g. dam by Yorick, g. g. dam by Mr. Tayloe's Childers — g. g. g. dam by Traveller out of the imported mare Jenny Cameron.

Centinel Mare was got by Centinel (son of old Centinel, Fearnought, Jolly Roger, Partner, Silver Eye), her dam by Americus, Janus, Valiant, Aristotle, etc.

Diomed Mare, foaled 1801, her dam (the dam of Maria and of Vingtun) by Clockfast.

Drone Mare, foaled 1800, bred by Colonel Talmadge, got by the imported horse Drone (son of Herod); her dam Harlot, imported by Colonel Talmadge, was got by a full-bred son of Herod out of a Snap mare; she was out of Lord Butie's Harlot.

Drone Mare, full sister to the above, foaled 1801.

Spread Eagle Mare, foaled 1803, her dam by Brilliant, g. dam by Shadow, g. g. dam by Fearnought out of a thoroughbred mare — sold.

Fantail, bred by John Goode, Esq., of Mecklenburg, Virginia. She was got by a son of Shark from a mare doubly crossed by Janus, and got by his horse Twig, by Warning out of a full-bred Janus mare; Warning was got by Fearnought, also out of a Janus mare.

It would be invidious to say who in the next generation among the many conspicuous characters on the South Carolina turf stood in the foremost rank. It is well to begin, however, with Colonel Singleton, not only as "an older soldier," but as a well-known breeder, and the fortunate possessor of many good horses for a long series of years.

In 1827 he won every day at Charleston.

Wednesday, February 28. — His ch. c. Redgauntlet, three years, by Sir Archy, walked over for the Jockey Club Purse — four-mile heats.

Thursday, March 1. — His gr. f. Ariel by Eclipse beat Mr. Graves's ch. m. Lady Ezras, and Mr. Harrison's Roderick, for Jockey Club Purse — three-mile heats.

Friday, March 2. — His b. f. Nondescript, four years, by Kosciusko, beat Mr. Graves's ch. c. Nebo, by Timoleon — Jockey Club Purse — two-mile heats.

Saturday, March 3. — Handicap Race, three-mile heats. His ch. f. Ariel beat Mr. Graves's ch. m. Lady Ezras by Sir Archy.

From some cause or another, adhering too long, perhaps, to one particular strain, he was rendered almost *hors de combat* for many campaigns.

This was true with the exception of a single filly, Medora (imported in 1833, in the ship *Camilla*, from Liverpool), by Chateau Margaux, out of Marianne, the dam of the celebrated English horse Medoro, and which, turning out a trump, promised for a while in a great measure to turn the tide of fortune again in his favor.

She started twice in 1836 as a three-year-old — once in Charleston, February 19, and once in Augusta, Georgia, for the Jockey Club Purses, two-mile heats, both of which races she won easily. The former (carrying 87 pounds) she won in three heats; the first heat was run in 4 minutes, the second heat in 3 minutes 50 seconds, the third heat in 3 minutes 51 seconds, beating Vertumnus, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Defiance (who won the first heat), and Mr. Winter's ch. f. Sally Jenkins, and a filly of Mr. Guignard's named Hebe.

Medora, becoming amiss in the following year, was withdrawn from the turf and put to Priam.

In 1807 Colonel Singleton purchased, at the sale of Colonel Alston's thoroughbred stock, a ch. f., foaled in 1805, by Bedford out of an imported mare bred by Lord Grosvenor, got by Mambrino out of a sister to Naylor's Sally; also, ch. f. Lottery by Bedford out of Anvilina, bred by Mr. O'Kelly, foaled in 1796, got by Anvil out of Augusta, and imported by Mr. John Tayloe, in 1799, into Norfolk, Virginia.

Colonel Singleton bred the celebrated stallion Kosciusko by Sir Archy out of the famous brood mare Lottery. He was also the owner of the renowned but unfortunate "Clara Fisher," by

Kosciusko, dam by Hephestion, at the time she ran her memorable match against Colonel Johnson's Bonnets o' Blue, over the Washington Course, near Charleston, South Carolina, in 1832 — four-mile heats, for $10,000, both four-year-olds, and carrying 99 pounds. Clara Fisher had won the first heat in 7 minutes 45 seconds, and was leading in the second heat under a strong pull, when she gave way, from an injury received a few weeks previously in training. Although she literally ran the last two miles of the second heat on three legs, she was well up with her competitor, and concluded the heat in 8 minutes 5 seconds. If this casualty had not occurred, she must have won with considerable ease.

In point of judgment and tact in managing a race, Colonel Singleton was undoubtedly equal to any man in the world; but it was often lamented that he was characteristically so cautious in entering and making engagements for his horses.

As a breeder Colonel Singleton was, at one period of his career, unequalled. From some of his horses, the turf in South Carolina derived signal advantage. From the following list, of

the most distinguished of his stock, it will at once be seen that *from his old stock* were descended some of the best horses of their day: —

Lottery by imported Bedford out of imported Anvilina, a very noted racer and capital brood mare. She produced young Lottery by Sir Archy, Kosciusko, Saxe Weimar, Mary Singleton, Phenomenon — all by Sir Archy, and Sylph by Hephestion, who was the dam of Redgauntlet, a fine race-horse by Sir Archy.

Pandora, another of his distinguished brood mares, was the dam of Little John by Potomac, Ganymede by Hephestion, etc.

Imported Psyche was another of his brood mares; she was the dam of Mark Time by Gallatin, Lambelle by Kosciusko, etc.

Colonel Singleton imported, in 1834, in the ship *Dalhousie Castle*, from Liverpool, bound direct to Charleston, a bay horse *Non Plus*, by Cotton out of Miss Garforth by Walton. He kept him for a while, and tried him as a stallion; but, not equalling his expectations in the stud, he offered him for sale at the Columbia Races in January, 1836. Colonel Butler, who was killed at the head of the South Carolina regiment, gallantly leading it on to victory in

the Mexican War, facetiously observed of this horse that, as far as he had proved of any use to Colonel Singleton, his proper name should be *Sur-Plus!*

In 1836 Colonel Singleton bought, at the sale of yearlings of the king of England's stud, a brown filly by Sultan out of Rachel, sister to Moses by Whalebone, rather small size for her age, but neatly formed, very fine shoulder; she cost 120 guineas. He also bought a b. f. by Tranby out of Elfrida by Whalebone — black legs, rather light, as all the Whalebone stock were, but very handsome; he gave for her 110 guineas.

Colonel Singleton went to England in 1839; while there, still further to improve his stock, he purchased a brown yearling filly by Augustus, dam by Orville, her dam Sprightly by Whisker; also a yearling filly by Glaucus out of Cristabel by Woful, her dam Harriet (the dam of Plenipotentiary) by Pericles. The two were shipped from England in the month of October of the same year.

At one time the produce of Colonel Singleton's stud were accustomed to bring the highest prices, and were sought after with avidity by all

who were either already engaged upon the turf or were anxious to make their *début* with some credit on it.

As a breeder coeval with Colonel Singleton, Colonel James B. Richardson stood conspicuous. With but two exceptions, General Hampton, in 1800, and Colonel Singleton, in 1827, he was the only man who ever took all the Jockey Club Purses at one meeting in Charleston. This he did in 1833, having in his stable a very strong string, but without any competition that year. Bertrand Jr., Little Venus, Mucklejohn, and Julia composed his stable. He purchased, at the sale of Colonel Alston's thoroughbred stock in 1807, bay colt Rosicrucian by Dragon out of Anvilina; also, a ch. f. Charlotte by Gallatin out of the same dam. In 1834 he backed his Bertrand Jr., five years old, and Little Venus, five years, against any two named horses in America, four-mile heats, $5000 a side each match. This challenge was accepted by Colonel Johnson of Virginia, who nominated Andrew by Sir Charles, and Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles — Andrew against Bertrand Jr., and Bonnets o' Blue against Little Venus. The latter match came off at Columbia in January, 1833, and was won

by Little Venus. The former was appointed to take place at Charleston over the Washington Course; but Andrew, falling lame, paid forfeit.

The colonel's racing stud was extensive as long as he had the health to attend personally to it. His best and favorite brood mare was Transport by Virginius out of Nancy Air by imported Bedford. She made several very fine races in 1817 and 1818, over the Washington Course, which we will dilate upon in another place.

During his career Colonel Richardson may truly be said to have been an ornament to the Carolina turf. He always ran his horses honestly and truly, and supported, to the best of his ability, the different meetings throughout the state. He was not generally successful; but such was the evenness of his temper and the amenity of his disposition, he seemed quite as well pleased to have afforded sport as to have carried off a purse.

Colonel Spann, as next in order, and closely connected by marriage with Colonel Richardson, was at one time a steady supporter of the Carolina turf; but during the last few years of his life he trained very few horses. He died in 1841.

In fact, since he had the handling of some of his father-in-law's stock (Colonel Richardson), the tide of fortune seemed to have set against his stables. He bred the celebrated Bertrand by Sir Archy out of Eliza by Bedford, all things considered, both as to his performances whilst on the turf and his get, as distinguished as any native stallion of the early century. He contrived to get as many winners out of all sorts of mares as any other horse contemporary with him, — Bascombe, Bill Austen, Bertrand Jr., Rattlesnake, and many others too numerous to mention.

In speaking of this very remarkable horse, one peculiarity of his training cannot be omitted — a quality of inestimable value, and which testified in an especial manner to his great game and endurance. This was his power of recovering himself in a long race after being apparently dead beat. He could make more quarter brushes in a four-mile-heat race than any horse of his time severely pressed in a race. It was only necessary for his jockey, whenever he felt him weakening, to take a strong pull upon him for a few jumps, to find him not wanting as soon as called upon again. Without this invincible pluck

he never could have beaten Mr. Davenport's Aratus by Director, full brother to Virginian, out of a Sir Harry mare, half-sister to Timoleon, in the style he did at Charleston in 1826, a fourth heat of three miles. There were three entries — Bertrand, Aratus, and Creeping Kate, a very fast thing by Sir Archy. Bertrand, as a five-year-old, carried 112 pounds; Aratus, five years old, 112 pounds; and Creeping Kate, of the same age, 109 pounds (allowed as a mare 3 pounds).

It is proper to record here, as a part of the history of the South Carolina turf, and one of its greatest achievements, that Bertrand contended for every heat; first with Aratus, Creeping Kate just saving her distance, and Aratus winning the heat. In the second heat Creeping Kate was the contending nag against Bertrand, Kate at the termination of the heat showing a wonderful turn of speed, and winning it only by a length. In the third heat, Bertrand went off at the top of his speed, closely followed by Creeping Kate, Aratus evidently holding back for the next heat. Bertrand won this heat by a neck from Creeping Kate. In the fourth heat, Creeping Kate being withdrawn, Bertrand and Aratus ran a match race. Aratus took the lead and kept it the first

round; they then ran locked for a mile. At the commencement of the third round, Aratus seemed to have the advantage of a stride or two; but within three hundred yards of the coming-in chair, Bertrand rallied all his energies, made a final effort, and won the heat *by a head*, amid the deafening acclamations of the crowd.

The first heat was run in 5 minutes 47 seconds; the second heat in 5 minutes 48 seconds; the third heat in 5 minutes 54 seconds; and the fourth heat in 5 minutes 53 seconds.

Now, to have owned such a horse as Bertrand was glory enough, it will be thought, perhaps, for one man in a lifetime; but to illustrate the difference in the estimated value of blood stock in those days and at the present time, notwithstanding the unrivalled performance of Bertrand, he was sold in 1826 for the paltry sum of $3250. Even this amount was at first thought exorbitant. It was only after much deliberation and calculation, and consultation with friends, and haggling as to the price, and a journey to and from Kentucky, that Mr. Lindsay, the purchaser, was brought to give even $3250 for him. Later, it was said of Colonel Spann that, to the day of his death, he never forgave himself for dispossessing

himself, at one fell swoop, for a mere trifle too, of the pride of his native state and one of the best horses that ever gave character to the American turf. Colonel Spann's sale of Bertrand was like Glaucus "exchanging gold for iron, under the walls of old Troy."

Bertrand was taken to Kentucky by Mr. Lindsay, where he annually realized for his fortunate owner a large sum. Bertrand for several seasons covered one hundred and eighty mares, receiving mares into his harem during every month in the year but one. Bertrand covered at $100 the season.

There was another gentleman, among the best specimens of a country gentleman of the South, who, although he did not figure conspicuously on the Charleston Course, must nevertheless be mentioned with profound respect — that patriot, citizen, and sportsman of the old school, General Cantey. He was one of that gallant band

> "Who fought for the land their souls adored;
> For happy homes and altars free;
> Their only talisman the sword;
> Their only spell-word Liberty!"

In private life, too, all who knew General Cantey loved him; his hospitality and courtesy

were proverbial, indicating, upon all occasions, the sterling qualities that have ever characterized the country gentleman of the South. This is no place to pay a tribute of respect to his memory as a patriot or citizen, however pleasing such themes may be; to us pertains the humbler task to speak of him only as a racer — *a Brother of the Turf.* He had a stock of horses well bred, and always trained one or two for the races at Camden and Statesburg, and generally won a purse. If successful, he never put into his own pocket what he won, but gave it to one or other of the churches in Camden or to the Orphan Society. He had the prayers of the faithful that he might win; insiders and outsiders both wished him luck — the latter, on account of their veneration for General Zack Cantey; the former, because his winnings were always devoted to charity.

We now come to the impersonation of Carolina chivalry, the embodied spirit of Carolina blood and Carolina honor, one that may be looked upon as the main contributor in South Carolina, for many seasons, to the legitimate end of racing — the improvement of our breed of horses, Colonel Hampton. Colonel Hampton far outstripped all his predecessors and contempora-

ries on the turf, in the ardor of his zeal and the extent of his racing establishment. No pilgrim ever knelt at the shrine of My Lady at Loretto, nor ever dipt into the River Jordan, with greater devotion than the colonel visited his stables in the morning to admire the objects of his solicitude, which, by their condition and performances, generally so well repaid his attention. The epithet "delighting in horses," applied by Pindar to Hiero, king of Syracuse, who, on his favorite horse Phrenicus, was the winner of the Olympic crown, could equally well have been applied to Colonel Hampton, for no man was fonder of fine horses than he. One would like to possess, painted by Troye, the colonel's likeness on his favorite "Monarch"; what

"A combination, and a form indeed,"

to hand down to posterity,

"To give the world assurance of"

an honorable sportsman and a high-mettled racer of the nineteenth century.

Colonel Hampton commenced his racing career in the right way, with none but good ones, and, in consequence, was from the first eminently successful. One of his most brilliant campaigns

was the season of 1836, when, at Columbia, he won three days, *every* time he started. He won the Colt Stake with his Godolphin colt Lath; the Jockey Club Purse, four-mile heats, with Bay Maria, and the Hampton Plate with Charlotte Russe, full sister to Trifle. These races were won without a broken heat, and against good fields of horses. Immediately after, over the Washington Course, near Charleston, he was also eminently successful; also at Augusta, Georgia. Kitty Heath, three years, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, was in his stable at the time. Kitty, with the three mentioned above, started ten times during the campaign, and lost but one race.

The colonel deserved success, for he was not only a gentleman of high character, but of great liberality on the turf. He was for many years a very liberal buyer, giving the highest prices for horses that took his fancy and promised well, in other states, as well as having purchased largely at the annual sale of the royal stud at Hampton Court, in England, as long as those sales continued. The following enumeration of his blood stock imported from England, his native blood stock, and horses in training, autumn of 1842,

may be taken as a fair criterion by which the extent of his breeding and racing establishment may be judged: —

Importations of Blood Stock by W. Hampton

1835, b. c. Monarch by Priam out of Delphine.

B. f. Emily by Emilius out of Elizabeth by Rainbow.

B. f. Lilly by The Colonel out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon, given to Colonel Fludd.

B. f. by Priam out of sister to Spumante, sold Colonel J. S. Preston.

Br. m. Emmy by Magistrate out of Emmeline, covered by Camel, sold Colonel J. S. Preston.

Ch. m. Tears by Woful out of Miss Stephenson, covered by Defence, sold Colonel J. S. Preston.

Ch. c. foal by Defence out of Tears, sold Colonel J. S. Preston.

1836, br. c. by The Colonel out of Posthuma, dead.

B. f. by Emilius out of Ada (sister to Augusta), exchanged with Colonel Butler.

Ch. f. The Queen, own sister to Monarch, sold Dr. Merritt.

Ch. f. by The Colonel out of Peri, sold General Adams.

1837, b. c. Sovereign by Emilius out of Fleur de Lis.

Ch. f. by Actæon out of Ada, sold General Adams.

Ch. f. The Actress by The Colonel out of Miss Clifton, sold Colonel Manning.

B. f. by Actæon out of Scandal, sold Colonel Butler.

Ch. f. by Langar out of The Balkan, sold Colonel Manning.

B. m. Lucy by Cain out of mare by Bustard.

1838, b. m. Delphine (dam of Monarch and The Queen) by Whisker out of My Lady, in foal to Plenipo.

Ch. f. Penelope by Plenipo out of Brazil.

B. f. Milliner by Merchant out of Surprise.

B. f. by Emilius out of ——, sold General Adams.

Br. c. by Saracen, dam by Filho-da-Puta out of Mervinia by Walton, sold Captain Rowe.

Ch. f. Fury by Priam out of sister to Ainderby, sold Colonel Butler.

Colonel Hampton also owned, in 1837, and bred from, the celebrated imported stallion Rowton.

Monarch cost 256 guineas.

F. by The Colonel, 120 guineas.

F. by Emilius, 205 guineas.

F. by Priam, 110 guineas.

Native Stock

Peggy, bred by Colonel Alston, by imported Bedford out of imported Peggy.

1816, ch. f. Trumpetta by Hephestion, given J. M. Howell, Esq.

1817, ch. f. by Hephestion, died without produce.

1819, ch. c. Candidate by Virginius, sold in Louisiana.

Peggy died in 1834, leaving no other produce.

Pocahontas, bred by Colonel Singleton in 1819, got by Sir Archy, her dam Lottery by Sir Archy out of Lottery by imported Bedford out of imported Anvilina.

1828, b. f. by Bertrand, given General Scott of Alabama, dam of West Wind.

1832, b. c. Gadsden by Crusader, broke down winning Produce Stake at Columbia.

1833, b. c. Lath by Godolphin.

1836, br. f. Kate Seaton by Argyle.

Pocahontas died 1837, in foal to Rowton.

Ch. m. Rushlight, bred in 1830 by James Jackson, Esq., by Sir Archy, dam Pigeon by Pacolet, etc.

1837, b. c. by Château Margaux, died two years old.

1839, c. by Priam.

1841, b. f. by Priam.

Rushlight given Colonel Noland after weaning the Priam f.

Bay Maria, bred in 1831 by Mr. Hall of New York, got by Eclipse out of Lady Lightfoot, etc., etc.

1838, b. f. Ruby by Rowton.

1840, b. f. Cornelian by Priam.

1841, bl. f. Sapphire by Monarch.

1842, b. c. by Sovereign.

Maria West, dam of Wagner, etc., got by Marion out of Elly Crump by Citizen, etc., her produce.

1836, ch. f. Fanny by Eclipse.

1839, b. f. Trinket by Andrew.

1840, b. f. Chicora by Priam.

1841, bl. c. by Monarch.

1842, b. c. by Sovereign.

Imported Delphine by Whisker out of My Lady, etc., dam of Monarch and The Queen, etc.

1839, ch. c. Herald by Plenipo.

1840, twins by Hybiscus, dead.

1841, missed to Priam.

1842, twins by Sovereign, dead.

Imported Emily, bred as above in 1842; ch. f. by Boston.

Imported m. Lucy and Kitty Heath, by Eclipse, were at one time in Kentucky breeding on shares. Penelope, in Georgia, and Milliner, in South Carolina, also breeding on shares.

Charlotte Russe, a distinguished race mare, died, leaving no produce.

Monarch, on his return from Kentucky, was put in training, but only as an experiment. He was brought back from Kentucky the beginning of 1842, and took his old stand at the Woodlands, serving mares at the low charge of $60 the season. The colonel in this, as in all his other arrangements, turned his passion for the turf to an excellent account, bringing this very superior horse within the means of every breeder, in and out of South Carolina, who may have owned a well-bred mare. In proportion to the means of two *noble men*, his was almost equal to the generosity of the noble Earl of Egremont, of whom it was said that he every season allowed to his tenantry and poor neighbors the free use of one of his stallions.

Another instance of Colonel Hampton's characteristic liberality may be mentioned — the presentation of a plate to the Columbia Jockey Club, to secure an annual race over that course, two-mile heats, provided the entrances equal the value of the plate, $500. It was won by Charlotte Russe, the entry of the liberal donor himself, and for a number of years continued in his possession. In compliment to the donor, it was called "The Hampton Plate" by the club.

On another occasion, at Charleston, February 28, 1837, Colonel Hampton presented the proceeds of the Citizens' Purse, $1200, won by his ch. f. Kitty Heath, to the South Carolina Jockey Club, to aid in completing certain improvements then in progress over the Washington Course.

The most interesting event in the colonel's sporting career was his entry of Herald, in the great Produce Stake at Nashville, and the subsequent race, 1843. No sporting affair in the country had previously produced so general an interest as the immense stake in which this promising colt was engaged. The number of horses entered, their blood, the high character of their owners, the large amount of money to be run for, could not but render the Peyton Stakes an event of no ordinary importance. The value of the stakes was higher than any previously run for in this country; higher, even, than many in England (large as their produce stakes always are), equalling in amount the far-famed Derby and Oaks at Epsom, and St. Leger at Doncaster.

There were thirty nominations. On the day of the race but four made their appearance at the post; namely, produce of imported Eliza by Rubens and imported Glencoe, entered by J. Kirk-

man of Louisiana; produce of imported Delphine, by Whisker and Plenipo, entered by Colonel Hampton; produce of Lilac, by imported Leviathan and imported Skylark; and produce of Black Maria, by Eclipse and imported Luzborough.

The race resulted in favor of Mr. Kirkman's filly, which he consequently named Peytona, in honor of Mr. Peyton, who projected the race. Now, although Herald, the entry of Colonel Hampton, did not win the race, yet, having won the second, and made a near thing of it at the finish of the fourth heat, it is reasonable to conclude that, had the circumstances of this race been reversed, had Peytona been compelled to travel instead of Herald, subject to all the risks of change of climate, food, water, etc., the result might have been different. To atone for this disappointment, however, at the same meeting at Nashville Colonel Hampton won the Trial Stakes, two-mile heats, with his celebrated filly Margaret Wood by imported Priam out of Maria West, beating a very large field, and securing a large amount, sufficient to reimburse him for the heavy expenses incurred in sending his stable so far from home, and the large entry, of $5000, which he paid for Herald.



GLENCOE

Stuart was Colonel Hampton's trainer for many years. His riders were Willis, Gil Patrick, Craig, Stephen Welch, all white jockeys. Among the most distinguished of his black jockeys were Lewis, from Kentucky, Fed, Jim Gloster, Sandy, and George, from Virginia. The celebrated Joe Laird, Fashion's jockey, with Daniel, were once in his stable.

In all his doings on the turf, Colonel Hampton was actuated by that noble disinterestedness and innate love of sport, "for itself alone," which prompted the equestrians of old to start their horses on the Olympic plains. Honor was the sole reward of the victor then: a single crown — of laurels, and not a thousand crowns — of money.

Governor Butler was also a supporter of racing in South Carolina, enjoying a high reputation. He generally took up and trained three or four horses, but he never brought to the post, with but one exception, anything better than a good second-rate horse. He had philosophy enough, however, to reconcile all disappointments to himself, under the conviction that, although his horses seldom proved favorites, he was always sure to be one himself.

Governor Butler, with Mr. McLean, was the

principal owner of Argyle in the days of his glory, but parted with two-thirds of him before his fatal encounter with Bascombe, at Augusta, Georgia. Colonel Johnson of Virginia purchased one-third of him, and Colonel Hampton the other third. So confident were the owners of Argyle that he must win (and there was a great deal to justify this belief from his previous trials), that the race was booked as a certainty. The calculations, however, that are made on such occasions are always dangerous. They do very well as long as Time is a horse's only competitor, but afford no ground of reasonable conjecture as to what another and a better horse may do. The backers of Argyle concluded that as he could run his first heat under eight minutes with a strong pull, it was not probable that Bascombe would beat him.

Colonel Paul Fitzsimons, although living during the last years of his life on the Georgia side of the line, yet from the strong ties of birth and blood which bound him to South Carolina, was always regarded as a Carolinian. He was "off and on" the turf for a considerable time, both in South Carolina and Georgia, and was a very useful member of the different clubs in the two

states. Colonel Fitzsimons lived long in the memory of those he left behind him as a liberal sportsman and hospitable gentleman.

Captain Rowe of Orangeburg deserves honorable mention in the calendar of those who contributed to maintain the high standing of the Carolina turf. As the owner of Vertumnus and many others that, by his great experience and judgment of condition, he contrived to get in the best possible order, he was always hard to beat and was frequently a winner at all distances. Not long before his death he met with a serious loss by fire. The principal buildings on his plantation were destroyed — among the number his training stable, in which were most of his valuable horses. All that were in the stable were burnt or seriously injured. He lost a very fine chestnut filly by Rowton out of Lady Morgan on this disastrous occasion.

Blooded Stock belonging to Captain Donald Rowe, Orangeburg, S.C.

1. Sally Richardson was got by Kosciusko, her dam by Commerce, her grandam by Little Billy, and her g. g. dam by imported Bedford. Kosciusko was got by Sir Archy, his dam Lottery

by imported Bedford, out of the imported m. Anvilina. Commerce's pedigree is not at hand; he was, however, a thoroughbred horse. Little Billy was by Ball's Florizel, his dam by Bay Yankee. Bedford's pedigree is too well established and known to need further notice.

It will be perceived that the ancestors of Sally Richardson were very successful racers at all distances. Commerce was a distinguished four-mile horse, beating all his competitors and leaving the turf with a high character.

2. Lady Morgan was got by John Richards, and foaled on March 26, 1831; her dam Matchless was got by imported Expedition, her grandam by Bella Badger's Sir Solomon, her g. g. dam Aurora by imported Honest John, g. g. g. dam Zelippa, by imported Messenger, g. g. g. g. dam Dido by imported Bay Richmond, g. g. g. g. g. dam Slamerkin by imported Wildair, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by imported Old Cub.

3. Leannah a b. m., was got by Seagull, he by old Sir Archy, his dam, old Nancy Air, by imported Bedford; her dam, Leannah's, by Whipster, he by Cook's Whip, his dam by Hambletonian, his, Whipster's, grandam by imported Tup, he by Javelin, etc.; g. g. dam by Hall's Union, he by

imported Slim, and he by bay Babraham, etc.; g. g. g. dam by Ariel; Leannah's g. dam Comet by Colonel Taylor's Yorick, her g. g. dam by Gatewood's Shark, he by imported Shark; her g. g. g. dam, the dam of the Shark mare, was brought to Kentucky from Virginia at an early day. She was a fine mare, and was highly prized for her bloodlike appearance and her stock.

4. Belbroughton, b. c., by Pennoyer out of Sally Mulrine, foaled in 1837.

5. Hardy Howel by Pennoyer out of Kitty by Hephestion.

Colonel Ferguson appeared occasionally on the turf. He was a very fine rider and regarded as an excellent judge of horseflesh. The following composed his principal stock: —

Virginia (formerly Coquette), bred by John Richardson, Esq., foaled in 1813, got by Virginius out of Dorocles (by the imported horse Shark), grandam by the imported horse Clockfast, who was also the dam of General Hampton's Maria, his celebrated gray filly, and of Vingt-un.

Onea, bred by James Ferguson, foaled in 1821, got by Pocotaligo out of Virginia, grandam Dorocles, g. g. dam Clockfast Mare, g. g. g. dam Burwell's Maria, etc.

Jessamine, bred by James Ferguson, foaled in 1854, got by Dockon out of Virginia, grandam Dorocles, g. g. dam Clockfast Mare, g. g. g. dam Burwell's Maria.

Young Peggy, bred by J. M. Howell, Esq., foaled in 1825, got by Kosciusko, her dam Trumpetta by Hephestion, grandam Peggy by Bedford, g. g. dam imported Peggy, who was bred by the Earl of Clermont, and was got by Trumpator out of his Herod Mare, own sister to Postmaster.

Eliza, the produce of Zephyrina in England, in 1833, bred by the Rev. C. Dodsley of Swimerton Rectory, got by Filho-da-Puta, dam Zephyrina by Middlethorpe out of Pagoda by Sir Peter; Rupee by Coriander, etc., and imported into Charleston, South Carolina, in the ship *China*, Captain Larmour, in 1838.

Eliza, carrying 8 stone 4 pounds, started once in England as a three-year-old, in May, 1836, at Chester, and was beaten by Mr. Prile's ch. c. Stafford, 8 stone 7 pounds, by Memnon out of Sarsaparilla.

Irvinia, bred by Colonel Richard Singleton, foaled in 1818, got by Virginius out of Pandora, by Belair, grandam by Soldier, g. g. dam by

Oscar, g. g. g. dam by Merry Tom, g. g. g. g. dam by Crawford, out of a Silvereye mare.

Jessamine, the produce of Virginia in 1824, was owned by Mr. Roach, who bred her to Argyle and Rowton.

Isora, the produce of Virginia in 1826, was once owned by Mr. James L. Clark, who bred her to Godolphin; afterward she became the property of General Shelton, of Union District, who bred her to Rowton.

Callista, the produce of Virginia in 1828, was sold to General Scott of Alabama, and produced a good racer by Potomac, called Romulus.

Mr. Sinkler was for many years a steady and zealous supporter of the Carolina turf; his horses were generally trained for the Pineville and Charleston races. At the former he was frequently a winner, and at the latter he came in for a tolerable share of distinction. Among the horses of his own breeding, Rienzi and Jeannette Berkley, both by Bertrand Jr. out of Carolina by Buzzard, were the best. He had in his stable, during the campaign of 1830, Santa Anna, and a bay filly by Humphrey Clinker out of imported Mania by Figaro. Kate Converse, by Non Plus out of Daisy by Kosciusko, ran hon-

estly, and won several good purses for him. This superior mare passed into other hands, and formed part of Mr. Singleton's stud. Mr. Sinkler was fortunate to possess one of the most faithful colored grooms in South Carolina. In his attachment to his master and devotedness to his true interests, he reminded one of "old Cornelius" — not the centurion, but the trainer for Colonel Singleton. For thirty-five years, no one in the habit of attending the Charleston races but was familiar with "old Cornelius." He was in South Carolina what "old Charles" was in Virginia — a feature in the crowd upon a race field.

The good name of William Lowndes frequently appeared among the Charleston entries; also William C. Heyward, J. W. Mazyck, J. E. Edings, J. B. Moore, Frank Hampton, P. G. Stoney, W. H. B. Richardson, Dr. C. Fitzsimons, J. M. Howell, C. T. Howell, John Hunter, and others, who possessed the means and the leisure to indulge in the recreations of the turf.

To Dr. Irving, the historian of the South Carolina Jockey Club, the breeding interests of that state owe a great debt, since it was through his efforts that so complete a record of the races run and of the breeding studs maintained in that state is due.

CHAPTER IV

OLD DOMINION WAS TURF MOTHER

It, unhappily, did not fall to the part of Virginia to have so faithful a chronicler, and, while the Old Dominion was really the mother of the American turf, and during all of these early years was giving frequent race meetings on her own soil, much of the information which we have of them, especially prior to the Revolutionary War, is so meagre as to be hardly worth the while of credence.

However, there came a time, very soon after the Revolution, when the Fairfield, Broad Rock, Newmarket, and Tree Hill meetings were faithfully reported, and the new course at the city of Washington had been opened in such public way that the records could not be lost.

It is, indeed, in beginning to write the story of the turf in Virginia that we begin to tell of the greatest achievements, both in breeding and racing lines, which had been attained in this country by any single state up to the time of the Civil

War. Already in this volume it has been related how the first thoroughbreds came to this country by way of the colony at Jamestown. The plantation owners continued to import English thoroughbred stallions and mares, buying the best which could be had.

Virginia, in years immediately preceding the Revolution, was an exceedingly prosperous community. Agricultural products, and particularly tobacco, brought high prices in the home and foreign markets, and the gentlemen who presided in such princely way over the old plantations along the Rappahannock and the James had ample means with which to satisfy their almost luxuriant tastes and to procure for themselves, either by importation or home breeding, as good horses as stood upon iron.

Three of the early importations from England made instant impress upon the stock of Virginia. They were Janus, Jolly Roger, and Fearnought. These had come out of the most approved English families. At the time of their leaving the old country, the thoroughbred was still a comparatively young horse in England. The three original lines of blood which combine to make the English thoroughbred — that is, the lines

established by the three stallions, the Darley Arabian, the Godolphin Arabian, and the Byerly Turk — had barely been given time to be grafted upon each other, and to produce that running horse which was the superior of the whole world, before such as Jolly Roger, Fearnought, and Janus were being brought to Virginia by the old cavalier families.

These animals were bred to the mares of best pedigree at home, and to English mares that were imported by their owners. And gradually there grew up in the old state the first of the American thoroughbreds.

Probably thirty recorded thoroughbred stallions had been bought abroad and shipped to Virginia, when Colonel Hoomes, who was the leader of all those old-time gentlemen in his love for the thoroughbred and his labors for the improvement of the blood horse of Virginia, imported, in 1799, an animal that was destined to become the most impressive stallion that ever landed upon American shores, and who was to found a family of American race-horses, among which there have been individuals perhaps as great in perfection of size, conformation, color, disposition, speed, and endurance as ever lived in any land.

That horse was Diomed. From the time of his landing, it might be said that the American turf, as American, had its inception. And here it might be made a matter of curious note that the coming of Diomed to this country was almost an accident. Had Colonel Hoomes paid attention to the counsels of his agent in England, or to the friendly advice of horsemen abroad, Diomed would have lived and died in his own land, and we should have missed in ours that great line which has been like a golden stream running down across the green meadows of our breeding paddocks.

Without Diomed, the most brilliant pages of our turf story could never have been written. Taking him all in all, Diomed, as a progenitor of the American race-horse, stands alone, towering magnificently in accomplishment above all others of his own time, and over those that have come after him, either by importation or home product. He is Diomed, one and kingly.

The full history of this horse has been clearly and definitely written by the gentleman of Virginia who had the care of him. It is worth the while of your perusal to know the detail of a life lived by an animal whose blood courses through that of almost every thoroughbred upon the

American turf to-day. The story of him is this: —

Diomed, a chestnut horse, foaled in 1777, was bred by the Hon. Richard Vernon of Newmarket, and sold to Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, of whom he was purchased by Messrs. Lamb & Younger, for the sum of 50 guineas, and imported into Virginia in the spring of 1798, when twenty-one years old.

He finished, at Bowling Green, the season which had been then commenced by Cormorant. At Newmarket Fall races, of that year, he was purchased of Colonel Hoomes by Colonel M. Selden, who was afterwards joined in the purchase by Thomas Goode, Esq. He made the two next seasons at Mr. Goode's in Chesterfield.

Diomed was got by Florizel, out of a Spectator mare (the dam of Pastorella, Fame, Fancy, etc.), her dam (sister to Horatius) by Blank; grandam (Feather's dam, and full sister to the grandam of Cygnet and Blossom) by Childers out of Miss Belvoir by Gray Grantham; Paget Turk, Betty Percival by Leed's Arabian.

At Newmarket, second spring meeting, 1780, Diomed won a sweepstakes, of 500 guineas each half forfeit (six subscribers), 8 stone, ditch-in;

beating Antagonist, Diadem, and Savannah, — betting, two to one against Savannah, five to two against Diomed, and seven to two against Diadem.

At Epsom, May 4, he won the Derby stakes, of 50 guineas each, half forfeit (thirty-six subscribers), 8 stone the last mile of the course; beating Boudroo, Spitfire, Wotton, Drone, Polydore, Diadem, Bay Bolton, and a Gimcrack colt out of Wolsey's dam, — six to four against Diomed, four to one against Boudroo, and seven to one against Spitfire.

At Newmarket, July meeting, he walked over for a sweepstakes, of 100 guineas each (seven subscribers), across the flat.

On Tuesday, in the first October meeting, for a sweepstakes of 100 guineas each, ditch-in, received forfeit from Lord Bolingbroke's King William by Herod out of Mad Cap; the duke of Bolton's Bay Bolton; Lord Derby's Aladdin by Herod; and Lord Grosvenor's roan filly by Matchem.

On the following day he won the Perram plate, of £30, with £50 added, for three-year-olds; 8 stone 7 pounds, ditch-in; beating Rover by Herod; Marigold by Herod; John-a-Nokes,

King William, Catch, Geneva, and four others, — three to one on Diomed, and four to one on King William.

And on Friday following he received forfeit from Lord Milsintown's Catalpa by Turf; 8 stone each, R. M. 100 guineas.

In the second October meeting, 1780, he won a subscription of 20 guineas each, for three-year-olds (eighteen subscribers): colts 8 stone, fillies 7 stone 12 pounds (the winner of the Perram plate 4 pounds extra), B. M.; beating Tetotum, Dutchess, Florus, and Aladdin, — four to one on Diomed.

At Newmarket, Craven Meeting, 1781, Diomed received forfeit from Mr. Stapleton's Savannah, 8 stone each, B. C. 500 guineas, half forfeit.

On Saturday, in the first spring meeting, he won the Fortescue stakes, of 30 guineas each (eleven subscribers); 8 stone 7 pounds, ditch-in; beating Spitfire, King William, Oculator, Urtica, and Commis, — two to one on Diomed.

On Monday, in the second spring meeting, he won the Claret stakes, of 200 guineas each, half forfeit, and a hogshead of claret each, p. p. (fourteen subscribers); 8 stone 7 pounds B. C., beating Antagonist (who received two hogsheads

of claret), Arske, Bishop Blaze, Rodney, Diadem, and Oculator, — five to two against Rodney, three to one against Antagonist, four to one against Diomed, and eight to one against Arske.

At Nottingham, he was beaten, for the first time, by Fortitude; and at Newmarket, in October, by Boudroo.

In 1782 he did not start, but paid a forfeit to Crop.

At Guildford, June 10, 1783, Diomed won the king's plate, 12 stone, four-mile heats; beating Mr. Bank's Lottery by Goldfinder, — seven to four on Diomed. After the first heat, three to one on Lottery; after the second heat, six to four on Diomed.

Diomed was beaten six times in 1783, viz. at Newmarket, for the Craven stakes, won by Alaric; in the first spring meeting, for the £50 plate, by Laburnum and Drone; also, for the king's plate, by Drone; at Ascot Heath by Soldier and Oliver Cromwell; at Winchester, for the king's plate, by Anvil; and at Lewes, for the king's plate, by Mercury and Diadem. He fell lame in running at Winchester, and was put out of training. The above were all of his engage-

ments; from which it will appear that he was beaten eight times and paid one forfeit, and won ten races and received one forfeit. He won, when three years old, seven races, without losing one; among these were the Derby stakes, at Epsom, and a sweepstakes of 500 guineas each at Newmarket. This unvarying success gave him great *éclat* and reputation as a race-horse. After this he ran many races, with indifferent success.

Diomed commenced covering in England, in 1785, at 5 guineas, and in 1789 he was raised to 10 guineas. Some of his colts proving obstinate and restive, he went out of fashion as a stallion, having covered his last season, in 1798, at the reduced price of 2 guineas. He got many winners in England, and several of the *best runners* of their days sprung from his loins.

After the season of 1798 Sir T. Charles Bunbury sold Diomed for 50 guineas; but, after landing in America, he was resold for 1000 or 1200 guineas. He stood several seasons in Virginia, where there is scarcely a good horse without a cross of himself or one of his descendants.

Some of the most distinguished of his get in England were: —

	FOALED
Tortoise	1786
David	1790
Hermione	1780
Champion	1790
Hero	1792
Sister to Champion and Hero	1793
Fanny	1790
B. c. out of Carina	1790
Hackabuk	1791
F. out of Active	1790
Ch. c. out of Sir Peter's sister	1794
Whiskey	1789
Little Pickle	1790
Dam of Whiskey	1785
Gray Diomed, one of the most celebrated horses that ever ran in England; afterward ran with such success in Russia that several of his stock were sent for from that empire	1786
Ch. f., sister to Gray Diomed	1788
Ch. c., brother to Gray Diomed	1789
Robin Gray	1790
Cedar	1793
Greyhound	1794
Poplar	1795
B. c. out of Dax	1791
Monkey	
Montezuma	1786
Quetlavaca	1788
Guatimozin	1790
Ch. f., sister to do.	1791
Ch. c. out of Grenadier's dam	1790
C. out of Fleacatcher	1787
Sister to do.	1790
Sir Charles, brother to do.	1791
Wrangler, do.	1794
Brother to Butterfly	1790
Michael	1790
C. out of Crane	1793
B. f. out of Danae	1788
Ch. f. Desdemona	1788
Rosabella's dam	1793
Speculator	1794
Giantess	1788
Young Giantess	1790
Pamela	1791
Tom	1790
Anthony	1789
Sister to do.	1790

	FOALED
Glaucus	1786
Lais	1787
Brother to do.	1789
Foreigner	1790
Sister to do. (Snug's dam)	1793
Ch. f. out of Isabel	1793
Brother to Amazon	1789
Amazon	1792
Sister to do.	1793
B. f. out of Cheesecake	1791
Ch. f. out of Mrs. Siddons	1792
Brother to Venture	1794
Ch. f. out of Mop-squeezer	1790
Young Noisette	1789
B. c. out of Rosaletta	1790
Aramanthe	1788
Valiant	1785
Victor	1786
Brother to do.	1787
B. f. out of Temperance	1788
Laurentina	1794
B. c. out of Tulip	1794

In America, the most renowned of his progeny were: —

	FOALED
Sir Archy; dam by Rockingham; bred by Colonel Tayloe; afterward owned and run by W. R. Johnson, Esq.	1805
Florizel; dam by Shar; in 1805 beat Peacemaker, the celebrated match, four-mile heats — Major Ball	1802
Potomac, ran and won at Petersburg, two miles, in 3 minutes 43 seconds; the quickest race run in America — Mr. Wilkes	1901
Peacemaker; bred by Colonel Hoomes; afterward owned and run by Colonel Tayloe	1801
Top-Gallant; dam by Shark — Mr. Clayton; afterward owned and run by Colonel Tayloe	1801
Hamlintonian; dam by Shark — Mr. Hamlin; afterward owned and run by Colonel Tayloe	1801

	FOALED
Vingt-un; dam by Clockfast (sold, in 1803, for $2750); General Wade Hampton and Governor Ed. Lloyd.	1801
Stump the Dealer; dam by Clockfast — W. R. Johnson and Ralph Warmeley, Esq.	1801
Duroc; dam by Gray Diomed — Wade Mosby, Esq. — W. M. and Mr. Badger	1806
Hampton; dam by Gray Diomed — General Hampton — Mr. J. V. Bond	1806
Commodore Truxton — General Andrew Jackson .	1806
The dam of Henry	1806
And the dam of Eliza White	1806

Lavinia, Lady Chesterfield, Rusty Robin, Monticello, Wring-jaw, Miss Jefferson, Wragland's Diomed, Perkins's Diomed, the dam of Roxana, Fitz Diomed, Wonder, St. Tammany; the dam of Bobtail, Herod, Tryon, Madison, Constitution, Wrangler, Superior Hornet, Sting, Minerva, Virginius; dams of Sir Alfred, Henry, Sir Walter, Diomed, Eagle, Shylock; Bolivar's grandam, Corporal Trim's dam, Clifton's dam.

Diomed was about fifteen hands three inches high; a little dish-faced; rather straight in the hocks, and bent a little too much in his hind fetlocks. He was a fine, clear chestnut, without white, except a small touch on one of his hind heels, scarcely perceptible.

Diomed died in 1808, aged thirty-one years.

The result of Diomed's first season in the stud in Virginia was such that he immediately dominated all those stallions that had been imported before him. By the time of his arrival in this country the blood of Jolly Roger, old Fearnought, Janus, and others had been pretty thoroughly disseminated, and, in addition, such a number of thoroughbred mares had been imported from England that, although Diomed was mated to many matrons of poor lineage, such a sufficient number of females of high degree were brought to his court that he was soon sending to the turf of Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas practically all of the great winners, and continued to do so through ten years.

Although he was twenty-two years old when brought to this country, he had nine years of usefulness in the Old Dominion before he died, the property of Colonel Hoomes.

There was almost as much mourning in the old colony land over his demise as there was at the death of George Washington. One cannot, in this more commercial day, quite come to an understanding of how much these people of the colonial times loved their horses and what per-

sonal devotion was given to them by high-bred ladies and gentlemen. If one did not respect the gentler emotions of humanity too much to do so, one would laugh at reading some of the old prints concerning these turf heroes that had such intimate association with the cavalier families. The regard entertained for them was scarcely less tender and less demonstrative than that held for the people of the family. The Virginians regarded the death of Diomed, though truly, counted by years and accomplishments, he had run his race, as a great national catastrophe. Their sorrow was assuaged only by the thought that he had left behind him numerous sons who should carry on the glories of the family.

And indeed, in one of these sons, this Sir Archy, who was by the records the best race-horse by Diomed, he left one who was hardly less, if any less, great than himself. And Sir Archy went into the affections of the Virginians to take the place of their lost Diomed. During the years which he lived he caused the fame of the Diomed line of blood to be carried to the extreme northern and southern and western points where racing of the thoroughbred horse was known. Indeed, it might be said that the

Diomed blood was local in the sense that he spent his entire life in Virginia, and few of his immediate descendants went out of Virginia into alien hands. But Sir Archy, living a long and vigorous life, left such an amount of his blood behind him, which had become so highly valued, that when it came time for him to die, his sons and daughters had been scattered from Long Island on the north to Louisiana, Alabama, and Georgia on the south. There was a strain of Sir Archy, through a son or a daughter, on the farm of every breeder, of however small pretensions, who lived in America. Not to have some of the Sir Archy blood was not to be really a thoroughbred breeder.

Diomed sired so many performers of degree that the mention of them in brief, as is given here, is as far as one might go. But it is impossible to leave Sir Archy without giving him, in any history of the turf, as full, or fuller, notice as his sire, Diomed. Diomed was essentially English. Sir Archy was English in so far as his blood lines went; but he was foaled, ran his races, stood, and died on American soil, and he was perhaps the first horse of grandeur that might have been called American. He was the first

race-horse of his day and the first progenitor of speed and bottom after he retired to the stud.

So, if it appear tedious, the reader may pardon this extended story of Sir Archy because he is such an important cog in the great wheel that he seems to be almost its motive power in America.

Sir Archy was bred by Colonel Archibald Randolph and Colonel John Tayloe, as their joint property. He was foaled on James River in 1805, was by imported Diomed out of imported Castianira by Rockingham. Imported Castianira, by Rockingham, dam Tabitha by Trentham, was bred by Mr. Popham, and was foaled in 1796, and imported in the *Tyne*, to Norfolk, Virginia, June, 1799, by Colonel John Tayloe. She was a large brown mare, without white except on her right hind pastern. Her career on the turf was short. There is record of only one race in which she ran, which was a sweepstakes, May 20, 1800, over the Fairfield Course, at Richmond, Virginia, in which she beat a noted colt of Mr. Haskins, and others. Her sire, Rockingham, was one of the most noted horses of England. He was bred by Mr. Wentworth, foaled in 1781, by Highflyer out of Purity

by Matchem. Purity was out of Mr. Pratt's famous Squirt Mare by Squirt, sire of Marske and Syphon, and grandsire of Eclipse, showing a happy union of the three great lines of Herod, Matchem, and Eclipse. Rockingham started thirty-five times, won twenty-seven, walked over three times, received forfeit once, lost four, and paid forfeit twice. Most of the races won by Rockingham were over a distance of ground varying from three to four miles. He stood high as a stallion and sired many noted winners, such as Patriot, Bennington, Susannah, Arabella, Red Cap, Euphrasia, and a host of others.

Sir Archy was a rich bay in color, having no white about him except on his right hind pastern. He was a horse of fine size, being full sixteen hands high, an inch taller than his English sire, with great power and substance. His shoulders were very deep, mounting up to the top of the withers and obliquely inclined. His girth was full and deep, back short and strong, thighs and arms long and muscular, with good bone. His front appearance was strikingly fine, his head and neck beautifully formed, the neck rising gracefully but powerfully out of his withers.

Sir Archy's first appearance upon the turf was

in the fall of 1808, for the Great Stakes, two-mile heats, at Fairfield, Richmond, Va. Some seven started. Won by True Blue, beating Sir Archy, Wrangler, Palafox, Virginius, Molock, and one other. No time given. He was again beaten at Washington City, by Bright Phœbus by Messenger, full sister to Miller's Damsel, Eclipse's dam. Distance and time not given. In both of these races he was laboring under distemper, and that quick observer, Colonel William R. Johnson, purchased him for $1500.

At four years old, in his first race at Fairfield, for the Annual Post Stakes, he was successful against a good field. Distance and time not given.

In the following week Sir Archy and Wrangler met for the Jockey Club Purse, four-mile heats, at Newmarket. Won by Wrangler. The last heat was so close that the judges hesitated some time before awarding it to Wrangler. Colonel William R. Johnson, the owner of Sir Archy, was so set upon his champion that he then and there proposed to Colonel Selden, the owner of Wrangler, a match between the horses for another heat. And amidst the great excitement of the time Colonel Selden was forced to decline the chal-

lenge because Wrangler was so distressed by his last effort.

In the fall of the same year, at Richmond, Virginia, Sir Archy, Wrangler, Ratray, Tom Tough, and Minerva were entered for the Jockey Club Purse, four-mile heats. The betting was high between Sir Archy and Wrangler. As the brilliant assemblage which had gathered to witness the event expected, Sir Archy and Wrangler had the running between them. At the very start they both went off at their speed, Wrangler in the track (next the pole), which he maintained nearly two miles, when Sir Archy drove up to him and passed him by but a short distance. Soon after that it was seen that Sir Archy must certainly win if he did not tire at the pace which they were going. Then the murmurings began to well up from the crowd, and the eager sightseers on the ground pressed in on the course till there was scarce room for the horses to get through.

Wrangler would not give up without a struggle. He continued his efforts to catch Sir Archy to the half-mile pole in the third mile. And then, fast and game a horse as he was, he was forced to give it up for the reason that he could not maintain the pace for so terrible a distance as four

miles. The other three horses were entirely out of the race after the first two miles.

When Wrangler yielded to the bay in front of him, Sir Archy continued at the same rate of speed for half a mile farther, and then his jockey boy gradually drew up and finished the heat and the race in a walk, distancing the entire field. The first two miles were run in 3.46. Had the exigencies of this great occasion demanded it, in other words, had Wrangler been competent to force Sir Archy to continue his rate of speed for the full distance of the heat, the Virginia horse would have made a four-mile record quicker than the distance had yet been run in turf history.

The next week Sir Archy won the Jockey Club Purse at Newmarket at a single heat. Distance, time, and competitors not given.

In two weeks Sir Archy met Blank for the Jockey Club Purse, four-mile heats, at Scotland Neck Track, Halifax, North Carolina. They went off slowly the first two miles, when Blank set out to make it a race from thence home. Sir Archy was in the lead some few feet, and maintained his place, winning the heat by more than a length in 7.52. The second heat was run in the same

manner, and was won by Sir Archy with apparent ease, in 8.00.

The next morning Sir Archy was purchased by Allen J. Davie for $5000, and announced as a stallion. Sir Archy made five seasons as the property of Allen J. Davie.

The retirement of Sir Archy would not have occurred so early in his career had it not been that there was no horse of the time which had speed and strength enough to compete with him at a distance of four miles, or four-mile heats. After this race, in which he disposed of the claims of the Carolina horse Blank, Colonel Johnson, a true sportsman, offered to run him against any horse in America, four-mile heats, for $5000 a side. None were found to take up the gage thrown to them, and it was for that reason that Colonel Johnson parted with him and allowed him to pass, thus in the height of his career, for service in the stud.

In fact, Blank was the only horse then living in America who was thought to have any chance with Sir Archy at all. Blank was regarded as a horse of great bottom, but he had not Sir Archy's speed. There is no doubt that he suffered much ill effect from his attempt to make Sir Archy run

the second heat of their famous race, for soon after the trial of speed Blank died. He was owned and trained for this race by General Stephen W. Carny, who imported his sire, Citizen.

As was natural, Sir Archy was so well considered as a stock horse that he would probably have died in the possession of Mr. Davie, who had found in him a great bargain. Mr. Davie, however, fell into financial difficulties, and mortgaged Sir Archy to William Amis. In time Mr. Davie was not able to pay the mortgage, and he surrendered this most valuable horse in discharge of it. William Amis presented Sir Archy to his son, John D. Amis.

The splendid horse lived to the advanced age of thirty-two years, dying on the 7th of June, 1833. During the time that he was in the stud he was said to have earned for his owners $70,000. And it may be remembered that the fees in his day were very small as compared with those which exist now, just as the purses in those times were scarcely more valuable than the ordinary overnight gift of to-day. John D. Amis owned him at the time of his death.

Of all the horses bred in our country up to

this period, Sir Archy stood highest as a sire as well as a racing animal. He got more distinguished racers than any horse in America, perhaps in the world, from all sorts of mares, with all kinds of pedigrees, and some with no pedigrees at all. It might be said with truth that he filled a hemisphere with his get. Separating him from, and putting him above, all other sires that had existed in America was the single significant fact that, mated with animals of all degrees, he yet got more winners and animals of capacity than any horse which had preceded him.

The most distinguished of his progeny on the turf and in the stud were: Timoleon, Director, Lady Lightfoot, Vanity, Reality, Blank, Virginian, Stockholder, Rattler, Contention, Kosciusko, Napoleon, Sir Charles, Sir William, Muckle John, Sumter, Pacific, Childers, Betsey Richards, John Richards, Henry, Arab, Janet Bertrand, Sir William of Transport, Flirtilla, Marian, Gohanna, Sally Hope, Industry, Crusader, Kate Kearney, Gabriella, Charles Kemble, Black Heath, and Flirtilla Jr.

It will be seen that, by the time of Sir Archy, or the beginning of the nineteenth century, racing

in Virginia was at the very highest pitch of popularity; and the Fairfield Course near Richmond, and the Newmarket Course near Petersburg, the Broad Rock Course, and the Tree Hill Track, were giving great public entertainments through the agency of the thoroughbred that were quite as distinguished for the character of the attendance of the ladies and gentlemen as those given on the Washington Course at Charleston.

To treat in like manner the Virginia patrons of the turf as those of the turf of South Carolina were treated would require such lengthy writing as would not be suited to this volume. Colonel John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, Colonel Hoomes of Bowling Green, Colonel Selden, his near neighbor, the Randolphs (John Randolph of Roanoke, and William Randolph of Cumberland), the Washingtons, the Lees, the Lightfoots, the Carters, the Fairfaxes, — all these, themselves gentlemen of the very best breeding and of private accomplishments, the real F. F. V.'s, were the breeders and racing men of the time.

A perusal of the races of Sir Archy, all of which are authentic, will give the reader an idea of the character of the horses then existing in Virginia. Nearly all descended directly from imported

English sires. So that, while the story of the early Virginia turf is more or less fragmentary, from the very time of the Revolution on the publications of that time teemed with the news of the sport that was being carried on at the aristocratic courses.

CHAPTER V

MARYLAND'S HORSES AND HORSEMEN

MARYLAND, being made up of a population much akin by sympathies of blood and beliefs with the people of Virginia, was not long in following her sister state into that particular field of gentlemanly sport. Like Virginia, Maryland was an early and a constant importer, though she brought within her confines nothing like the number of horses which came to Virginia.

From an old volume of the *Sporting Magazine*, which was published in the early part of the nineteenth century in Baltimore, is taken a list and descriptions of the best-known animals that were brought to Maryland in the very earliest days: —

Badger, gray, imported by Governor Eden; the year of his importation is not known. Governor Eden commenced his administration in Maryland in the year 1769. Badger was got by Lord Chedworth's Bosphorus, he by Babraham, a son

of the Godolphin Arabian; his dam by Black and all Black, grandam by Flying Childers. He was sire of Governor Ogle's Badger, a capital racer at four-mile heats.

Dove, a beautiful gray, imported by Dr. Thomas Hamilton of Prince George's County. He was got by Young Cade, his dam by Teazer out of a Gardiner mare; Teazer by the Bolton Starling. The year of his importation is not known, but is supposed to have been 1761 or 1762. In 1763 he started for the purse at Annapolis, which was won by Mr. Galloway's Selim. His colts in general had speed, and some of them both speed and bottom. Dove was sire of Mr. Macgill's Nonpareil, Primrose, Thistle, Mr. Beane's Regulus, the grandam of Mr. Hall's Union, etc. Nonpareil was a capital racer when young, but being of slender frame, he could do nothing when carrying full weight. He was the best four-mile horse of Dove's get. He was never beaten until he met Lath in Philadelphia.

Figure was a bay, about 15½ hands high, foaled in 1757; got by Gray Figure, and he by Bashaw, afterward called Old Standard. Figure was imported by Dr. Hamilton in the year 1765; his dam Mariamne by Partner. In 1766 he won the

purse at Annapolis, in four heats, beating Mr. Bullen's horse Tryall, Mr. Yeldell's Chester, etc. Chester won the first heat, Figure the second, Tryall the third, and Figure the fourth, beating Tryall a few inches only. Tryall lost the heat by bad riding. In May, 1768, Figure won at Upper Marlborough, beating Mr. Galloway's Selim, Mr. Thornton's Merryman, and Mr. Thomas's Buckskin. He was one of the handsomest and best-formed horses ever imported into this country. His colts in general had speed and bottom. He was sire of Colonel Fiddeman's Gray Figure, Mr. Petterson's Rochester, Mr. Williamson's Brown Figure, Harmony, the dam of Union, etc., all good runners.

Othello, black, foaled 1743, bred by Lord Portmore. He was got by Crab out of Miss Slamerkin, and was imported by Governor Sharpe. It has been asked, in what year? It is not now certainly known. Governor Sharpe commenced his administration in Maryland in the year 1753, and continued until he was superseded by Governor Eden in 1769. Othello was imported probably about the year 1757 or 1758. Selim was foaled in 1759, and it is believed that he was among the first of Othello's progeny. Othello was sire of

True Briton. All his colts from full-bred mares were good runners, and were remarkable for their bottom. In May, 1767, he stood in Beale's Neck, near Annapolis; and it is supposed he died in that year, as he was not heard of afterward.

Ranger, b., imported by Dr. Thomas Hamilton, of Prince George's County, perhaps about the time of the importation of Figure. He was got by Martindale's Regulus, a son of the Godolphin Arabian. He was unsuccessful in all his trials on the turf, and was generally distanced.

Slim, ch., about $15\frac{1}{4}$ hands high, very handsome, foaled 1768; he was got by Wildman's Babraham, his dam by Roger's Babraham, grandam by Sedbury, out of Lord Portmore's Ebony. He was good at two, three, or four miles. His name was changed to that of Sprightly. He was sire of Hall's Union, Bay Slim, Yellow Slim, Bet Bounce (Mr. Lowndes), and many other fleet runners. He was imported by Governor Eden about the year 1774.

Spark was imported by Governor Ogle; his pedigree is unknown, and the time of importation uncertain. Queen Mab, it is believed, was imported with him. She was by Cade.

Tanner, b., was a full-bred son of Cade, and

was imported by Daniel Wolstenholme, Esq., of St. Mary's County. He was sire of Young Tanner — afterward called Bajazet, when owned by General John Cadwallader — and of Camilla.

That Maryland animal to which the American turf owes the greatest debt was Selima, a daughter of the Godolphin Arabian, one of the founders of the thoroughbred family. Selima was imported from England by Colonel Tasker, of Annapolis, and was nearer to the very fountain-head of the thoroughbred than any animal which had come to this country or which followed her. Fortunately, she came into that part of the country where existed several imported thoroughbred stallions, and from mating with them she established herself as a brood mare of remarkable merit, and through her sons and daughters gave to the American turf a distinct family of great performers.

Her first mating in this country was with Othello, an imported horse brought into Maryland by Governor Sharpe.

The produce of Othello and Selima were Selim, purchased when young by Samuel Galloway, Esq., of Tulip Hill; Stella, never trained; and Ebony, remarkable for her speed and bottom,

owned by Mr. Brent, of Virginia. She was the dam of Mr. Brogden's Chatham, a good horse at heats of four miles.

Selima afterward had by the imported horse Traveller, commonly called Morton's Traveller, two colts, Partner and Ariel, capital racers; and by the imported horse Juniper a colt called Babraham. Juniper was by Babraham, a son of the Godolphin Arabian. She also had a filly by the imported horse Fearnought.

Selim was foaled in 1759, and beat every horse of his day until after he was nine years old. In 1763 he won the purse at Annapolis, beating Dr. Hamilton's imported horse Dove, and others. At that time there was no course near Annapolis, and the horses ran two miles out, on the main road toward Baltimore, and returned. In 1764 and 1765 he won the purse at Philadelphia, beating the best horses in that neighborhood. It was in 1765 or 1766 that he beat True Briton at Philadelphia, in a match for £500 (or pistoles), four miles and repeat. In 1766 he was winner over the course at Chestertown, beating the celebrated Yorick, from Virginia, a noted horse called Juno, and others. In October, 1767, he won the purse of 100 guineas at Philadelphia,

distancing three others. His superiority as a racer was so notorious in Maryland that he was frequently excepted and not permitted to run. In 1768, for the first time, he was beaten by the imported horse Figure. In 1772, when thirteen years old, he ran second to Mr. De Lancey's Nettle, beating the justly celebrated horse Silver-heels (from Virginia), Wildair, and others — four-mile heats. He was never trained afterward.

Stella was the dam of Dr. Hamilton's mares Primrose and Thistle by his imported horse Dove, and of Harmony by his imported horse Figure. Primrose was a successful racer. Thistle, in 1769, won a sweepstakes of 60 guineas at Annapolis. Harmony was the fleetest animal of her day, but not remarkable for bottom.

As has been stated, only the well-to-do people of Maryland were concerned with these early race-horses. Annapolis was the centre of the aristocracy of that state, and it is mentioned in the *Catholic Churchman* of the date of 1744 that, among the legitimate pastimes of the population which met with the approval of the Church itself, was the new one of racing horses, which had grown to be highly popular among the gentry of the country. It may be noted also, from the

mention of Selima and the racing of her progeny, that old Maryland was early in the field, and that the beaux and belles of Annapolis and of Baltimore were setting themselves out under the green trees of the new land for the enjoyment of the sport of kings long, long before the Revolution was more than a dream, and while we were still crying in this country, "Long live the king!"

As was the case in Virginia, perusal of the names of the early breeders and racing men of Maryland brings constant suggestion of the men who made the colonial history of Maryland, because they were the same persons. In fact, from Charleston north, as you come along with the story of racing in America, you encounter always the gentleman at the head of the thoroughbred.

It is perfectly natural, and yet a curious thing, to note that, notwithstanding its nearness to the Southern colonies and the necessary business intimacy that existed between Philadelphia and the Southern cities of Baltimore, Annapolis, and Richmond, the thoroughbred did not establish firm ground for himself in the Quaker land. The stern people who came to make a new home under the Pennsylvania oaks gave small time

to sport, and all their days and nights to the labor of the founding of a country of their own.

So it is not in the least surprising, when you go to the early records to find Pennsylvania's contribution to the general fabric of breeding and racing in America, that for many, many years after the turf had been grafted on to the body politic of America only two thoroughbred horses had been imported by the Philadelphia route. Northumberland, sometimes called Irish Gray, was imported by Mr. Crow sometime prior to 1767, and was contemporary with Selim, the son of Selima, for they ran in a race together in Philadelphia in 1767. Old England was a bay horse imported about the same time as Northumberland, and Old England himself was a starter in this particular race in Philadelphia, and was also a runner in one of the early races on Long Island.

The pedigree of Old England is entirely lost. Northumberland, however, was by Bustard, and was bred in England by Lord Mazarine. With him came his full sister, Lady Northumberland. The dam of this pair was by Crab, second dam by Babraham, son of the Godolphin Arabian.

So it was that, when the Marylanders went abroad into Pennsylvania for the purpose of find-

ing a horse to beat, Northumberland and Old England were there to give them trial. And this race was in all probability the first public affair run between presumed thoroughbreds ever occurring in the state of Pennsylvania.

As, following it, there was much brilliant breeding and racing history in the old state, it is worth the while of curious perusal. And it also gives some idea of Selim's quality. This account of it was written by Judge G. Duval, who was one of the early Maryland sportsmen and was at the time of this race one of the Supreme Court judges. The curious old account of this first Pennsylvania event is as follows: —

"*Great Running by Selim at Philadelphia in 1767*

"MARIETTA, June 26, 1829.

"*Sir*, — According to promise you have an account of the race run at Philadelphia, in the year 1767, by Selim and other horses. It is copied from the *Maryland Gazette* of Mr. Green, October 22, 1767; by him taken from a Philadelphia paper.

"On Tuesday last, the following horses started for the Gentleman's subscription purse of one hundred guineas: —

"Samuel Gallaway, Esq.'s bay horse Selim . .	1	1	
Mr. Leary's bay horse Old England . . .	2	dist.	
Mr. Samuel's bay horse Granby . . .	3	dr.	
Mr. Andrew Orr's gray horse Northumberland .	dist.		

"The first heat was run in 8 minutes 2 seconds, Selim winning from Old England by a single length. The second heat, after running three miles close at the heels of Selim, Old England flew the course.

"The standard was 10 stone. Selim was then eight years old, and carried 140 pounds full weight. Old England and Northumberland were both imported.

"It is believed that this running was never exceeded, if equalled, in this country. To form a correct judgment of the speed of a horse, the weight carried must always be recollected. If, as the old and experienced sportsmen say, seven pounds are equal to a distance, which is 240 yards, it follows that 14 pounds will make the difference of 480 yards, a space which would consume 32 seconds of time in running, at the rate of running at Philadelphia. Deduct this from 8 minutes 2 seconds, and it leaves $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, in which the race would have been run if the standard had been 9 stone. I have

never seen an account of a race where the four miles were run in 7½ minutes in the United States.

"Figure beat Selim in 1768, at Upper Marlborough, but Selim was undoubtedly in bad condition, and had been lately cured of the distemper in the throat. He was certainly a capital racer. I saw him beat the celebrated Silver Legs from Virginia, in the year 1772, at Annapolis, four miles and repeat. He was then thirteen years old, and Silver Legs only nine.

"With respect and esteem,

"G. Duval."

It was not for long that Pennsylvania remained so far behind her sister states, for she began breeding in a small way sufficiently early to produce, in 1798, the bay horse First Consul, who was foaled in Philadelphia County. First Consul was sired by Flag of Truce, a Virginia horse, out of a mare by imported Slender. First Consul might be called the first race-horse of quality ever produced in Pennsylvania. From three to seven years old he won twenty-one purses, averaging 100 guineas each, in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Washington City, and was never beaten until the fall he was eight years old.

He then met his Waterloo in one of the famous old races, where, in a match of four-mile heats near Baltimore, the celebrated Oscar gave him defeat. This was a remarkably fast race and characterized by the bottom of the horses.

First Consul was owned by Joshua B. Bond, Esq., of Philadelphia, who was a prominent gentleman in his own city and quite well known as a high-class sportsman. Mr. Bond had offered to run First Consul against any horse in America, which challenge had been accepted by Major William Ball, of Virginia, on behalf of his fine horse, Ball's Florizel, for $10,000 a side. But in the interim First Consul had run the match with Oscar.

The succeeding week Oscar and First Consul started in a famous race at Washington City, in four-mile heats, in which they met Floretta and Top Gallant. The second heat of this race was run with Floretta first, First Consul second, and Oscar third, in 7.52. So great a noise was made at the time over the remarkable record that the Washington track was measured to ascertain if it were not short of a mile. It was found to be seven feet over.

First Consul was afterward beat by Post Boy

in a four-mile heat race at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in a close race for three heats, of which he won the second heat. Then he gave a taste of his quality to the New Yorkers, in a match race run on an old course in Harlem, in which he was beaten by Tippoo Sultan, then the Northern champion at four-mile heats.

He was a beautiful horse, of great strength, $15\frac{3}{4}$ in height. He sired Bond's Eclipse, Diana, and Greer's Potomac. He was never, however, a great progenitor; and this extensive mention is made of him because he was the first thoroughbred foaled in the state of Pennsylvania to make any racing impress in America.

CHAPTER VI

FIRST THOROUGHBREDS OF THE NORTH

Breeding in the North may be said to have had its birth with the importation, by Colonel James De Lancey, of a horse called Wildair, another called Lath, a mare known to fame as the Cub Mare, and another animal called Fair Rachel. It cannot be positively stated at what date these horses landed at the Battery, but it was sometime between 1755 and 1760. At any rate, these animals were the forerunners of many million dollars' worth of horseflesh that, in after years, passed Sandy Hook, to enrich the blood of the thoroughbred of America.

Wildair was used in this country for breeding purposes for a time, and was then sold and re-shipped to England, where he died. Fair Rachel did a small part toward creating a Northern blood stock. Lath distinguished himself on the turf and in the stud.

But out of these four, who were the first comers

to the Northern shores, the Cub Mare was the one to stamp her individuality upon her get and to make a name for herself as a producer of race-horses, that will not be permitted to die so long as American thoroughbred pedigrees are extant. She was the Selima of the Northern turf. She was, in fact, one of the most valuable mares ever imported to this country. Nearly all of the best horses in America trace to her either on the dam or sire side. Immediately she began to make her presence felt. Rattler, Childers, Sumpter, Flirtilla, Ivanhoe, Polly Hopkins, Hyazin, and Inaugural are some of those thoroughbreds foaled in the early years which trace directly to her.

The greatest of her produce, however, was her first foal. That was a filly, sometimes called Maria Slamerkin, sometimes Old Slamerkin, and again Miss Slamerkin. This filly was the result of a union between the Cub Mare and Wildair, a horse which accompanied her to this country.

The Cub Mare passed her days in the vicinity of New York. When and where she died is not known. But she was a respectable personage in the early history of the American thoroughbred, and her daughter, Maria Slamerkin, was the most highly regarded animal of her sex in her day.

The history of Old Slamerkin has been written by many pens, and the story of her, valuable as it is, differs at each writing. Delving through the early turf literature of America, the author has found an account of Maria Slamerkin which, from the circumstances surrounding the account, is probably the correct one of the career of this wonderful producer. The communication is also interesting as letting one into the intimate manners and customs of the gentlemen of that day. Writing from his estate at Belvoir, in 1826, Mr. John Manners said: —

"The celebrated Slamerkin was bred by James De Lancey, Esq., of New York, and purchased by Mr. John Allen, of New Jersey. At four years old, in Mr. Allen's possession, she ran the four-mile heats over the Philadelphia course, against the celebrated running horse old Sprightly, the property of Governor Eden, of Maryland, who had never been beaten, and four others, the best runners in the United States. Slamerkin distanced all but old Sprightly, the first heat, and beat him the second heat with ease. She was allowed to run the four-mile heats, more swiftly than any horse in the United States. She was afterwards purchased by Daniel Hunt, Esq., of



JAMES R. KEENE

Lebanon, New Jersey, who sold her to Colonel Goode, of Virginia.

"Slamerkin was the dam of the celebrated running horses Bucephalus, gotten by old Granby, and Honest John, gotten by the imported horse old Messenger. She was the grandam of the celebrated running horses Pollydore, Grasshopper, Esopus, Cockfighter, and several good runners; and the ancestor of Kentucky Whip, Flag of Truce, Fearnought, Seagull, Prizefighter, Honesty, Tormentor, Hornet, Maria, Eclipse, Lurcher, Scipio, Antelope, Brilliant, Morgan Rattler, and many other good racers.

"Slamerkin was gotten by the celebrated horse, Old Wildair, who was afterwards exported to England, and covered at 40 guineas a mare, out of the celebrated Cub mare, and was full sister to the famous old Bashaw.

"Jno. Manners."

Mr. Manners then furnished the following delightful story of the mare from a member of the Goode family: —

"About 1780, a year or two sooner or later, a Mr. Thomas Goode of Chesterfield, Virginia, than whom never was man more devoted to good

horses, having read and heard of the celebrated horse Lath, went to the North with a view to get him; either by purchase, or to stand him as a stallion. Whilst in that country he was taken extremely ill, at a Mr. Hunt's, who had previously intermarried with a widow, Mrs. Vanlue, in Jersey. Mr. Goode was sick for many weeks, during which time it was fairly understood he was not to have Lath. Great exertions were then made to obtain this very mare, Miss Slamerkin; but in this he was also disappointed.

"The time arrived when he was to return to Virginia. I have frequently heard him speak of the tender and constant attention of this kind and hospitable family — of the reluctance with which they gave him up — and above all (it would be strange to tell nowadays), not a cent would they receive for their trouble, but seemed to be glad to have had it in their power to confer the obligation. Yes, sir, and if ever an obligation so great has been fully repaid in gratitude to the bestower, I think this might be referred to as the case. Oft have I heard him speak in raptures of this family — their kindness — their incessant attention to him never wavering — their

sweetness of temper and politeness to one another — always enjoying the first and best gift of heaven, their own domestic happiness. These were circumstances well calculated to produce a long and lasting intimacy and friendship between the parties.

"In a few years after, one of the young Mr. Vanlues, son of Mrs. Hunt, on his way from the South, where he had been upon business, called at Mr. Goode's and spent a week or two. I well recollect the very joy that Mr. and Mrs. Goode felt at seeing him — in having some little opportunity of returning kindness for kindness. In some few years after, in an unexpected moment, the old gentleman himself, Mr. Hunt, drove up in the yard of Mr. Goode with a number of the prettiest, cleanest limbed, best looking horses I ever saw, and among them was the celebrated Miss Slamerkin, the daughter of the 'wonderful, the old Cub mare.'

"If I were gifted, Mr. Editor, in description, I would ask the liberty of a small digression to tell you something of the sparkling, endearing vivacity evidently to be seen in their mutual confidences — of the cordial salutations and shakings of each other's hands. No little darkening

window, through which that chilling monster, deceit, could pop his nose. No! all was honest, heartfelt sincerity — reciprocal gladness. I should do injustice (it is not worth while further to attempt to conceal) to the memory of a dear departed mother were I not to say, she was foremost in the trio. All was kindness, frankness, good humor and gladness. I remember too, full well, the tender throbbings of my own little heart. I thought I saw the kind preserver of my father's life; I loved and admired him.

"Time passed on from day to day. The horses were looked at, praised and admired — all was done to improve their looks. The market hour arrived, and off they went for Petersburg. When out, that restraint and delicacy of situation, as to the sale or purchase of the old mare, was over, and Mr. Hunt came out frankly to my father, first premising his remarks with a fear to do it whilst at his house, lest he might think himself bound to take her; from which he then absolved him, and told him he had procured the old mare, Miss Slamerkin, expressly for him; not for speculation, but to oblige him, under his old request; and cost and charges were all he ever intended to ask for her. My father cheerfully

embraced the offer, the amount was made out at some eighty or ninety pounds (a long price in those days and at her age, about eighteen), and the mare was his. They had then advanced some six or eight miles on their way to Petersburg, and the old gentleman had to return to my father's to get his pay; silver was much the order of the then times; the order was necessarily given to return. And here, sir, let me relate what I well remember to have heard them speak of as the fact, that the wonderful, the remarkable Miss Slamerkin (eighteen years old as above), heavy in foal, daughter of the wonderful, 'the old Cub mare,' turned her tail upon her back, took the lead in the onset, sped her way back to my father's, was the first to enter a gate that had been left open, strained down to the stables, and around and around, in advance of the gentlemen some half an hour or more. A day or two was again spent in their usual happy way; and the old gentleman left us as reluctantly as we were unwilling to give him up.

"I well remember, for I could not leave his chair and side, all the most prominent remarks about the old mare. She was said to have been the very best racer of her day — the first nag that

ever beat old Sprightly at Philadelphia — was never beaten — was full sister to Bashaw. It was said she or Bashaw (I do not recollect which) was in the belly of her dam when she crossed the Atlantic; that the 'old Cub mare' was selected, as well on account of her blood, as that she was in foal to Wildair, at the time they were imported, and the colt was intended as a commendation to the horse. Wildair and the Cub mare were both imported at the same time, by a Col. De Lancey of that state. Wildair was sent for back, by the sporting gentlemen of that country, was repurchased at a long price, and put at forty guineas a mare in England. All of which, Mr. Editor, I then did believe, and still do believe, as sincerely, as in the records of any court in this Union.

"She was said to have left a good progeny behind her. I well remember the name of Paragon — she was certified then to be in foal to a horse to the North, called Liberty; he by Dove, etc. She produced the ensuing spring a remarkable fine filly — was then put to the imported horse Bay Richmond, and produced one of the prettiest horses ever raised in this part of the world; and was then sent to Mr. French's in the upper end of Dinwiddie county, about fifteen or eighteen miles

above Petersburg, to the imported horse Obscurity, and produced from him a wonderfully fine filly, the grandam of Rattler, Childers, Sumpter, Flirtilla; and great grandam of Ivanhoe, Polly Hopkins, Hiazim, Inaugural, etc., etc. Blackeyed Susan, Sir Robin, Rusty Robin, Massena, Equality, Roxana, and many others, and some not tried, were the descendants of the wonderful, 'the old Cub mare.' Thus, sir, has she been rendered wonderful and worthy of notice. And will you look to Lexington, Kentucky, for the Sumpters, and to your own pages for the Childers and Rattlers, and to the present Polly Hopkins, and not say there is something still more 'wonderful'?

"Respectfully,

"John C. Goode."

With the foaling by the Cub Mare of Maria Slamerkin, the birth of the Northern turf may be said to have begun. There had been racing on Long Island and in New Jersey before Wildair and the Cub Mare were imported, but the horses engaged were not thoroughbred animals, and the prizes for which they ran were so small that the sport itself was hardly lifted to the dignity of an event. There were several paths laid out on that

territory now occupied by the city of Brooklyn, but it was not until 1819 that race meetings of any character were held in the vicinity of New York. It was not until that year that the people of Gotham seemed to take a lively interest in the transactions of the turf.

In the spring of 1819 an association was formed and a course established at Bath, Long Island. But the location was not desirable, and in 1821 the same association purchased a plot of ground eight miles from where the Brooklyn City Hall now stands and inaugurated it as the Union Course. Large purses were offered for speed contests, and racing was established on a respectable and firm basis.

The Union Course stands more prominently on the pages of American turf history than any track now in existence, since it was the theatre of some of the grandest turf battles ever decided on American soil, and was the arena upon which were held those memorable and incomparable contests between the horses of the North and the South in the subsequent years, after the North had begun to produce its own race-horses.

Just as the gentlemen of the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania had given

themselves to the sports of the turf, so the very distinguished men of the North were found as the owners, managers, and even trainers of the best thoroughbreds about New York. Stevens, Livingston, De Lancey, Gibbons, and Van Ranst were some of the names to be associated with this early racing on the Union Course.

The importation of Messenger and of Trustee, both of which were sires of extraordinary power, gave the necessary out-crosses for the blood which Wildair and Lath had already left in the country. And, as well, the Northern gentlemen interested in racing did not hesitate to betake themselves to Virginia and other parts of the South, and there to purchase such blood as seemed best adapted to the crossing of the lines which they had possessed at home. Breeding intelligently and using great sums of money in judicious investment, it is not surprising to know that within a very few years after the Revolution the Northern breeders had themselves established a distinguished family of thoroughbreds; and after the Union Course came into existence they had such horses at their command that they could, and did, defeat the very flowers of the Southland. The Virginians suffered the humiliation of being beaten at the

North by descendants on one side of the house or the other of animals which they had sold out of their own country to come for the enrichment of the blood of the North.

Thus far this story of the blood horse of America has had for its purpose the showing of whence and how he came, and also to give the reader some conception of the circumstances surrounding the creation of the thoroughbred horse in this country, and the kind of personalities whose names are interwoven with those of our turf champions from the earliest times down to the date of this writing.

It must be known now that by the time the Union Course had been constructed on Long Island, the Southern states and what were then called the Western states had themselves made great advancement in the matter of fine horses. Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Kentucky had each levied tribute upon the blood of Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas, and on those far distant farms youngsters were being foaled that in after years should race themselves into fame and become the progenitors of sons and daughters even more famous.

To mention briefly the dominating influences

in the creation of the American thoroughbred, we might say that Diomed in Virginia, Citizen in Carolina, Selima in Maryland, and the Cub Mare and her associates in New York — all animals imported from England — were the striking individuals.

This portion of the history of the American race-horse may have much of that in it which is weary reading to him who seeks entertainment alone, but without such dissertation upon it no history of our turf could be written and no understanding of the merits of the great horses which have graced the turf could be arrived at.

One may turn now to the pleasant duty of showing the thoroughbred in his activities; in other words, of telling the story of the American turf after it became a fixed institution, and when its races were of such character as to attract the attention of the whole world.

Though the Southerners had long ago begun the making of turf story in their part of the world, and the National Course had been born at Washington, it seems fitting that the first race to which extensive description is given in this volume should be that race which began the series of rivalries between the North and the

South, and which were the first national events to take place in this country.

In 1814 there was foaled at Dosoris, Queen's County, Long Island, a colt got by Duroc out of Miller's Damsel by imported Messenger. His birth took place just one year in advance of that from which Frank Forrester dates the authentic era of the turf in this country.

This colt born on a May day in 1814, by Duroc out of Miller's Damsel, was called Eclipse. And then, to distinguish him from the splendid English animal of that name, he was further called American Eclipse.

The racing career of American Eclipse had been one series of brilliant successes. As was the case with nearly all of the early horses of America, there were many disputes over the pedigree of Eclipse, and performances credited to him were denied. So great was the discussion over this horse and so extensive the demand for true knowledge of him, that in 1823 a history of him was published. However, the best account of the foaling of this horse, of his pedigree, and of his races up to the time of his national match with Henry, was written by his owner, Mr. C. W. Van Ranst, a gentleman of the highest attain-

ments and of unquestioned veracity. His description of the horse, his pedigree and performances, is embodied in this bit of graceful writing: —

"The last horse that is to be named in my list I might perhaps be excused from noticing, on account of the great renown he has acquired, and from the many details concerning him that have already appeared in the public journals, as well as in your own work; besides a pamphlet especially devoted to his history in 1823. But, in order to make my communication complete, I shall now proceed to give you an accurate account of him.

"He is a chestnut horse, with a star, and the near hind foot white; 15 hands 3 inches high; possessing a large share of bone and muscle, and excelling all the racers of the day in the three great essentials of speed — courage, stoutness or lastingness, and ability to carry weight. He was foaled on the 25th of May, 1814, at Dosoris, Long Island, on the farm of the late General Nathaniel Coles, whose proverbial hospitality (to offer a passing tribute of gratitude) has been experienced by all that ever visited his mansion. From the work alluded to, 'Authentic History, etc., of American Eclipse,' it will be found that, at five

months old, while a suckling, he gave his owner such a sample of stride, strength, and speed, that he was at that time named 'American Eclipse.' He was sired by Duroc; his dam Miller's Damsel by Messenger; his grandam the English mare by Pot8os, imported in 1795, then three years old, by William Constable, Esq., and bred by Lord Grosvenor. This English mare was sired by Pot8os, and Pot8os by the celebrated horse Eclipse; his g. g. dam by Gimcrack; Gimcrack by Cripple, and Cripple by the Arabian of Lord Godolphin.

"Duroc, a Virginia horse, was sired by Diomed; his dam Amanda, the property of Mr. Mosely, was sired by Gray Diomed, her dam by Virginia Cade.

"In May, 1818, then four years old, American Eclipse won the purse of $300, in the three-mile heats at Newmarket, on Long Island.

"In June, 1819, he took the purse of $500, in the four-mile heats at Bath, Long Island.

"In October, 1819, he again took a purse, of similar amount, on the same course; the first heat being run in 8 minutes 13 seconds, and the next in 8 minutes 8 seconds.

"After this he stood for mares two seasons,

until October, 1821, when he took the $500 purse in the four-mile heats, at the Union Course (near Jamaica), distancing the celebrated mare, Lady Lightfoot, in the second heat. The first was run in 8 minutes 4 seconds, and the last heat in 8 minutes 2 seconds.

"In the following week he took the premium of $50, as the best stud-horse, from the New York County Agricultural Society.

"In May, 1822, he won a purse of $700, for the four-mile heats, on the Union Course; beating Sir Walter, a very fast horse. The first heat was in 7 minutes 54 seconds, and the second in 8 minutes.

"In October, 1822, he took a $1000 purse in the four-mile heats, on that course, again beating Sir Walter, besides several other horses. The first heat was run in 7 minutes 58 seconds, and on the second heat he came in at his leisure.

"On the 20th November, 1822, he took $5000 on the Washington Course, as a forfeit from Mr. Harrison for the delinquency of his horse Sir Charles; and the same day ran a single four-mile heat for $1500, against that horse, whom he beat with great ease."

This defeat of Sir Charles, at the Washington

Course, was the immediate incident which brought forth the challenge to Eclipse, and which resulted in the first national affair which the American turf had known. An offer was made at the Jockey Club dinner the evening after the defeat of Sir Charles — The North *vs.* The South.

Walter Livingston, Esq., a member of that aristocratic family which had early settled in the vicinity of New York, was the representative of Eclipse on the occasion of the Sir Charles race. But Mr. John C. Stevens, perhaps the most splendid of the turfmen of that early day and a kinsman of Walter Livingston, overflowing with youth, ardor, and gallantry, immediately rose at the table in answer to the suggestion from the Southerners, and challenged the South to name any horse at the post who could beat Eclipse, four-mile heats, on Long Island, the following spring, for $20,000 a side. The offer was literally Eclipse against the world.

General Wynne, Colonel William R. Johnson, the Napoleon of the Southern turf, General Ridgley, John Randolph of Roanoke, and other celebrities took counsel of each other, accepted the challenge, and in the following May they

started a most formidable stable North, three of which, however, falling out of condition, did not reach Long Island.

The horses selected by the Southerners for this great occasion and also to race for the three purse events to be run for on the three days subsequent to the match, heats respectively of four, three, and two miles, were Betsey Richards, five years old; her full brother, John Richards, four years; Sir Henry, four years; Flying Childers, five years — all by Sir Archy; and Washington, four years old, by Timoleon, a son of Sir Archy. With one of the three first named, it was the intention of Colonel William R. Johnson to run the match. Of these, at the time he left home, John Richards was his favorite; his next choice was Sir Henry, and thirdly the mare; although some of the Southern gentlemen — and amongst others, General Wynne — gave their opinion in favor of running the mare, fearing lest Henry might get frightened by so large a crowd of people and swerve from the track.

Unfortunately for the Virginians, their favorite, John Richards, in a trial race, while at Mr. Badger's, met with an accident by receiv-

ing a cut in the heel or frog of one of his fore feet, which rendered it necessary to throw him out of train; Washington also fell amiss, and he and Richards were left behind at Mr. Badger's. With the other three the Southern sportsmen proceeded to the Union Course, where they arrived five or six days previous to that fixed upon for the match.

The ill fortune which befell the Virginians by laming their best horse in the onset seemed to pursue them, for scarcely had they arrived at Long Island, and become fixed in their new quarters, when Colonel Johnson, the principal on their part, himself went wrong. On the night before the race he gave himself to hilarious indulgence in high wines and red lobsters with a coterie of Northern gentlemen who were offering him the courtesies of a great city, and the next morning the "Napoleon of the turf" was hard by his back in bed at his hotel up-town, while the great national event in which he was to figure so prominently was being run over on Long Island. It was the only time in the course of a wonderful turf career that Colonel Johnson had ever gone amiss and failed to face the starter himself. That brilliant but eccentric man, Ran-

dolph of Roanoke, witnessed the race between the champions, and he was the author of the since often-quoted remark, "It was not Eclipse, but the lobsters, that beat Henry."

Thus the Southerners, deprived of their leader, whose skill and judgment, whether in the way of stable preparation or generalship in the field, could be supplied by none other, had to face their opponents under circumstances thus far disadvantageous and discouraging. Notwithstanding these unexpected and untoward events, they met the coming contest manfully, having full and unimpaired confidence in their two remaining horses, Sir Henry and Betsey Richards, and backed their opinion to the moment of starting.

CHAPTER VII

ECLIPSE AND HENRY

A CHARMING writer of that time, who signed himself "An Old Turfman," wrote the account of this memorable contest which has been accepted as the best description of a race that instituted an era upon the American turf. His telling of it is this: —

"At length the rising sun gave promise that the eventful day would prove fine and unclouded. I was in the field at the peep of dawn, and observed that the Southern horse and mare, led by Henry Curtis in their walk, were both plated, treated alike, and both in readiness for the approaching contest. It was yet unknown to the Northern sportsmen which was to be their competitor.

"The road from New York to the course, a distance of eight miles, was covered by horsemen and a triple line of carriages, in an unbroken chain, from the dawn of day until one o'clock, the appointed hour of starting. The

stands on the ground, for the reception of spectators, were crowded to excess at an early hour, and the club house, and balcony extending along its whole front, was filled by ladies; the whole track, or nearly so, for a mile distance in circuit, was lined on the inside by carriages and horsemen — *not less than sixty thousand spectators were computed to be in the field.*

"About half-past twelve o'clock Sir Henry made his appearance on the course, as the champion of the South, and was soon confronted by his antagonist.

"I shall now endeavor to give a brief description of these noted racers.

"Sir Henry is a dark sorrel, or chestnut color, with one hind foot white, and a small star in the forehead; his mane and tail about two shades lighter than that of his body; he is represented as being 15 hands and 1 inch high, but having taken his measure, his exact height is only 14 hands $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. His form is compact, bordering upon what is termed pony-built, with a good shoulder, fine clean head, and all those points which constitute a fine forehead; his barrel is strong, and well ribbed up towards the hip; waist rather short; chine bone strong, rising or

arched a little over the loin, indicative of ability to carry weight; sway short; the loin full and strong; haunches strong, and well let down; hind quarters somewhat high, and sloping off from the coupling to the croup; thighs full and muscular, without being fleshy; hocks, or houghs, strong, wide, and pretty well let down; legs remarkably fine, with a full proportion of bone; back sinew, or Achilles tendon, large, and well detached from the canon bone; stands firm, clear, and even, moves remarkably well, with his feet in line; possesses great action and muscular power, and although rather under size, the exquisite symmetry of his form indicates uncommon strength and hardihood.

"He was bred by Mr. Lemuel Long, near Halifax, in the State of North Carolina, and foaled on the 17th day of June, 1819. He was got by Sir Archy, son of imported chestnut Diomed, his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bel-Air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger; which four last named are imported horses, and are to be found in the English Stud Book.

"Eclipse is a dark sorrel horse, with a star,

the near hind foot white, said to be 15 hands 3 inches in height, but in fact measures, by the standard, only 15 hands and 2 inches. He possesses great power and substance, being well spread and full made throughout his whole frame, his general mould being much heavier than is commonly met with in the thoroughbred blood-horse; he is, however, right in the cardinal points, very deep in the girth, with a good length of waist; loin wide and strong; shoulder by no means fine, being somewhat thick and heavy, yet strong and deep; breast wide, and apparently too full, and too much spread for a horse of great speed; arms long, strong, and muscular; head by no means fine; neck somewhat defective, the junction with the head having an awkward appearance, and too fleshy, and bagging too much upon the underside near the throttle; his fore legs, from the knee downwards, are short and strong, with a large share of bone and sinew; upon the whole his forehand is too heavy. To counterbalance this, his hind quarters are as near perfection as it is possible to imagine. From the hooks, or hip bone, to the extremity of the hind quarter, including the whole sweep from the hip to the hough, he had not an equal; with long and

full muscular thighs, let down almost to the houghs, which are also particularly long, and well let down upon the canon bone; legs short, with large bone and strong tendon, well detached, upon which he stands clear and even. Although his form throughout denotes uncommon strength, yet to the extraordinary fine construction of his hind quarters I conceive him indebted for his great racing powers, continuance, and ability, equal to any weight. I have closely observed him in his gallops; if he have a fault, it is that of falling a little too heavy on his fore feet, and dwelling a little too long on the ground; but then the style and regularity with which he brings up his haunches, and throws his gaskins forward, overbalance other defects.

"All horses date their age from the 1st of May. Thus a horse foaled any time in the year 1819 would be considered four years old on the 1st day of May, 1823. Consequently, Sir Henry, although not four years old complete until the 17th day of June, had, on the 27th of May, to carry the regulated weight — agreeably to the then rules of the course — for a four-year-old, viz. 108 pounds. Eclipse, being nine years old, carried weight for an aged horse, 126 pounds.

"At length the appointed hour arrived, the word was given to saddle, and immediately afterward to mount. Eclipse was ridden by William Crafts, dressed in a crimson jacket and cap, and Sir Henry by a Virginia boy, of the name of John Walden, dressed in a sky-blue jacket with cap of same color. The custom on the Union Course is to run to the left about, or with the left hand next to the poles; Eclipse, by lot, had the left or inside station at the start. Sir Henry took his ground about twenty-five feet wide of him, to the right, with the evident intention of making a run in a straight line for the lead. The preconcerted signal was a single tap of the drum. All was now breathless anxiety; the horses came up evenly; the eventful signal was heard, they went off handsomely together.

"Henry, apparently quickest, made play from the score, obtained the lead, and then took a hard pull. By the time they had gone the first quarter of a mile, which brought them round the first turn, to the commencement of what is termed the back side of the course, which is a straight run, comprising the second quarter of a mile, he was full three lengths ahead; this distance he with little variation maintained, running steadily, with

a hard pull, during the first, second, third, and for about three-fourths of the fourth round or mile; the pace all this time a killing one.

"It may be proper to note that the course is nearly an oval, of one mile, with this small variation, that the back and front are straight lines of about a quarter of a mile each, connected at each extremity by semicircles of also a quarter of a mile each. When the horses were going the last round, being myself well mounted, I took my station at the commencement of the stretch or last quarter, where I expected a violent exertion would be made at this last straight run in, when they left the straight part on the back of the course, and entered upon the last turn. Henry was, as heretofore, not less than three lengths in the clear ahead. They had not proceeded more than twenty rods upon the first part of the sweep, when Eclipse made play, and the spur and whip were both applied freely; when they were at the extreme point or centre of the sweep, I observed the right hand of Crafts disengaged from his bridle, making free use of his whip; when they had swept about three-fourths of the way round the turn, and had advanced within twenty-five rods of my station, I clearly saw that Crafts was

making every exertion with both spur and whip to get Eclipse forward, and scored him sorely, both before and behind the girths; at this moment Eclipse threw his tail into the air, and flirted it up and down, after the manner of a tired horse, or one in distress and great pain; and John Buckley, the jockey, and present trainer, whom I kept stationed by my side, observed, 'Eclipse is done.'

"When they passed me about the commencement of the stretch, seventy to eighty rods from home, the space between them was about sixteen feet, or a full length and a half in the clear. Here the rider of Henry turned his head round, and took a view for an instant of his adversary; Walden used neither whip nor spur; but maintained a hard and steady pull, under which his horse appeared accustomed to run. Crafts continued to make free use of the whip; his right hand in so doing was necessarily disengaged from the bridle, his arm often raised high in air, his body thrown abroad, and his seat loose and unsteady; not having strength to hold and gather his horse with one hand and at the same time keep his proper position; in order to acquire a greater purchase, he had thrown his body quite

back to the cantle of the saddle, stuck his feet forward by way of bracing himself with the aid of the stirrups, and in this style he was belaboring his horse, going in the last quarter. Buckley exclaimed, — and well he might, — 'Good G—d, look at Billy!'

"From this place to the winning post, Eclipse gained but a few feet, Henry coming in ahead about a length in the clear. The shortest time of this heat, as returned by the judges on the stand, was 7 minutes, 37½ seconds. Many watches, and mine — which was held by a gentleman on the stand — among others, made it 7 minutes, 40 seconds; and this time the Southern gentlemen reported.

"I pushed immediately up to the winning post, in order to view the situation of the respective horses, after this very trying and severe heat; for it was in fact running the whole four miles. Sir Henry was less distressed than I expected to find him; Eclipse also bore it well, but of the two he appeared the most jaded; the injudicious manner in which he had been ridden had certainly annoyed and unnecessarily distressed him; the cause of his throwing out his tail, and flirting it up and down, as already observed, was now apparent.

Crafts, in using his whip wildly, had struck him too far back, and had cut him not only upon his sheath, but had made a deep incision upon his testicles, and it was no doubt the violent pain occasioned thereby that caused the noble animal to complain, and motion with his tail, indicative of the torture he suffered. The blood flowed profusely from one or both of these foul cuts, and trickling down the inside of his hind legs, appeared conspicuously upon the white hind foot, and gave a more doleful appearance to the discouraging scene of a lost heat.

"The incapacity of Crafts to manage Eclipse — who required much urging, and at the same time to be pulled hard — was apparent to all; he being a slender-made lad, in body weight about 100 pounds only. A person interested in the event, seeing Buckley, who had ridden the horse on a former occasion, with me, requested that I would keep him within call, and ready to ride in case of an emergency. It was, however, soon settled, and announced, that Mr. Purdy would ride him the second heat, upon which long faces grew shorter, and Northern hope revived. Six to four was, nevertheless, offered on the Southern horse, but no takers.

"Second heat. The horses, after a lapse of thirty minutes, were called up for a second heat. I attentively viewed Eclipse while saddling, and was surprised to find that to appearance he had not only entirely recovered, but seemed full of mettle, lashing and reaching out with his hind feet, anxious and impatient to renew the contest. Mr. Purdy, having mounted his favorite, was perfectly at home, and self-confident.

"The signal being again given, he went off rapidly from the start; Sir Henry being now entitled to the inside, took the track, and kept the lead, followed closely by Eclipse, whom Mr. Purdy at once brought to his work, knowing that game and stoutness was his play, and his only chance of success that of driving his speedy adversary up to the top of his rate, without giving him the least respite. Henry went steadily on, nearly at the top of his speed, keeping a gap open between himself and Eclipse, of about twenty feet without much variation, for about two miles and seven-eighths, or until, toward the conclusion of the third mile, they had arrived nearly opposite the four-mile distance post.

"Here Mr. Purdy made his run, and when they had advanced forty rods further, which brought

them to the end of the third mile, was close up, say nose and tail. They now entered upon the fourth and last mile, which commences with a turn or sweep the moment you leave the starting post. Here the crowd was immense; I was at this moment on horseback, stationed down the stretch or straight run, a short distance below the winning post, in company with a friend and Buckley, the jockey, who kept close to me during the whole race. We pushed out into the centre, or open space of the ground, in order to obtain a more distinct view of the struggle, which we saw making, for the lead.

"Everything depended upon this effort of Purdy; well he knew it; his case was a desperate one, and required a desperate attempt; it was to risk all, for all; he did not hesitate. When the horses had got about one-third of the way round the sweep they had so far cleared the crowd as to afford us a distinct view of them a little before they reached the centre of the turn.

"Eclipse had lapped Henry about head and girth and appeared evidently in the act of passing. Here Buckley vociferated, 'See Eclipse! look at Purdy! By heaven, on the inside!' I was all attention. Purdy was on the left hand, or inside

of Henry; I felt alarmed for the consequence, satisfied that he had thus hazarded all; I feared that Walden would take advantage of his position, and by reining in, force him against or inside one of the poles. When they had proceeded a little more than half-way round the sweep, the horses were a dead lap; when about three-fourths round, Eclipse's quarter covered Henry's head and neck; and just as they had finished the bend and entered upon the straight run, which extends along the back part of the course, Eclipse for the first time was fairly clear and ahead. He now with the help of the persuaders, which were freely bestowed, kept up his run, and continued gradually, though slowly, to gain during the remaining three-quarters of a mile, and came in about two lengths ahead. As they passed up the stretch or last quarter of a mile, the shouting, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, long and loud applause sent forth by the Eclipse party exceeded all description; it seemed to roll along the track as the horses advanced, resembling the loud and reiterated shout of contending armies.

"I have been thus particular in stating that Mr. Purdy made his pass on the inside, under-

standing that many gentlemen, and particularly Mr. Stevens, the principal in the match on the part of Eclipse — and for aught I know Mr. Purdy himself — insist that the *go by* was given on the outside. After the heat was over, I found that my friend Mr. M. Buckley, and myself, were far from the only persons that had observed the mode in which Mr. Purdy ran up and took the inside track from his adversary. The circumstance was in the mouths of hundreds. In corroboration of which, I will quote a passage from the *New York Evening Post*, of May 28, 1823, giving a description of this second heat: —

"'Henry took the lead as in the first heat, until about two-thirds around on the third mile, when Purdy seized, with a quickness and dexterity peculiar to himself, the favorable moment that presented, when appearing to aim at the outside, he might gain the inside, made a dash at him accordingly, and *passed him on the left.*'

"Here, then, the observations of many, independent of my friend Mr. M. Buckley or myself, added to the instantaneous and striking remark of Buckley, which did not fail to rivet my peculiar attention, form a wonderful coincidence. Thus circumstanced, and long conversant with turf

matters, rules, and practices, and familiar with sights of this kind, it was impossible I could be mistaken. I was not mistaken, the honest belief of some gentlemen to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Time, this second heat, 7 minutes, 49 seconds.

"Third heat. It was now given out, that in place of the boy Walden, who had rode Sir Henry the two preceding heats, that Arthur Taylor, a trainer of great experience, and long a rider equalled by few and surpassed by none, would ride him this last and decisive heat. At the expiration of 30 minutes the horses were once more summoned to the starting post, and Purdy and Taylor mounted; the word being given, they went off at a quick rate; Purdy now taking the lead, and pushing Eclipse from the score; and indeed, the whole four miles, applying the whip and spur incessantly; evidently resolved to give Sir Henry no respite, but to cause him, if determined to trail, to employ all his speed and strength, without keeping anything in reserve for the run in. Sir Henry continued to trail, apparently under a pull, never attempting to come up, until they had both fairly entered the straight run towards the extermination of the last mile,

and had advanced within about 60 rods from home.

"Here Sir Henry being about five yards behind, made a dash, and ran up to Eclipse, so far as to cover his quarter or haunch with his head, and for a moment had the appearance of going past; he made a severe struggle for about two hundred yards, when he again fell in the rear, and gave up the contest.

"Thus terminated the most interesting race ever run in the United States. Besides the original stake of $20,000 each, it was judged that upwards of $200,000 changed hands.

"In this last heat Sir Henry carried 110 pounds, being 2 pounds over his proper weight; it not being possible to bring Arthur Taylor to ride less, and although a small horse, and wanting twenty days of being four years old, he made the greatest run ever witnessed in America.

"Time, this heat, 8 minutes, 24 seconds.

"Thus the three heats, or twelve miles, were run in 23 minutes, 50½ seconds, or an average of 7 minutes, 57 seconds each heat; or 1 minute, 59 seconds per mile.

"Notwithstanding this defeat, the Southern sportsmen continued to be inspired with so much

confidence in their horse, that they offered to renew the contest for a much larger amount, as appears by the following challenge and the answer thereto, which I give as connected with the event: —

"LONG ISLAND, May 28, 1823.

"To JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq.

"*Sir:* I will run the horse Henry against the horse Eclipse at Washington City, next fall, the day before the Jockey Club purse is run for, for any sum from twenty to fifty thousand dollars; forfeit ten thousand dollars. The forfeit and stake to be deposited in the Branch Bank of the United States at Washington, at any namable time, to be appointed by you.

"Although this is addressed to you individually, it is intended for all the betters on Eclipse, and if agreeable to you and them, you may have the liberty of substituting at the starting post, in the place of Eclipse, any horse, mare, or gelding, foaled and owned on the northern and eastern side of the North River, provided, I have the liberty of substituting in the place of Henry, at the starting post, any horse, mare, or gelding, foaled and owned on the south side of the Potomac. As we propose running at Washington City, the rules of that Jockey Club must govern of course.

"I am respectfully, yours,

"WILLIAM R. JOHNSON."

Answer

"DEAR SIR: The bet just decided was made under circumstances of excitement, which might in some measure apologize for its rashness, but would scarcely justify it as an

example; and I trust the part I took in it will not be considered as a proof of my intention to become a patron of sporting on so extensive a scale. For myself, then, I must decline the offer. For the gentlemen who with me backed Eclipse, their confidence in his superiority, I may safely say, is not in the least impaired. But even they do not hesitate to believe, that old age and hard service may one day accomplish, what strength and fleetness, directed by consummate skill, has hitherto failed to accomplish.

"For Mr. Van Ranst I answer, that he owes it to the association who have so confidently supported him, to the State at large, who have felt and expressed so much interest in his success, and to himself as a man, not totally divested of feeling, never, on any consideration, to risk the life or reputation of the noble animal, whose generous, and almost incredible exertions, have gained for the North so signal a victory, and for himself such well-earned and never-failing renown.

"I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

"JOHN C. STEVENS."

This graceful declination on the part of Mr. Stevens ended forever the public rivalry of Eclipse and Henry. That the Southerners did not believe that their horse had been defeated strictly upon his merits is evidenced by the quick return challenge sent by Colonel Johnson. Sir Henry was compelled to return to Virginia without having opportunity for revenge upon his distinguished Northern rival.

The career of Sir Henry was, however, of such brilliancy as to recompense his Virginia and Maryland sympathizers for the anguish of their defeat on the first excursion made North to meet the flower of the Long Island turf.

After this race the Union Course had a national name where previously its fame had been entirely local, and it was selected as the ground upon which the champions of many years to come were to meet for final decision. Colonel William R. Johnson lived to have many victories upon the old course, and he lived also to experience another killing defeat to the horse which he loved above all others that ever raced in his distinguished name.

Apropos of Randolph, the Virginia statesman was a careful breeder and one of the most devoted patrons of the turf. His horses were usually trained and run by his friend, W. R. Johnson. Randolph's peculiarities and sarcastic tongue made him enemies on the turf as well as in political circles. Although he provoked the distinguished Kentuckian, Henry Clay, a patron of the turf like himself, to stand face to face with him in a duelling encounter solely that he might gratify his inordinate greed of notoriety, we can-

not forget how chivalrously he received Clay's fire. This duel made him the warm friend of the sage of Ashland; and when Randolph, weak and dying, visited the senate-chamber for the last time, his soul shone out in all its true nobility and he paid a touching and beautiful tribute to the oratorical powers of the great Kentuckian, in asking to be raised up from the sofa in order that he might for the last time on earth hear Henry Clay speak. These were his words: "Raise me up; I wish to listen to that voice once more." Beautiful, are they not, especially when we think of them in connection with the arrogance of the patrician representative from Virginia to Speaker Clay in the winter of 1815–16?

The game qualities of American Eclipse were transmitted by him to his descendants. His daughter Ariel was one of the greatest racers ever on the turf. In her memorable career she ran fifty-seven races, aggregating three hundred and forty-five miles, and was a winner forty-two times. She was bred in 1822 at Flatbush, Long Island; her dam was by Financier, her grandam Empress by imported Baronet, and her great-grandam by imported Messenger.

Ariel was a very handsome mare, a gray, of

good proportions, fine action, and about fifteen hands high. Her greatest race, or at least the one which attracted the most attention, was with General William Wynn's bay mare Flirtilla by Sir Archy, dam by Robin Redbreast. When it was announced that the Northern mare Ariel was matched against the Southern mare Flirtilla, a race of three-mile heats, for $20,000, an enthusiasm was awakened in the two sections surpassed only by the great conflict between Henry and Eclipse. The same strains of blood were brought together, for Flirtilla was the half-sister of Henry, and Ariel the daughter of Eclipse.

The race was run on the Union Course, October 31, 1825, in the presence of the largest turf gathering on Long Island since the battle fought by the two chestnuts on that never-to-be-forgotten 27th of May. Ariel was but three years old, while Flirtilla was five, so the advantage of age this time was on the side of the South. Colonel Johnson trained Flirtilla, and he directed her running in the match, having learned prudence, and to avoid lobster suppers on the eve of battle.

Ariel won the first heat, and Flirtilla the second and third, thus retrieving the honor of

the South. The time of the running in this race was very good, both of the animals exhibiting qualities of speed and endurance — qualities that challenge the admiration of the turfman, and qualities that the breeder always aims to combine.

Famous as a racer, Ariel was next to a failure in the breeding stud. Her first colt was foaled in 1832; it was a filly, and strongly inbred, the gray mare having been bred back to her own sire, American Eclipse. Ariel produced two other colts, but none of them ever achieved much of a reputation on the turf.

It is thought by many who have given serious study to the problem that a long and trying career as a racer renders a mare unfit for the breeding stud. The course of training is very severe, and if it is kept up for a series of years, it is claimed that it has an injurious effect upon the reproductive powers. Be the argument true or not, certain it is that the produce of many of our most celebrated race-mares have failed to reflect honor upon their dams. Mary Randolph, a gray mare of excellent breeding, sixteen hands high, got by Gohanna, a son of Sir Archy, foaled in March, 1828, was a brilliant performer on the

turf; but in the stud she was a total failure. She ran in nothing but heat races, and in all she had to struggle to win. For two years the strain upon her nervous system was kept up, and when she retired from the turf the glory of her life was at an end. She replenished the earth with the fruit of her womb; but not one of her offspring was worthy to wear the crown that she had won for herself. Fashion, the chestnut mare, the daughter of imported Trustee and Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, — she that astonished the world by her gameness and marvellous speed, — was on the turf for about ten years, during which time she ran many hard races, but she did not give satisfaction as a brood-mare. Her first three colts were worthless — a fact that may be partially accounted for on the theory that consanguinity of blood impairs constitutional vigor; for Fashion, for three successive years, was bred to Mariner, her half-brother. Her fourth foal, Young Fashion, by imported Monarch, proved a good brood-mare, but was not highly successful as a racer. Her eighth colt, Dangerous, by imported Bonnie Scotland, was a successful turf horse, dangerous not simply in name, but on the field of battle.

Facts, we see, are somewhat conflicting; but, without going to the extreme that Mr. Blenkiron, an eminent English breeder, went, who frequently said that he would rather have the sister of a Derby winner for a brood-mare than the Derby winner herself, we may safely claim that a long and arduous career on the turf is calculated to weaken rather than improve the breeding powers of an animal. And when the life of the reproductive powers has been temporarily impaired by the ordeal of training, rest and the act of generation for two or three succeeding years seem to restore wasted or restricted vitality. Alice Carneal, the dam of the immortal Lexington, came of good racing blood and was a fine race-mare herself; but owing to her bad temper when at the post waiting for the tap of the drum, she was early withdrawn from the turf. She passed through no exhausting ordeal as a racer, and as a brood-mare she was a success. But Lexington was her fifth foal. Reel, the dam of Lecompte, Prioress, and Stark, and Picayune, the dam of Doubloon, Lou Dore, etc., were promising racers in their early forms; but breaking down young, and going into the stud, they were made famous through their descendants. Had neither met

with an accident, we question not but that both would have won laurels on the race-course, and possibly would have failed to make reputations as brood-mares. These facts do not stamp the turf as an agency injurious to horseflesh; but they impress upon us the importance of practising moderation in racing, as we are required to be moderate in all things.

Whether or not any one of the sixty thousand people who thronged the Union Course on the day that Henry was pitted against Eclipse, in the hour of wild excitement, saw visions of future greatness through the union of the blood of the two champions, it would be idle to guess. But the currents did flow together, and the result was a marvel named Black Maria. This mare was bred by Henry Hall of Harlem, New York, and was foaled June 15, 1826. She was got by American Eclipse, and her dam was the celebrated Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy; and Sir Archy, the reader will not forget, was the sire of Henry.

Two days after Black Maria opened her young eyes upon this fair earth she was left motherless, Lady Lightfoot dying from the effects of a violent cold. The handsome black filly developed

into a grand racing mare. She was on the turf six years, during which time she started twenty-five times and won thirteen races. Eleven of her contests were three and four mile heats. Her purse winnings alone amounted to nearly $15,000.

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT A THOROUGHBRED MARE MAY DO

Black Maria's most memorable race was for the Jockey Club Purse of $600, four-mile heats, over the Union Course, Saturday, October 13, 1832. Four started — Lady Relief, Slim by Flying Childers, Black Maria, and the nonpareil Trifle. Black Maria won the first heat; made a dead heat with Trifle for the second; the third heat was taken by Trifle, the fourth by Lady Relief, and the fifth and race by the dashing daughter of Eclipse and Lady Lightfoot. The track was heavy, and yet, to achieve a victory, twenty miles had to be run.

The race was such a one as had not been run before on the turf of any country, and has never been repeated. Racing courage has, in all story of the turf, never been more magnificently demonstrated than by three of these mares that afternoon.

Several interesting stories of this remarkable race have been published, but the most accurate

and graphic one was penned by a distinguished member of the New York bar. It appeared as a communication in the *Turf Register*, in the number for December, 1832, and was to the following effect: —

"After the horses were brought upon the ground much anxiety was exhibited as to the outcome of the coming contest, and the interesting little Trifle appeared to be the favorite among the betters as well as the spectators. 'Five to four, Trifle against the field,' was the current betting, and 'five to three, Trifle against Black Maria,' were repeatedly offered and refused. Indeed, this offspring of the far-famed Lady Lightfoot seemed to have but few friends or well-wishers, comparatively speaking; and bets were repeatedly offered that she would not take a heat.

"Black Maria, in size and general appearance, is in all respects unlike her rival, as is well known to Southern as well as Northern sportsmen. Her color is indicated by her name, and her great size, strength, and stride show her a worthy daughter of a noble sire. Indeed in her the blood of Eclipse and Lady Lightfoot are in no way disgraced, as this race will most fully prove.

"Lady Relief and Slim were almost unknown to fame; but certain individuals present were aware that the former had, upon a previous occasion, won the last half of sixteen miles; and they looked for sport unexpected by others, if it should happen that the first two heats were not taken either by Trifle or Maria. The latter, it was known, had the foot of Relief, as they met on the first of the month at Poughkeepsie and contended together for the three-mile purse, which was taken by Maria with great ease.

"At the tap of the drum the four went well off together, Relief taking the lead within the first quarter, closely followed by Slim, then by Trifle, and last but not least by Black Maria. The first mile indicated a waiting race, as all the riders had their horses under the hardest pull, each seeming desirous that his antagonists should take the lead. Trifle, impatient with such trifling, began to make play, and this aroused Black Maria, who was trailing along quietly behind the whole. With a few huge strides she brought herself to the front, passed the whole before she came to the judges' stand, followed closely by the gallant little Trifle, who 'stuck to her' like an accompanying phantom. At the beginning of the third mile the

leading nags made play, and during the whole of it Maria held the lead, followed closely by Trifle, while Relief and Slim were (and as we believe, not willingly) at a most respectable distance in the rear.

"After passing the judges' stand and entering upon the fourth mile, and after compassing the turn upon the southerly side of the course, Trifle 'made a dash' at Maria and ran her so hard down the descending ground upon the straight side that her subtle antagonist (perhaps not unwillingly) gave up the track, which was taken by the Southern lady and kept with apparent ease round the turn until they came to that part of the course which looks up toward the judges' stand. Here, at a moment when all opinions had given Trifle the heat as a safe thing that could not be missed, Maria went at her, and before you could count one she shot by Trifle like an arrow and won the heat with ease, there being a considerable gap between herself and Trifle and a much greater one between the latter and the hindmost horses."

The description of that first heat in this wonderful race practically describes all of them. Black Maria, by virtue of a speed which she was

not supposed to possess, and a gameness which has never since been surpassed by any horse on the turf, went on, and by virtue of an error on the part of her jockey, made a dead heat with Trifle in the second four miles. In the third she had Lady Relief to contend with, and the boy on Black Maria, again losing his head, allowed Trifle to dash at her in the last few strides and snatch the third heat away.

In the fourth round in this terrific battle Lady Relief, who had taken it rather easily in the previous efforts, came to and made a desperate challenge through the last mile, beating Maria in a whipping finish. Maria should have won either of the last three heats. When she struck them for the fifth time at going this four miles she took hold of them in the twentieth mile of the race and did just as Waterboy would do in this day — carried them so fast that she stopped them dead and came along home to pass the judges' stand for the twentieth time, winning without the touch of a whip or spur.

Take a good look at this accomplishment. Alternately battling with two other animals, Black Maria won the first heat, dead-heated the second, was second in the third, second in the

fourth, and won the fifth. She was contending at the end of every four miles. The track was slow and heavy from recent rains.

We wonder if there is a horse on the turf to-day that could stand up under such a performance as this? We fear not; for unfortunately, the English dash system of racing has become too popular on this side of the Atlantic for the good of our stock. We have learned to look too much for speed and to pay too little attention to the more valuable quality of endurance. The speedy horse, without lasting powers, is simply ornamental. The horse that can go fast and long is not only ornamental but useful. He is of some practical account, even when no longer able to carry the colors to the front when opposed by younger and more nimble companions. It is a sad commentary upon our system of racing when a purse for a contest of four miles — a four-mile dash, not heats, please bear in mind — fails to secure a run worthy of the name of race.

Not everything is said about this Black Maria when we are told she won the greatest endurance four-mile race ever brought off in this or any other man's land. There is no record of any performing mare on the American turf

which eclipses that of the big black one that was foaled right up yonder in Harlem and did all of her racing almost within sight of the New York City Hall.

She had a thoroughbred sportsman for an owner, and it was his pride always to compel her to keep any engagement which he might make for her. That she would occasionally go out of condition, and that she was sent to the post any number of times when she should have been in the stable, is the tale which the old records tell of her. John C. Stevens would never consent to scratching her when he had promised the public a view of her.

After her wonderful accomplishment, when she beat Trifle and Lady Relief, she was the most popular racing animal of her day and could draw more people to see her race than anything living. She was literally hammered to death, and her frequent defeats can be ascribed only to the mismanagement of her high-spirited owner, who liked it to be known that he never paid forfeit, never allowed a walk-over if a horse in his stable could stand on three legs, and who would always go into a stake or a field to make it up without so much as consulting his trainer.

In the hands of a gentleman less regardful of the gratification of the public and more alive to his own interests, it is very doubtful if Black Maria would not have run many years longer and brought many thousands of dollars home with her. John C. Stevens was first and last a sportsman, and Black Maria was his racing pride.

Her very first try was in a produce match for $5000 a side when she was a three-year-old. Her opponent was Colonel William R. Johnson's brown colt Brilliant, by Sir Archy. This match was made on blood before either colt was foaled, and naturally excited more than ordinary interest, although it was the first start for the mare that was afterward to be so famous.

It was another one of those North *vs.* South races, which, it may be interesting to note, preceded but briefly that personal rivalry between the two sections that had so unfortunate a culmination in 1861. It being the first appearance of both performers, little or nothing was known outside of the stables of the speed or endurance of either. Maria looked like a good 'un; but then Brilliant was brought to the post by a first-rate judge and crack trainer, Colonel Johnson, who showed that he knew a hawk from a

handsaw by offering to pay $1750 to call it off. The full forfeit was $2500. Rather than pay that, the Colonel started Brilliant and had the dissatisfaction of seeing him finish second to Black Maria in both heats.

She had her first trial at four-mile running in the following spring, when she finished second to Slender, a five-year-old mare by Sir Charles. As a four-year-old Black Maria went along, to be beaten nine days later at three-mile heats by an aged mare called Lady Flirt. There were four starters, and Black Maria was second in the two heats. Not going again to the post until the following October, or in 1830, Black Maria beat Leopold, Lady Hunter, and Lady Flirt at four-mile heats, in straight heats, doing it cleverly, too. Lady Flirt was distanced in the first heat of this race. On October 22d, Black Maria met Leopold, Peggy Madee, Medora, and Lady Hunter, at four-mile heats, and beat them from end to end, winning the heats straight.

Colonel Johnson came back at her with another one in the spring of 1831, and beat her in straight heats with one that the turf well remembers, by name Bonnets o' Blue, by Sir Charles. The story of Bonnets o' Blue is almost as strong as that of

Black Maria. She beat Black Maria cleverly. Again, within two weeks of that race, Black Maria met Mark Richards and Splendid, and beat them at four-mile heats, winning her heats straight.

The following autumn, in 1831, she won one heat in three of a four-mile race with a horse called James Cropper. The mare was so plainly amiss for it that Cropper was made favorite. But at that, such was her dogged courage, she lost the deciding heat by a throat-latch only, and would have won in another stride.

Going down to Baltimore three weeks after that, she went to the starter again in a four-mile-heat race that took three heats for decision. That was all over a horse race, for, besides Black Maria, there were Collier, Virginia Taylor, James Cropper, Busirus, and Eliza Riley in the race. Run at Baltimore, afterward the scene of some of the grandest sports in this country, the race brought lovers of thoroughbreds from ten days' journey to the South and five days' riding from the North. It was a vast crowd that came to the race-course that afternoon. The affair was marked also as being the first meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club, and splendid was the day and the circumstances of it.

Virginia Taylor won the first heat of that memorable contest. Black Maria's boy had orders to save distance only in the first heat. But in spite of his utmost exertions to restrain her, she looked at one time as if she would win the first heat in spite of the pull on her. In the next two heats she simply killed off her competitors by the terrible pace she set, and she won both of them quite easily.

The race on Long Island is memorable for the magnificent courage shown by Black Maria in the winning of it. The race at the first meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club was memorable because the *élite* of the then United States had gathered there to watch the contest and to give applause to the giant black mare who represented the North.

Not enough glory had Mr. Stevens gained when his great animal won this inaugural race at Baltimore. He did not wait longer than three days to bring her out again at four-mile heats against Trifle, Collier, and May-day. Black Maria was stiff and sore from her race of only a few hours previous, but in spite of that, such was her reputation, she was made the favorite over the field. The best she could do was to again display that

wonderful courage which never yielded to anything. She was second in both heats to that very filly Trifle that was afterward to give her such a task in the five-heat race of her career. But mark this thing about Black Maria; that in the last heat of this Baltimore race she was running the twentieth mile which she had compassed within four days, and she did that mile over the old-fashioned slow track, that was itself extra heavy from rains, in 1.53!

As a six-year-old Black Maria won a race of four-mile heats in straight heats, another at three-mile heats, taking the last two, and then ran her greatest race in that contest which required twenty miles of running to decide.

She flashed back in the spring at seven years old, and ran a race of three heats at three miles each, and in the third heat she did the distance in 5.48, a time which had not been equalled by any other long-distance animal. That was also the old mare's first appearance since her race of twenty miles in the previous October.

She continued her career on the turf, winning at all distances from two-mile heats to four-mile heats, up to the time when she was nine years old. Her last race was run in 1835, at four-mile

heats, in which she finished second to Henry Archy, starting entirely out of condition.

This remarkable mare started in all twenty-five times, the shortest distance being two-mile heats. She won thirteen of her starts, and earned (save the mark!) $14,900. The majority of the events took place on the Union Course, Long Island.

If, in racing her in the manner in which he did, Stevens in a measure mistreated her magnificence, Black Maria went into more gentle hands when the day came for her retirement from the turf. After stopping awhile on Long Island, she travelled by steamer to New Orleans, and there became the property of the Hon. Baillie Peyton of Tennessee. Living out her life under the oaks of Tennessee, Black Maria left a story for the Stud Book scarcely less brilliant than that which she gave as heritage to the turf guides.

CHAPTER IX

THOROUGHBREDS OF THE WEST

HAVING started the Northern turf well on its way with the establishment of the Union Course and this account of the primal national racing events, it would be well to have a passing look at the other sections of the country, that one may understand into what an extensive fabric the ramifications of the sport had been woven.

In the age of such renowned racers as Timoleon, Florizel, Maid of the Oaks — the ancestors of Eclipse, Medoc, Boston, and Lexington — the age of Oscar, First Consul, Hickory, Sir Archy, Duroc, and Miller's Damsel, Washington had her race-course, and it was the arena of many brilliant exploits. Gentlemen of education, position, opulence, were the patrons of the turf, and many drove out in coaches and four to witness the games.

The Washington City Race-course was laid out in 1802, on the Holmead Farm, about two miles north of the President's house. It was

managed by a jockey club composed of the leading citizens of the capital, Colonel Tayloe for a number of years being the president of the club. Among the most distinguished members of the club was Hon. Gabriel Duvall, Judge of the United States Supreme Court by the appointment of President Madison. Judge Duvall, after his retirement from office, being then an old man, was in the habit of riding on horseback from his residence, a distance of twelve miles, to the National Course, witnessing the races, and then returning home in the saddle. He must have been vigorous in his age to have found pleasure in such a journey as this.

The National Course was often graced by the Presidents, from Jefferson down to Van Buren. General Jackson took the liveliest interest in the races. He once started one of his colts on this course, entered in the name of his private secretary, Major Donelson, but was much chagrined to suffer defeat by Commodore Stockton's imported Langford. John Quincy Adams was also fond of the sports of the turf. One time he walked out to the course from the presidential mansion, saw the race decided, and then walked back again.

This was in the most glorious era of the turf, when the wealth and fashion of the city rolled to and from the races in equipages that reminded the traveller of the royal displays of Europe. Possibly Mr. Adams, occupying the highest office within the gift of the nation, sought to set an example of republican simplicity by trudging along quietly on foot when others dashed by in their carriages, each aiming to outshine his or her neighbor with costly and gorgeous trappings.

The second epoch of the National Course at Washington was from the year 1822 up to about 1844. During this period the course resounded with the footfalls of such horses as Eclipse, Sir Charles, Boston, Blue Dick, Fashion, and Revenue. As at Charleston, so at Washington, there were jockey club dinners and jockey club balls, attended by the beauty and fashion of the land.

The last president of the club was Governor Samuel Sprigg of Maryland. In 1844 the prosperity of the turf at Washington began to decline; and in 1846, after a few sickly, spasmodic efforts to inaugurate a fresh era, racing was abandoned on the National Course.

The oldest race-course in the West is that located at Lexington, Kentucky. The associa-

tion was chartered in 1828, but racing was carried on there long anterior to this. The great strip of country in Kentucky, where the rich blue-grass grows so luxuriantly, for many years has been known as the "race-horse region of America." Racing is one of the pastimes of the people, and the love of racing led to the breeding of the thoroughbred. The colts mature rapidly in the genial climate and on the nutritious grass, and for nearly a century they have asserted their claim to preëminence. Kentucky stock is justly famous, and breeding there is conducted with less expense than in many other sections, for the reason that the colts thrive so well in grazing over the rich pasture-lands.

The Lexington Association was singularly prosperous. Since 1828, up to half-a-dozen years ago, it had held two, and sometimes three, meetings every year, excepting in 1862, when only a spring meeting was held, Kirby Smith's army being camped on the course in the fall. This is something that can be said of no other association in America, and speaks to us of the intensity of the racing spirit in that section of Kentucky; for it must be borne in mind that Lexington, like many other cities south of the

old Mason and Dixon line, suffered much by the Civil War. Its streets sometimes were patrolled by Grays, and at other times guarded by the Blues. Still the association maintained its organization; and racing was kept up, no matter what flag floated from the staff. Many of the most celebrated horses that have graced the American turf made their début on the Lexington Course; and the brilliant leading men of the state, such as Clay and Crittenden and Marshall, have watched the trials of speed from the grandstand and mingled with their fellow-citizens on the quarter-stretch.

For a number of years Kentucky and Tennessee kept up a generous rivalry, a horse owned or bred in one state being selected to run against one owned or bred in the other.

But the most memorable races ever witnessed in the commonwealth were those between Wagner and Gray Eagle, decided at Louisville in the autumn of 1839. Wagner, a son of Sir Charles, was a handsome chestnut, with a blaze in his face, standing $15\frac{1}{2}$ hands. As a four-year-old, in the summer of 1838, he had defeated many competitors and won proud distinction. Gray Eagle, perhaps, was one of the finest-looking horses that

ever charmed the eye. He was 16 hands high, a beautiful gray, with flowing silver mane and tail. He was sired by Woodpecker and he by Bertrand. He was a game and fleet horse and the idol of Kentuckians.

On the 1st of January, 1839, a stake for all ages, four-mile heats, closed with ten subscribers at $2000 each, half forfeit; and among the entries were the Louisiana horse Wagner, five years old, and the Kentucky horse Gray Eagle, four years old. The race came off Monday, September 30, four only of the nominations starting.

During the spring and summer the chances of Wagner and Gray Eagle in this stake had been widely canvassed, and the feeling between the partisans of each horse was most intense. For months, all over the South, the coming struggle was the topic of earnest discussion. And on the day of the race a more brilliant assembly was never seen on any course than was gathered at Louisville. The crowd was immense, and the excitement at fever point.

In that nodding sea of human forms were the blue-eyed belles from the North and the brown-eyed queens of beauty from the South; were men distinguished at the bar, on the bench, the

press, in the Senate, and in the army and navy. Senators Clay and Crittenden and Porter were there, and so were Governor Poindexter, General Atkinson, Judges Rowan and Woolley, and Letcher and Menifee, and Slidell and Kenner.

The day was delightful, and the occasion one long to be remembered. As an indication of the strength of the rivalry, it is stated that not a Kentuckian on the ground laid out a dollar on Wagner. Gray Eagle was the champion of the state, and they would not bet against him, even after he had lost the first heat.

CHAPTER X

WAGNER *vs.* GRAY EAGLE

THESE two races between Wagner and Gray Eagle are regarded as among the most splendid events ever run in the South, and full description of them from the pen of the brilliant William T. Porter is given here. The account of these races, and particularly of the second one, is generally accepted as the most perfect specimen of race reporting done in this or in foreign lands. Mr. Porter's description reads almost like romance, but those who saw the contests with a critical eye agreed that the account was correct to the smallest incident. There is joy in reading it.

"The occasion of this brilliant assemblage was the stake for all ages, four-mile heats, which closed on the 1st of January, 1839, with ten subscribers, at $2000 each, half forfeit. There were ten nominations to this stake, but only four came to the post on Monday, the 30th of

September. They were Wagner, Gray Eagle, Queen Mary, and Hawk-Eye.

"The 'call' for the horses was sounded at a quarter to one o'clock, and soon after all eyes were directed toward a motley group approaching from Mr. Garrison's stable: 'with stately step, and slow,' Wagner, the proud champion of Louisiana, made his appearance. He was directly stripped, and a finer exhibition of the perfection to which the trainer's art can be carried we have rarely seen. His coat and eye were alike brilliant. Wagner is a light gold chestnut, with a roan stripe on the right side of his face, and white hind feet — about fifteen hands and a half high. His head is singularly small, clean, and bony, set on a light but rather long neck; forehanded, he resembles the pictures of his sire, Sir Charles, and in his carriage is said to resemble him. His shoulder is immensely strong, running very well back into a good middle piece, which is well ribbed home. One of the finest points about him is his great depth of chest; few horses can measure with him from the point of the shoulder to the brisket. His arms are heavily muscled like Mingo's, with the tendons standing out in bold relief. He has uncommonly strong and

wide hips, a good loin, remarkably fine stifles and thighs, with as fine hocks and legs as ever stood under a horse. Wagner has been in training ever since his three-year old form and has travelled over three thousand miles, without three weeks' rest, this season Mr. Garrison commencing galloping him, just four weeks previous to this race; he had not even been turned loose in a paddock.

"A murmur, which was soon lost in a suppressed cheer at the head of the quarter-stretch, announced to the multitude about the stand the approach of Gray Eagle; as he came up in front of the stand, his lofty carriage and flashing eye elicited a burst of applause, which told better than words can express the intense and ardent aspirations felt in his success, by every son and daughter of Kentucky. Clinton, his trainer, immediately stripped off his sheet and hood, and a finer specimen of the high-mettled racer was never exhibited. He was in condition to run for a man's life — a magnificent gray, nearly sixteen hands high, with the step of a gazelle and the strength of a Bucephalus. Mr. Burbridge had told us that of one thing he was confident — his horse might want foot, but of

his game he was certain; the correctness of his judgment the sequel will show. In the hands of Clinton, who, by-the-by, is a Kentuckian, not above seven-and-twenty years of age, Gray Eagle had never lost a heat; the previous October he won a two-mile sweepstakes, over this course, in 3.41–3.43¾; and a week afterwards repeated the race in 3.48–3.44. His form indicates more power of endurance than any horse we ever saw in Kentucky; from the girth forward his shape and make could hardly be improved, if he merely had the delicate, finely tapered ears of a Sir Charles, or a Wild Bill. Standing behind him, his quarters display a fine development of muscle, but many would call them light in proportion to his size and forehand; in this respect he closely resembles Priam. His coupling, thigh, and stifle are unexceptionally good, and his hocks come well down to the ground, giving him great length from their point to that of the whirlbone. His legs are clean, broad, and flat, with the hamstrings and leaders beautifully developed — no son of Whip ever had a finer set of limbs under him.

"At half-past one o'clock, the jockeys having received their orders from the judges, the order

was given to 'clear the course.' Cato, called Cate, in a richly embroidered scarlet dress, was put upon Wagner; he is a capital jockey, and rode nearly up to his weight, 110 pounds. The rider engaged for Gray Eagle lost the confidence of his owners just before the race, and at the eleventh hour they were obliged to hunt up another. Stephen Welch was selected, though obliged to carry 13 pounds deadweight in shot-pouches on his saddle! The friends of Gray Eagle, however, had entire confidence in his honesty; and it is clear that he did his best, though, weighing as he did but 82 pounds, he had neither the strength nor stamina to hold and control a powerful, fiery horse like Gray Eagle. He rode superbly for a lad of his years, while Cato's exhibition of skill and judgment would have done credit to Gil Patrick. The horses took their places in accordance with the precedence of their nomination for the stake, Gray Eagle having the inside track, Queen Mary, second, Hawk-Eye, third, and Wagner, the outside. Just at this moment, Mr. Ward, the president of the club, dislodged the band from their seats over the judges' stand, and Mr. Clay, Judge Porter, Judge Rowan, our friend Colonel Whet-

stone, of the Devil's Fork of the Little Red, and the writer of this article, with two or three other gentlemen, were invited to occupy them, by which we all obtained a fine view, not only of the race, but — of the ladies in the stands opposite.

"*The Race*

"All being in motion and nearly in line, the president gave the word 'Go!' and tapped the drum. Gray Eagle was the last off, while Wagner went away like a quarter-horse, with Queen Mary well up second; they were taken in hand at once, which allowed Hawk-Eye to take the place of the Queen on the back stretch, and at the three-quarter mile post, Wagner allowed him to take the track. Hawk-Eye led home to the stand at a moderate pace, Wagner second, and Queen Mary third; both of them were pulling to Gray Eagle, at whose head Stephen was tugging with might and main. Hawk-Eye carried on the running for about half a mile farther, until Gooding bid Cato 'go along.' The pace mended at once; Wagner went up to Hawk-Eye, and might have cut him down in half a dozen strides, but the Queen was

still laying back, and Gray Eagle had not yet made a stroke. Wagner came first to the stand, and at the turn Cato having held up his whip as a signal to a crowd of rubbers and boys on Garrison's stable, that 'the old Sorrel Stud' was going just right, they gave him a slight cheer, at which Wagner broke loose, and made a spread eagle of the field in 'no time.' The other jockeys were not a little startled at this demonstration of Wagner's speed, and each called upon his nag, so that opposite the Oakland House, near the three-quarter mile post, the field closed. Stephen here let out the phenomenon he so gracefully bestrode, and like twin bullets the gallant gray and Wagner came out of the mêlée. At the head of the quarter-stretch, Stephen was told to 'pull him steady,' so that before Wagner reached the stand, Queen Mary had changed places with Gray Eagle, notwithstanding her saddle had slipped on her withers. Hawk-Eye was already in difficulty, and for him the pace was getting 'no better very fast.' Gray Eagle set to work in earnest on entering the back-stretch, first outfooting the Queen and then challenging Wagner. From the Oakland House to the head of the quarter-stretch, the ground

is descending, and from thence up the straight run to the stand, a distance of perhaps six hundred yards, it is ascending. At the half-mile post, Cato called upon Wagner, and the critical moment having arrived, Stephen collared him with the gray, on the outside. For three hundred yards the pace was tremendous; Gray Eagle once got his head and neck in front, and a tremendous shout was sent up; but Wagner threw him off so far in going round the last turn, that, halfway up the stretch, Mr. Burbridge ordered him to be pulled up, and Wagner won cleverly, Queen Mary dropping just within her distance, one hundred and fifty yards. Hawk-Eye was nowhere. Time, 7.48.

"The disappointment and mortification was so great, that for the first twenty minutes after the heat, Queen Mary was freely backed against Gray Eagle, while so far as Wagner was concerned, it was considered 'a dead open and shut.' Before the forty-five minutes had elapsed, however, a reaction took place in favor of Gray Eagle. *Not a Kentuckian on the ground laid out a dollar on Wagner!* From the first, the very few individuals who were disposed to back him on account of his blood, his form, his performances and his

condition, had not staked a dollar; their judgment prompted them to back the Southern champion, but they *would not* bet against *Kentucky!* Talk of state pride in South Carolina! Why, the Kentuckians have more of it than the citizens of all the states in the Confederacy added together. They not only believe Kentucky to be the Eden of the world, and the garden of the Union, but their own favorite county to be the asparagus-bed of the state! And they have good reason; Kentucky *is* a glorious state. The talent and chivalry of her sons are in keeping with the intelligence and peerless beauty of her daughters, and well may they be proud of her and of each other. But to the horses.

"All cooled off well, but more especially Gray Eagle, who appeared not to mind the run a jot. They got, as Clinton remarked, 'a capital scrape out of him,' and he was 'as fine as silk'—in good order for a bruising heat. He extended himself with a degree of ease in the second heat, and changed his action in a manner that convinced us that the sweat had relieved him. Wagner, who resembles Boston in many other respects, showed all that placidity and calmness of look and motion which characterizes 'the old

White-nose.' Great odds were offered on him for the race, but small amounts only were staked. Gray Eagle's noble bearing and game-cock look, as he came up to contest in a second heat for the meed of honor and applause, was the theme of universal admiration; so much so, indeed, that a cargo of laces, gloves, bijouterie, etc., must have been required to pay the wagers made in the Ladies' Pavilion.

"Second heat. The tap of the drum sent them away with a beautiful start, Wagner leading off with a steady, businesslike stride, while Gray Eagle, as full of game as of beauty, waited upon him close up. It was instantly evident that Mr. Burbridge had changed his tactics; the moment Stephen got Gray Eagle into straight work on the back side, he made play for the track, and after a terrific burst of speed for one hundred and fifty yards, he came in front; keeping up his stroke, he soon after made a gap of four lengths, and though Wagner drew upon him a little in coming up the rising ground towards the stand, yet he passed it far enough in advance to warrant the warm and hearty plaudits of his friends. As if inspirited by the cheers of the crowd, and the tokens of unalloyed gratification exhibited by the

galaxy of radiant beauty in the stands, Gray Eagle kept up his murderous rate throughout the entire second mile; Wagner lay up close, and there was no faltering, no flinching, no giving back, on the part of either. The stride was over twenty-two feet, perfectly steady, strong, and regular, with no dwelling, no floundering, no laboring. Gray Eagle made the running to beyond the half-mile post on the third mile, and the pace seemed too good to last, but there were 'links' yet to be 'let out.' From this point the two cracks made a match of it, in which Queen Mary had as little apparent concern as if out of the race. Near the Oakland House Wagner set to work to do or die. 'Rowel him up!' shouted his owner to Cato; while Garrison, at the head of the quarter-stretch, was waving his hat to him to come on! The rally that ensued down the descent to the turn, was desperate, but Wagner could not gain an inch; as they swung round into the quarter-stretch they were lapped; 'spur your proud coursers hard and ride in blood!' were the orders on this, as they are described to have been on Bosworth 'field.' Both horses got a taste of steel and catgut as they came up the ascent, and on casting our eye along the cord extending across the course from the

judges' to the club stands, Gray Eagle was the first under it by a head and shoulders; at the turn Stephen manœuvred so as to press Wagner on the outside, and soon after drew out clear in front, looking so much like a winner that the crowd, unable to repress an irresistible impulse, sent up a cheer that made the welkin ring for miles around. The group on Wagner's stable again bid him 'go on!' but Cato, 'calm as a summer's morning,' was quietly biding his time; he seemed to feel that Patience has won more dollars than Haste has coppers, and that there was but a solitary chance of winning the race out of the fire. Fully aware of the indomitable game of the nonpareil under him, he thought if he could bottle him up for a few hundred yards there was still another run to be got out of him. He accordingly took a bracing pull on his horse, and though it was 'go along' every inch, Wagner recovered his wind so as to come again at the head of the quarter-stretch. Stephen, long ere this, had become so exhausted as to be unable to give Gray Eagle the support he required; he rode wide, swerving considerably from a straight line, and was frequently all abroad in his seat. From the Oakland House home it was a terrible race!

By the most extraordinary exertions Wagner got up neck and neck with 'the gallant gray' as they swung round the turn into the quarter-stretch. The feelings of the assembled thousands were wrought up to a pitch absolutely painful — silence the most profound reigned over that vast assembly, as these noble animals sped on as if life and death called forth their utmost energies. Both jockeys had their whip-hands at work, and at every stroke, each spur, with a desperate stab, was buried to the rowel head. Gray Eagle, for the first hundred yards, was clearly gaining; but in another instant Wagner was even with him. Both were out and doing their best. It was anybody's race yet! Now Wagner — now Gray Eagle has the advantage. It will be a dead heat! 'See! Gray Eagle's got him!' — 'No — Wagner's ahead!' A moment ensues — the people shout — hearts throb — ladies faint — a thrill of emotion, and the race is over! Wagner wins by a neck, in 7.44, the best race ever run south of the Potomac; while Kentucky's gallant champion demonstrates his claim to that proud title by a performance which throws into the shade the most brilliant ever made in his native state. Summary: —

"Monday, September 30, 1839. Sweepstakes for all ages, three-year-olds carrying 86 pounds—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124 pounds; mares and geldings allowed 3 pounds. Ten subscribers at $2000 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor added the Receipts of the stands. Four-mile heats.

"James S. Garrison's—John Campbell's—ch. h. Wagner, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West, by Marion, 5 yrs., *Cato*. 1 1

Oliver & Dickey's—A. L. Shotwell's—gr. c. Gray Eagle, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, 4 yrs., *Stephen Welch* 2 2

Captain Willa Viley's ch. f. Queen Mary, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs. 3 3

Bradley & Steel's ch. c. Hawk-Eye, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, by Jenkins' Sir William, 4 yrs. . dist.

Time, 7.48; 7.44.

"To say that Wagner was better managed and better jockeyed in this race than Gray Eagle, is to express the opinion of every unprejudiced individual who had the pleasure of witnessing it. What might have been the result of the race, we cannot pretend to say, but we assert with perfect confidence our belief, that with Gil. Patrick on his back, Gray Eagle would have won the second heat. People differ in opinion, luckily, and were it

not so we should be in a mess. Had the managers of Gray Eagle been content to bide their time, another tale might have been told. 'Wait and win' carries off more purses than 'Take the track and keep it.' Gray Eagle could outfoot Wagner in a brush of one hundred and fifty yards — he clearly demonstrated that fact half a dozen times in the course of a week; but in a run of five or six hundred yards, Wagner could beat him about the same distance. The two horses were so nearly matched that good generalship and good riding did the business. Instead of allowing him to go forward and cut out the work, Gray Eagle should have been laid quietly behind, with a steady, bracing pull, until within the distance stand, and then pulled out, and made to win if he could. That was his only chance; tiring down Wagner is like tiring down a locomotive.

"We must here break off, but not without remarking that after being weighed, Cato was put up again on Wagner, and with the stakes in his hand — $14,000! — he promenaded in front of the stand, preceded by a band of music playing 'Old Virginny never tire.'"

Thus ended the first meeting between Wagner, representing the aristocratic Louisianians, and

Gray Eagle, as the champion of the haughty Kentuckians. That race took place upon Monday. On Saturday there was a Jockey Club Purse of $1500, at four-mile heats, to which both horses were eligible. And when it was announced that the two would meet again, the excitement was even more intense than on the first occasion.

In anticipation of a race which, for severity and interest, would throw their first in the shade, both parties were wide awake to secure every honorable advantage within their reach. Wagner's rider, Cato, had become a freeman about the time of the first race; if he rode the second as well as he did the first, many were the odd twenties and fifties he was promised. Stephen Welch, Gray Eagle's jockey in his first race, weighing but 82 pounds, the managers of the horse endeavored to find a rider nearer up to his proper weight, 100 pounds. The only one on the ground preferable to their own was Mr. McCargo's Archer, a very capital rider, with a good seat, a steady hand, and a cool head. Mr. McCargo, having no interest whatever in the race, at once placed Archer's services at the disposal of Gray Eagle's friends; but as his doing so might possibly place him in a position of great delicacy and embarrass-

ment, at his own request they relieved him from it, and concluded to put up Stephen Welch again, whose only fault was that there was not enough of him!

"The jockeys having received their instructions from the judges, 'mounted in hot haste,' Cato on Wagner, and Stephen Welch on Gray Eagle. The third entry was Messrs. Viley & Ward's Emily Johnson — own sister to Singleton, and half sister to Mistletoe — a four-year-old bay filly by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan. She was not in prime fit, and could not, therefore, live in such a crowd.

"*The Race*

"At the word 'Go!' Wagner went off with the lead at about three parts speed, Emily laying second, and all three under a strong pull. Gray Eagle's long, steady stride, after getting into straight work going down the back-stretch, soon brought him up with the field, and opposite the Oakland House — about three hundred yards beyond the half-mile post — the three were lapped. The pace now improved; Gray Eagle drew out at the last turn, but Wagner having the inside, and beginning to get warm, made sharp running up

the stretch to the stand, and on the next turn came out clear in front. Down the back-stretch they each kept up a good racing stroke, but at the Oakland House Gray Eagle increased his stride and locked Wagner; as neither was yet called upon, a very fair view was had of their relative rate of going; Gray Eagle led down to the head of the stretch and up to the stand by half a length, and immediately after came in front. He carried on the running two lengths in advance to near the termination of the mile, when Wagner got a hint to extend himself; without lapping him, Wagner waited upon him close up,and opposite the Oakland House made his run; the rally that ensued was a very brilliant affair, but Gray Eagle outfooted him in one hundred yards, and drew out clear amidst tremendous cheers from all parts of the course. The instant Wagner declined, Emily took his place, lapping the gray as they swung round the turn. But Wagner had yet another run left, and they had no sooner got into the quarter-stretch than Cato set to work with him. Gray Eagle had been able to pull to Emily, and accordingly when Wagner, by an extraordinary effort, reached him, half-way up the stretch, he was able to outfoot him a second time, and came

away home a gallant winner by nearly a length, Emily having the second place, amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and tumultuous cheers, that would well-nigh have drowned the roar of Niagara! The first mile was run in 2.05, the second in 1.55, the third in 1.56, the fourth in 1.55; making the time of the heat 7.51.

"The heartfelt gratification and rapture exhibited at the close of the heat by the assembled thousands, knew no bounds. Kentucky's most distinguished sons, and her loveliest daughters, felt alike interested, and Gray Eagle's success was enjoyed as if each was personally concerned. The odds, from being two and three to one in favor of Wagner, now changed, and Gray Eagle had the call at four to three. Considerable sums were staked, as Garrison declared 'the old sorrel stud' had sulked, but would show his hand the next heat. The fact was, Gray Eagle for the first time had been properly managed; instead of running the whole last half mile, he had taken advantage of the ground, and made his first run down the descent from the Oakland House to the head of the stretch, and then being braced up for three hundred yards, which allowed him time to recover his wind,

he was able to come again and make a second rally, as brilliant as the first. As we before remarked, we think Wagner could beat Gray Eagle by a desperate rush for six hundred yards at the heel of a very fast heat, but not over a head and shoulders at that; while Gray Eagle had so much more speed, that in a brush of one hundred and fifty yards he could let in the daylight between them. With so light and feeble a rider as Stephen on his back, it was impossible to place Gray Eagle exactly as his managers would have liked, though he is a fine-tempered horse, and runs kindly; the result of the race, we trust, will be a caution to them hereafter, how they venture in a race of so much importance without providing the most indispensable of requisites to success — a suitable jockey.

"Both horses perspired freely, and in much less time than could have been expected they cooled out finely; neither hung out a signal of distress, but came up for the second heat with distended nostrils and eyes of fire, betokening the most unflinching courage.

"At the tap of the drum the horses were hardly in motion, and Cato drew his whip on

Wagner the very first jump. The pace was little better than a hand gallop for the first half mile, but as Wagner led past the entrance gate, Gooding bid him 'go along,' and he increased his rate. Stephen, seeing this, let the gray out a link, and in going down the descending ground, below the Oakland House, went up on the inside so suddenly, that he had locked Wagner before Cato was aware of his close proximity. The run up the quarter-stretch was a pretty fast thing, though neither was doing his best; the time of the mile was 2.08. The crowd cheered them as they ran lapped past the stand, at which Gray Eagle pricked up his ears and set to work in earnest, shaking off Wagner at the next turn. The race had now commenced; Stephen braced his horse as well as he was able, and kept him up to his rate down the entire length of the back-stretch. At the Oakland House, Cato again called on Wagner, and steel and catgut came into play. The gallant gray led clear to the turn, and half-way up the stretch, Stephen beginning to use his whip-hand, and to give the nonpareil under him an occasional eye-opener with the spur. This mile was run in 1.52. They passed the stand neck and neck, Emily being

already nearly out of her distance. From the stand to the first turn the ground is descending, and here, almost invariably, Gray Eagle gained upon Wagner, who kept up one steady stride from end to end, without flinching or faltering, and able always to do *a little more* when persuaded by the cold steel with which Cato plied him ever and anon throughout the heat. We said they passed the stand on the second mile neck and neck; when they reached the turn, Gray Eagle had got in front, but no sooner had they come into straight work on the back side, than Wagner made a most determined challenge and locked him; the contest was splendid, and was maintained with unflinching game and spirit; at the end of seven hundred yards, however, Gray Eagle had the best of it, for in spite of Cato's most desperate efforts Wagner could only reach Stephen's knee; Gray Eagle seemed able, after a brush of one hundred yards, to come again with renewed vigor, if well braced, for a dozen strides. Down the descent on the last half mile, Gray Eagle maintained his advantage, but on ascending towards the stand, Wagner's strength told, and they came through under whip and spur, Wagner having his head and neck in

front, running this mile in 1.55. Stephen was here instructed to take a strong pull on his horse and to 'keep him moving,' while 'ram the spurs into him' were the orders to Cato. The result was that Wagner came in front, and the pace down the entire back stretch was tremendous, both being kept up to their rate by the most terrible punishment. Unfortunately, Stephen was directed to 'take the track' about opposite the Oakland House, instead of putting the issue on a brush up the last two hundred yards of the heat.

"Too soon the gallant gray was called upon, but true as steel the noble animal responded to it. With the most dauntless courage he made his run down the descending ground, and though Wagner, like the bravest of the brave, as he is, made the most desperate efforts, Gray Eagle came round the last turn on the outside, with his head and shoulders in front, at a flight of speed we never saw equalled. Both jockeys were nearly faint with their exertions, and Stephen, poor fellow, lost his presence of mind. Up to the distance stand it was impossible to say which was ahead; whips and spurs had been in constant requisition the entire mile, but at this moment

Stephen gave up his pull, and unconsciously yawed his horse across the track, which broke him off his stride, while Cato, holding Wagner well together, and mercilessly dashing in his spurs, at length brought him through a gallant winner by a neck, having run the last mile in 1.48, and the heat in 7.43!

"This was without exception the most game and spirited race we ever witnessed. The heat was Wagner's, and while we accord to him all the reputation so brilliantly won after a bloody struggle of near three miles, we feel bound to express the belief, that for an untried four-year-old, Gray Eagle's performance is without a parallel in the annals of the American turf! The last three miles of a second heat, in a second four-mile race the same week, were run in 5.35, and the eighth mile in 1.48!

"The enthusiasm of the spectators was now excited to the highest pitch. There was not on the ground, probably, an individual who would not have been pleased to see the horses withdrawn, and the purse divided between them, rather than farther task the indomitable game and courage of these noble animals; but no such proposition was made, and after the usual respite

they were brought to the post a third time, and it would have been difficult to decide which had recovered best. So much feeling was manifested in reference to the horses, that the baser impulses to bet on the result of the concluding heat were almost entirely disregarded; odds, however, were in a few instances offered on Wagner.

"In detailing the contest for the third heat, we are compelled to record

> "'A few of the unpleasantest words
> That e'er man writ on paper!'

"At the word 'Go!' they broke off with a racing stride, Wagner taking the lead by about two lengths; the pace was moderate, for Stephen on Gray Eagle was expressly charged to pull him steady, and wait for orders. Wagner accordingly led with an easy stroke through the first mile, and being cheered as he passed the stand, he widened the gap soon after to four or five lengths. At the half-mile post Gray Eagle made play, and had nearly closed the gap as they came opposite the Oakland House, when he suddenly faltered as if shot, and after limping a step or two, abruptly stopped! '*Gray Eagle has let down!*' was the cry on all hands, and when the specta-

tors became aware of the truth of the painful announcement, the tearful eyes of a radiant host of Kentucky's daughters, and the heartfelt sorrow depicted in the countenance of her sons, indicated the sincerity of the sympathy with which they regarded the untimely accident to their game and gallant champion.

"It was supposed, on a hasty examination, that Gray Eagle had given way in the back sinews of his left fore leg, but it has since been ascertained that the injury was in the coffin joint. Mr. Burbridge on the instant tightly bandaged the leg with a stout strip of dry canvas, which being kept wet, would have prevented the horse from coming down on his pastern joints even had his leaders given way.

"A fortnight after the race the horse promised to recover perfectly; Mr. Shotwell informed us that the ankle and joint were a little swollen, but that neither the horse's pastern nor canon bones were affected, and his leaders were as sound as ever. We doubt, however, whether he will ever stand another training; a slight wrench would render him as lame as ever. We need not add that, while his owners and managers have the cordial sympathy of their friends, and the sport-

ing world generally, there is no one 'with soul so dead' as to withhold the expression of their admiration of the gallant gray, and their heartiest wishes for his speedy recovery.

"Soon after Gray Eagle was stopped, Cato pulled Wagner out of his stride, and galloped him slowly round. The intelligence of the High Mettled Racer was clearly indicated by Wagner's subsequent action; from the head of the stretch home he invariably went at a racing pace, and appeared as if he did not know what was required of him, frequently bursting off in spite of his rider. On the fourth mile, as he passed his own stable, the rubbers and riders standing on its roof gave him a hearty cheer, and the gallant horse broke off, and in spite of Cato's utmost exertions, ran at the very top of his speed for nearly five hundred yards, as if plied with steel and whalebone the whole way! We never saw a more magnificent exhibition of unflinching game. Even the friends of Gray Eagle forgot their distress for a moment, in doing justice by a cheer to the gallant and victorious champion of Louisiana.

Recapitulation: —

"Saturday, October 5. Jockey Club Purse, $1500, conditions as before, four-mile heats.

"James S. Garrison's — John Campbell's — ch. h. Wagner, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West, by Marion, 5 yrs., *Cato* 3 1 1

A. L. Shotwell's gr. c. Gray Eagle, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, 4 yrs., *Stephen Welch* 1 2[1]

Willa Viley's b. f. Emily Johnson, own sister to Singleton, by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan, by Tiger, 4 yrs. 2 dist.

Time, 7.51; 7.43; third heat, no time kept."

For more convenient reference, we repeat the time of each mile in tabular form:—

First Heat		*Second Heat*		*Third Heat*
1st mile	2.05	1st mile	2.08	No time kept, as Gray Eagle gave way in running the second mile.
2d mile	1.55	2d mile	1.52	
3d mile	1.56	3d mile	1.55	
4th mile	1.55	4th mile	1.48	
	7.51		7.43	

[1] Gray Eagle gave way in second mile.

CHAPTER XI

KENTUCKY'S GREATNESS OF BLOOD

Such a race between such horses could not have been possible without the very highest of thoroughbred breeding being present in both animals. And this contest, of this character, bespeaks the excellence which the racing horse had obtained in what were then called the Southern and Western states. It may readily be seen that that particular section of the country had early busied itself in the creation of a first-class animal for the turf and other purposes.

Kentucky and Tennessee were settled by the Virginians and the Carolinians. There were two lines of emigration toward the Mississippi River. These two lines met in Kentucky and Tennessee and there were merged, in a way; and as they had come from states where the breeding of the thoroughbred horse had already been in progress fifty years or more, they immediately began bringing into the new countries that superior

blood which they had known in their mother states.

Virginia furnished the greater number of animals to the early breeders of Kentucky and Tennessee, as she also furnished them to the gentlemen of the extreme Southern states. The Kentuckians were much enamoured of what they called the Archy stock. The Archy stock was represented by sons and daughters and grand sons and daughters of that Sir Archy who was sired by that imported Diomed who has heretofore been referred to in these papers as having made the greatest impress upon the thoroughbred horse of Virginia.

There was at one time almost as much of this Archy blood in Kentucky as had been left behind in Virginia. Beginning with that as a foundation, the Kentuckians went enthusiastically to work to contribute their part to the national fabric, and in order to do so they very early became their own importers from England.

The crossing of these foreign sires upon the Archy, Bertrand, Fearnought, Janus, Citizen, and Pacolet blood which they had in their brood mares produced the first of the famous horses which have kept the name of Kentucky before

the whole racing world for almost a hundred years. There is not a land under the sun which gives the slightest attention to the thoroughbred where Kentucky is not more or less known. The fame of the old Blue Grass State stretches to the limit of human loves for good horses.

While Kentucky was yet a part of Virginia, its population seems to have brought with them a passion for fine horses, which has grown with their growth. As early as 1795 (two years only after Kentucky had set up on its own account) there were many extensive studs of fine horses. Among others, Mr. Hubbard Taylor and Colonel Abraham Buford had very large studs of blooded horses; and in 1806, at the sale of John Breckenridge, not much short of two hundred mares, fillies, and colts of pure blood were dispersed to different purchasers. There were many other breeders on a smaller scale, both then and afterward, scattered through the state; and the bred stallions from Europe and the east and south of America here found their most profitable market and propagated by far their most numerous stocks. Buzzard, Royalist, Dragon, Speculator, Spread Eagle, Forester, Alderman, Eagle, Pretender, Touchstone, Archer, and many others of

the finest stallions of England stood many years in Kentucky, and most of them left their bones in that state.

These horses were let to mares (brought to Kentucky by gentlemen settling in the state), the get of Janus, Fearnought, Diomed, Medley, Wildair, Sterling, Shark, and indeed most of the best stallions bred or imported into the Eastern, Southern, or Middle states.

For many years, blooded mares and stallions were annually brought into Kentucky in return for cattle, hogs, mules, geldings, etc., driven to the Eastern and Southern market by the Kentuckians. To say nothing of the native Kentucky horses, who were little if at all inferior to any on the continent, the state was full of foreign stallions of the purest blood. Two close relatives of Sir Archy, one (Potomac) by his sire, and the other (Hephestion) out of his dam, stood within a few miles of Lexington. Hephestion was, at that time, the only living son of Buzzard, and was out of the best mare ever on this continent.

Wrote a gentleman fifty years ago: "Bertrand, Cherokee, Saxe Weimar, Sumpter, Kosciusko, and several others of the first sons of Sir Archy stood within less than a day's ride of Lexington.

His brothers, Hamlintonian, Florizel, Cashier, and Eclipse (the sire of Doublehead), had a numerous progeny in Kentucky. No part of the United States can produce perhaps so large a number of the blood and kindred of that first and noblest of American horses as this state and this part of it.

"Kentucky's stock of horses, of other bloods than the Diomed or Archy, or only remotely related, was very fine. Blackburn's Whip was a thoroughbred son of the imported Whip; and was, except a defect in the withers, a most beautiful horse. His brother, Rees's Whip, his sons, Tiger, Paragon, Whipster, Kennon's Whip, and others, are fine horses; and that family is the most extensive and perhaps the handsomest of any.

"Moses, son of Sir Harry, formerly owned by Mr. Haxhall of Petersburg, Virginia, was a fine animal, and left a small but very choice stock. Melzor by Medley and Albert by Melzor out of his own dam also produced very superior stock."

Such as these were the animals which laid the foundation of the turf in Kentucky and opened a way for the farms in that state to be more highly productive than any similar areas of ground in

the United States. At this day and time Lexington is the centre of a breeding region which perhaps is not surpassed in the world, and the amount of money which has gone into the state through the thoroughbred horse alone is beyond computation. No other product of the state, not even her whiskey, has yielded to the old commonwealth such an enormous annual income.

While Virginia and the Carolinas and Maryland have almost entirely lost their early prestige as the homes of the thoroughbred horse, Kentucky has gone on breeding, until now she is the unrivalled section of this country for the production of the horse, and there are more thoroughbreds within her boundaries than exist in all the other states of the Union.

The men who concerned themselves with the thoroughbred in Kentucky were of the type of the Virginians and Carolinians who had preceded them. Perhaps the most noted man as a breeder that we have ever had in America was Robert Aitcheson Alexander. He was born in Kentucky, was educated at Cambridge, England, under the direction of his uncle, Sir William Alexander; and on his return to this country he gave his attention to breeding. He was possessed of large

fortune, and was able to carry out his ideas on a grand scale.

He made his Kentucky farm, Woodburn, the largest breeding estate in the world, not even excepting that wealthy corporation, the Rawcliffe Stud Company of England. In 1856 his colors, blue and white, first appeared upon the turf. He was unsuccessful for a time, but perseverance secured to him the most formidable racing stud in America. He established annual sales, in which his yearling colts were sold at auction. These sales at Woodburn were very popular. At one of them, in the bright month of June, you met gentlemen from all parts of the United States and Canada.

R. A. Alexander never married; the thoroughbred claimed his warmest love. Still, though modest and unassuming, he was polished in society. He died December 1, 1867, aged forty-eight years, simply of prostration. He never was strong, and the cares of his great breeding estate told upon the worn machinery. The fuel burned out, the motive power was exhausted, and then there was a tremble of the feebly revolving wheel, followed by a silent clog.

Mr. Alexander did more in his short life for

the improvement of the blood-horse than any other man in America. Woodburn is still a vast breeding estate. After the death of R. A. Alexander it was carried on by A. John Alexander, the successor of his brother, and, like him, a bachelor.

The foundation for the improvement of the blood-horse in Tennessee was laid by Barry's Gray Medley, a horse of beauty, spirit, and gameness, who made his first season ten miles north of Nashville, in the year 1800. He was got by imported Medley, and was the sire of the dam of the famous brood-mare, Madam Tonson. Barry's Medley was bred in Virginia, and ridden from that state to Tennessee by a colored boy, Altamont, raised by General Washington. This faithful black was then the servant of Redman D. Barry, and for a year after leaving Virginia with Medley, his master heard nothing of him. He presumed that slave and horse were lost to him forever; and therefore, at the end of twelve months, was surprised by the report that came to him from the banks of the Cumberland. Altamont had made a successful season with the stallion, and as the profits of the season placed $2000 to the bank credit of his master.

This son of Africa afterward trained Polly Medley, and ran her for Mr. Barry, against Indian Queen, owned and run by General Jackson. The race was contested in 1803, and it resulted in the defeat of Old Hickory, who, gracefully acknowledging defeat, — a thing he was not wont to do, — paid a high compliment to Altamont. Mr. Barry was a generous master, and he was so well pleased with the conduct of Altamont that he gave him his freedom in the shape of a pass for ninety-nine years.

After Medley came Wilkes's Wonder, a son of Diomed, then Pacolet and Tennessee Oscar, to build up the blood stock of Tennessee; and this rich infusion of blood aided in making the state one of the great race-horse regions of America. Truxton, got by Diomed, large, muscular, and a powerful strider, in early days was the favorite race-horse and stallion of General Andrew Jackson. He was good at any distance, winning from a quarter to a race of four-mile heats.

Mr. Catton was the owner of a very fleet mare, Greyhound; and this mare was matched against Truxton, a mile dash. Each racer had its friends, and betting on the result was quite lively. Truxton won the race, and droves of horses — the

spoils of victory — were turned over to General Jackson and his party.

The memorable duel between Jackson and Dickinson grew out of the defeat of Irving's Plow Boy, in a race of two-mile heats, for $5000, by Truxton.

Among the old and prominent breeders of Tennessee may be named Judge Barry, General W. G. Harding, Hon. Baillie Peyton, the Cockerills, and General Lucius J. Polk; the latter the elder brother of General Leonidas Polk, who was killed in the Confederate service.

From this general dissertation upon the foundation of the American race-horse it is hoped that even the most casual reader may be able to understand the production of that animal which we are going down to see any of these afternoons at Sheepshead Bay. The story of him from this page onward is the story of his accomplishment, purely and simply. We cannot know him in all his races, but we can know him through that series of contests which went on from year to year over the tracks of the North and the South and the West.

Continued fresh importations of English blood enriched and outcrossed the native lines, and

rapid production under skies friendly to equine growth so multiplied the throughbred of America, that by the time of the Civil War there was scarcely a city of importance in the United States where racing of some character was not held, and there was hardly a state which did not have some breeders within its confines. The supremacy of the South, however, had become firmly established, and it has not to this day been shaken. It is a regret to say that, with the wearing out of the lands and the loss of the fortunes of the old plantation owners of Virginia, both the production of race-horses and the indulgence in the sport there fell off. Now there are in existence not more than half a dozen breeding establishments in the entire state where Diomed lived, where Sir Archy, Timoleon, and Boston had birth, and where splendid gentlemen conducted the then pastime.

CHAPTER XII

BOSTON THE KING

Taking up in succession the great events of the turf, we are brought down to a horse called Boston. This animal, whose name stood dominant for nine years on the American turf, is to-day thought by many students of the turf to be the greatest horse that ever lived this side of the Atlantic. Some are inclined to give the crown of kingship to Boston's son, Lexington. And yet, on the records, Boston, it seems, has a place of his own creation from which he has not been ousted in all the succeeding years since he was galloping to such magnificent victories. The story of Boston takes us back to the story of the Union Course, and to that day, which was perhaps as great a day as we have had on the turf, when he met the star of the North, in the chestnut filly Fashion.

Boston was a Virginia product, and was the natural successor of the line which Diomed had

established in America. He was sired by Timoleon, a son of Sir Archy, out of a full sister to Tuckahoe. The honors of breeding him belong to Squire Wickham, a Virginia gentleman who owned a few mares and gave a loving attention to the thoroughbred. The grandam of Boston had originally been owned by Randolph of Roanoke. Squire Wickham purchased her from Randolph in 1802. Boston was foaled on the Wickham plantation in 1833.

He was a little chestnut colt with a broad blaze on his face, and not much was thought of him on the home farm. When he was a two-year-old and not yet used to the saddle or bridle, Squire Wickham sold him to Nathaniel Rives of Richmond, Virginia, for $800. Captain John Belcher first had the care of Boston in training. He was a three-year-old before anything was asked of him.

The horse seems to have had some striking peculiarities, those peculiarities which go with a strong individuality. Belcher, who was one of the trainers for Colonel William R. Johnson, had seen Boston do things in the early morning which made him think that perhaps in this fellow he had a high-class animal. Yet he could



BOSTON

not convince Colonel Johnson that Boston was of any account at all.

But for a trial which took place down in Virginia one morning, Boston might have been relegated to "bush racing," and Johnson, who was the greatest active turfman of his day, might never have had him. Johnson was at the Petersburg track to try a pair of horses. Belcher begged him to permit Boston to take a sampling gallop with them. Argyle and Mary Blunt were the trial horses with Boston. Both of them had already raced themselves into considerable reputation.

The two trial horses went away from Boston just as they pleased, and he seemed to be unable to keep within striking distance of them. Belcher was so disgusted that he gave Boston up, and turned away to escape the badinage of Colonel Johnson and the other trainer, Arthur Taylor. Argyle and Mary Blunt were running a fast trial head and head, and Boston was trailing far behind them when they turned into the head of the stretch at the end of the last mile. Then Boston did a most surprising thing; he suddenly put his head into the bridle and set himself to run. He showed such a marvellous

burst of speed that he beat the pair of them through the stretch and finished first. Then Colonel Johnson said he would do.

That trial began a career for him which lasted until he was nine years old. He had run races previous to this trial, but had not acquitted himself with credit. He started at Broad Rock, Virginia, in 1836, in a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, and while in the lead the boy pricked him with the spur and he bolted. The result, of course, was that he was unplaced. He did not start again until the following year, when, in the name of William Williamson, he was entered at the Newmarket Course at Petersburg, in a Proprietors' Purse, and, running true for the first time, won his race easily in straight heats on a very heavy track.

Previous to that race, he had not even been dignified with a name. He was merely known as "the Timoleon colt." After that they called him Boston from the game of cards which was popular at the time.

His next race was at Hanover Court House, Virginia, where he was entered in the regular way as John Belcher's chestnut colt, Boston, by Timoleon. He had to meet a crack field, made up of Betsey

Minge, Gohanna, Upton Heath, Nick Biddle, Alp, and Bayard. The track was excessively deep, and Boston won the three-mile heats straight out without a semblance of a struggle.

It was in the following spring that Boston came under the immediate eye of Colonel Johnson and had his first real opportunity to distinguish himself. Colonel Johnson at that time had in his stable Atalanta, Lady Clifden, Mary Blunt, and Argyle. All these were famous racing animals at two-mile, three-mile, and four-mile heats. Because they had already made reputation for themselves, Boston was compelled to take second place to them, but he was not long in showing that he was an animal of such capacity that championship belonged to him.

The first essay that he made in the spring of 1837 was over the National Course at Washington, when he distanced four of the five animals that started against him. For some reason, he was not permitted to go to the post again until the fall. But in October, on the same National Course, he again defeated a high-class field in straight heats. Both these races were at three-mile heats.

Then they took him up to Baltimore, and, hav-

ing won the four-mile races with other horses in his stable, Colonel Johnson started Boston in a three-mile heat event against the best horses in Maryland, and he beat them in straight heats. Again, at Camden, New Jersey, he met the three-milers and again won in straight heats. And that ended his career in 1837.

It was in the spring of 1838 that Boston, who had come to be known as "Old White-nose," first had a glimpse of the Union Course, which was to be the scene of his most famous race, though he was defeated in that race. There was nothing on this first occasion to meet him at three-mile heats, and he had a walk-over for the purse.

Going over to the Beacon Course, an old track in New Jersey, he was started for the first time at the classical distance of four-mile heats. His only competitor was John C. Stevens's chestnut horse Dosoris by Henry. Dosoris was ailing at the time, and he was started merely to make a showing and to prevent another walk-over for the Timoleon colt from Virginia.

There was racing at that time a horse called Decatur, and a few days after the gallop which Boston had to defeat Dosoris, he met at Camden,

New Jersey, this Decatur. Decatur was a horse of considerable name and in the height of his fame. Both his managers and the public had by this time come to realize that Boston was a horse of more than ordinary moment, and when he came to the post to front Decatur there was an enormous amount of betting on the race. The course was fetlock deep in mud. Boston was a horse that could go through bad going as cleverly as he could through good. Decatur was a long strider, gathered slowly, and so was unfit to race where the track was not fast. Boston again had no trouble in winning.

The following year Boston came back to Long Island and to the Union Course. His winter trials had convinced Colonel Johnson that he was a better four-miler than anything in his stable, and he was entered to meet Charles Carter and any others in the Jockey Club Purse of $1000, which was the star event of that spring meeting. Charles Carter led Boston to the end of the third mile by a neck, but soon afterward, when Boston went up to him and it came to a struggle, Charles Carter, in the strenuousness of that struggle, gave way in his right fore leg. Boston then galloped home alone. Charles

Carter, being the only one of a number of entries to respond to the call, was of course drawn after that first heat, and Boston galloped over for the second. After the race $15,000 was refused for Boston.

Under unfortunate conditions, that is, on a muddy track, but against a horse that was known to be good in the mud, Boston had his first gruelling race just a week after the Union Course affair, at the Beacon Course. Again it was the Jockey Club Purse of $1000, and again, of course, it was four-mile heats. This was the first race in which Boston lost a heat after he passed into Colonel Johnson's hands. The animal which he had to beat was the bay horse Duane, by imported Hedgford. Boston did not run kindly in the race. He sulked repeatedly, and Duane beat him the first heat in the good time of 7.52, track conditions considered. Boston won the next two heats and the race, though he was so full of notions at the start of the third heat that he had to be whipped off from the post.

They did not start him again until the autumn, and then, at the Newmarket Course at Petersburg, Virginia, he had a galloping victory over a mare called Polly Green, at four-mile heats.

Two weeks later, however, he met something that could make him race some when, at Baltimore, he struck Bailie Peyton. He seems up to this time to have always found a heavy track. They ran the first four miles in 8.05, Boston winning rather easily. Then Bailie Peyton was withdrawn, and Boston won the final heat by galloping over.

The next week, at the Kendall Course, Boston was entered to start in a Jockey Club Purse of $700 and Colonel Johnson was paid $500 not to start him, because his running would scare everything else out of the field and the race would be spoiled. At Camden, New Jersey, exactly the same thing happened the next week. Colonel Johnson received $500 of a thousand dollar purse to keep "Old White-nose" in the stable.

Then he came on up to the Union Course again, and, in a four-mile race, he signally defeated in straight heats the chestnut horse Decatur, a son of that Henry which had been beaten by Eclipse in the first of the matches between the North and the South. Decatur was by Henry, one of those contestants, and out of Ostrich, who was a daughter of Eclipse, the other runner in the great match. Although

Boston beat him decisively, the friends of Decatur thought that their horse was not fit, and the following week, over at the Beacon Course, Decatur was again sent against "Old Whitenose." Again Boston defeated him in straight heats.

That race took place on the 9th of November, and it closed the career of Boston as a five-year-old. He won nine jockey club purses at four-mile heats, walked over for a three-mile purse, received $1000 to withdraw from two other races, and lost one heat.

The next spring, that is to say, in 1839, Boston had a match on with a colt called Portsmouth, at two-mile heats. He was started absolutely unfit, and Portsmouth outran him in both heats and beat him easily. Portsmouth was trained to a day, and Boston was as big as a bull. The race did him good, however, and benefited him so much that ten days after that he started at three-mile heats on the Broad Rock Course in Virginia and won in straight heats in his own way. The first heat, which was run in 5.46, was pronounced the fastest ever run over the Broad Rock track.

And then he went on through that season of 1839 and made a record for himself which has

not a parallel in American turf tales. After that race in which he was beaten by Portsmouth, he won in succession eight races, seven of which were at four-mile heats, and he defeated every good horse racing north of the Potomac.

When he had concluded the season of 1839 he had established for himself a reputation of such character for maintaining high speed at great distances that, in 1840, there were virtually no horses on the turf conceded to have any chance whatever with him. So barren was the field offered to him that in the whole year of 1840 this animal, that was scarcely ever out of condition or in such training frame that his owners were not willing to start him, went to the post but six times, winning each time.

And in order to find competitors he was compelled to change his route, which had formerly been from Virginia northward through Maryland into New Jersey, and to take a southerly course, carrying him away as far as Augusta, Georgia. He went there for the purpose, primarily, of meeting Gano in a match race. He remained to start again within ten days against Santa Anna and Omega, and to run one of the smashing races of his career.

Had his liberal and high-spirited owners desired to do so, they could have rendered many of the four-mile sweepstakes of 1840 void of interest by insisting on starting Boston. They frequently allowed the horse to remain in his stable when it was a certainty that by starting him they could have taken the purses offered with hardly more than an ordinary effort by him.

After Boston so signally defeated Gano in the Georgia match there were two jockey club purses virtually waiting for him at Savannah and Charleston. The courtesy of his owners prevented his starting. In the spring of 1840 he started but twice, though it was conceded by every one that in that season he could have won every four-mile purse given within travelling distance of his personality.

The various jockey clubs between Boston's home at Petersburg and the Union Course at Long Island were dismayed at the prospect of having their programmes ruined by the appearance of "Old White-nose," and it was at their personal solicitation that Boston was withdrawn from all of these races and sent away to the South, that the sport of the North might not meet with such serious interference. So feared was the horse at

this time that some of the Northern track proprietors seriously proposed to exclude him from running. The possibility was discussed of opening their races to the world, *bar Boston*.

That the sport might not be spoiled and the public disappointed, the gentlemen who had control of the fortunes of Boston permitted stake and private forfeits to go by rather than collect them at the expense of the pleasure of the public. He found enough to do, however, in Virginia, at Washington, and in Georgia to bring a comfortable amount to the credit of his stable. And then, at the age of seven years, after a racing career that probably has no precedent in its severity upon the constitution of a horse, he went home to Petersburg, with legs as clean as a hound's tooth, as sound as a dollar all over. He had beaten every horse he could reach that year and had challenged all other living ones.

It seemed quite possible to Colonel Johnson, who was looking after him, that Boston might be the following year a horse without honor, because there were no more honors for him to gain. With that possibility confronting the owners of the animal, Boston was put in the stud the following spring, or in 1841, and forty-

two services were permitted at $100 each. The capital at which he held his first court was Chesterfield, Virginia.

From the fact that he was not in proper form in the spring of 1841, Boston naturally did not start in any races. But after this season had ended, so great was the desire, not only on the part of his owners, but on the part of the great public, who had come to worship him as the type and essence of all that was greatest in the thoroughbred world, in this country or abroad, that Boston was taken up in the fall and put to galloping, to see if any constitutional injury as a racing machine had occurred to him through his retirement in the spring.

After due preparation a trial was given him over his home track at Petersburg, and an eye-witness to this trial, who went over two hundred miles to see it, assured his racing friends in New York, on his return, that it was not only the best trial Boston ever ran, but was the best trial ever made over the Petersburg Course, upon which trials had been run for half a century.

After it was found he was thoroughly at himself, Colonel William R. Johnson, in behalf of himself and his racing associates, made an offer

which still stands alone in turf annals. It was, in brief, to match Boston for $45,000 to run four-mile heats against any two horses in the world, taking them singly in heats. Some estimate of the altitude of opinion entertained about Boston may be gleaned from the significant fact that there were no takers to this peculiar and far-reaching challenge.

But at that moment defeat was awaiting him behind the heels of one of the sweetest, fleetest, gamest misses of the turf that had been seen since the time of Black Maria. He was to meet the one animal in this world worthy the bending of his bow, the one which should give him the first defeat which he had ever suffered when fit.

He did not start in 1841 until the last day of September, and — think for a moment! — between that and the 28th of October, less than a month, Boston ran five races of four-mile heats each. Four of these he won in succession, and then, on the 28th day of October, at Camden, New Jersey, came the Waterloo. He started in an ordinary purse against John Blount and Fashion.

No satisfactory explanation has ever been made of Boston's showing in that race, because only

seven days before he had run most gallantly in defeating Fashion's half-brother Mariner, at Baltimore, and a week previous to that had beaten three horses at Washington with the utmost ease.

In this day and time we would explain it by saying that the horse had gone stale from overexertion. Whatever the cause, Boston was so far amiss that he was not able to raise a decent gallop. His owners did not wager a dollar on him, and the critics of the time said that on this day "he could not have beaten a cocktail."

At the end of 1841 Boston had started thirty-eight times. He had won thirty-five races. Twenty-six of these had been at four-mile heats and seven of them at three-mile heats. And he had gathered for the benefit of his owners just a little less than $50,000.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN BOSTON MET FASHION

He went back to Virginia beaten by Fashion and John Blount, having been distanced in the first heat of that race. That his defeat was a reasonable thing nobody thought for a moment. The immediate result of his misfortune was that a note was sent North to the owners of Fashion, challenging her to run him in the following spring on her own ground for $20,000 a side.

Fashion was a daughter of the English horse Trustee, who was imported by Commodore Stockton of New Jersey. To Trustee was sent that celebrated mare Bonnets o' Blue. She was a daughter of Sir Charles out of Reality, "the very best race-horse," said Colonel William R. Johnson, "I ever saw" (meaning by that the mare Reality). Bonnets o' Blue carried in her veins a preponderance of that Diomed or Sir Archy blood which had made Virginia horses so famous, and she was no mean mate for this English horse that

had come to improve the turf of the North. On the 26th of April, on a farm near Madison, Morris County, New Jersey, in the good year of 1837, there was foaled a chestnut filly with a star and a ring of white above the coronet of her left hind foot. On her right quarter she was marked with three dark spots, like Plenipo and other "terribly high-bred cattle."

They were luck spots, those marks that would have been disfiguring to the non-critical eye; they were the spots which have distinguished the Lexingtons and many of the Diomeds, the spots which distinguished Gray Eagle and other champion horses of the American turf, the spots that you find on a stake winner at Morris Park any of these afternoons. They were conquering signs, those spots, which the Arabs noted in their steeds and marked for good fortune.

This youngster, wabbling about over there in New Jersey, almost within sight and sound of the great city of New York, was aptly and beautifully named Fashion. She was foaled the property of William Gibbons, Esq., who owned Bonnets o' Blue. Within her were those inborn capacities which were in years to give defeat to the most dominant horse the American turf had seen, and

to administer to the turf of the South such a beating as they had not received since Eclipse had given Henry his vanquishment when the Union Course was yet young in the land. And it was to be upon that same course.

Mr. Gibbons was an outspoken enemy to two-year-old racing. He had previously suffered great misfortune in having Mariner, Fashion's half-brother, nearly ruined in breaking. Consequently, in spite of all arguments brought to bear upon him, he did not permit Fashion to be saddled until the autumn of her three-year-old year.

Once she had been put to galloping, the surplus flesh taken off her, and she had been reduced to that condition approaching fitness for racing, she presented as handsome a picture of the thoroughbred as one might see in many journeyings in many a land. When she had obtained her full growth she was about $15\frac{1}{2}$ hands, rising high on the withers, with a light head and neck, faultless legs, an oblique, well-shaped shoulder running far back, and a roomy, deep, and capacious chest. Indeed, her lung space was one of the strongest features in her make-up. She had good length of barrel, which was well ribbed out, and her loins were gently

but strongly arched and supported by fillets of tremendous strength and power. She had great excellence in the muscular development of her quarters, thighs, and gaskins.

As in the greyhound and the hare, the seat of the propelling power in the horse which enables him to move with a great degree of velocity is centred in his hind quarters. Necessarily, in proportion to the strength there will be the impulse which impels the whole mass forward.

Fashion's color was rich and her coat was naturally of the smoothest texture. She travelled, when at speed, with a long, rating stroke, from which she gathered well and with great apparent ease to herself. While she was an animal of considerable fire, it was singular that she could be brought to her highest turn of speed with a loose rein. The modern system of riding, which says that a boy must always have his horse's head well in hand, would have suited Fashion not at all, and she would have run very unkindly for the lad who should have tried to "keep her head up," as they say.

She early evinced this peculiarity, and, as the same boy rode her in all of her races, he thoroughly understood what to do with her in the

supreme moments of contest when the vital question was to be asked; and it came to be known to the sportsmen of that day that when young Laird "threw away his reins" Fashion might be expected to let out a most astounding burst of speed.

This New Jersey horse was trained for all her engagements by Samuel Laird of Colt's Neck, New Jersey, and ridden by his son Joseph, who was at that day called the best jockey in the North. He was the rival this side the Potomac of Gil Patrick, who was the premier jockey south of the divisional line.

Laird conducted a public stable, taking horses from such owners as wished to train their steeds. It was a bit unfortunate for Fashion that at the time of her going into Laird's hands he was also training her half-brother, Mariner, and a capital race-horse, Clarion; so that, when they went to the races, Fashion was compelled to take her turn with these two in meeting the various candidates, and winning opportunities were lost to her because the trainer would elect to send some other horse to the post in affairs to which Fashion was eligible, and which she would have won had she been asked.

Still, her racing career was full of many great accomplishments before the royal event which crowned her queen of the turf. Her début was made on the course at Camden, New Jersey, in a race of two-mile heats, for three-year-olds. Although this was her first attempt at "showing the way," she was made a favorite at odds and won like a trump, defeating Amelia Priestman by Drone. Colonel Johnson's bay filly by Star out of Sally Trent, and Nanny, a bay filly by imported Trustee out of Miss Mattie, paid forfeit. The track was knee-deep in mud, and Fashion won in straight heats easily. That race was run on the 21st of October, 1840.

On the 27th of the same month, at Trenton, New Jersey, in a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, at two-mile heats, Fashion again won in straight heats, defeating Fleetfoot, a gray filly by imported Barefoot out of Dove by Duroc. Nanny was distanced in the first heat. Amelia Priestman and Truxton by imported Barefoot paid forfeit. Fashion put the issue of both heats on a brush, and won cleverly. Fleetfoot was at that time considered one of the finest fillies ever bred on Long Island.

When the seasons had swung around until the

spring of 1841 had come, Fashion for the first time saw the Union Course, on Long Island. And there she went into the hands of the starter on May 6, as a four-year-old, in the Jockey Club Purse of $500 for all ages, three-mile heats. She had some quality to meet in this contest, but on a course that was very heavy, deep, and stiff she ran a capital race and put to defeat the imported mare Sylphide by Emilius, Prospect by Monmouth Eclipse, her former competitor Fleetfoot, Meridian by imported Barefoot, and Bluff by Gohanna.

By this time she was thoroughly launched upon her racing career, and she had shown to Mr. Gibbons, to Laird her trainer, and to the numerous friends whom she had already won for herself such quality that they had begun to suspect her as possessing queenly turf characteristics.

From there on her career was an intensely interesting one. She made her next appearance a dozen days afterward at Camden, and began the real labors of her life. This summary tells the story of her unexpected defeat: —

Camden, New Jersey, Wednesday, May 19. Purse $300; free for all ages; carrying New York weights; two-mile heats.

J. H. Helling's b. c. Tyler, by imp. Trustee — Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. . . . 2 3 1 1
S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons's) ch. f. Fashion by imp. Trustee — Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 3 1 3 2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. Telemachus by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 4 4 2 ro.
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. Trenton, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 6 yrs. . . . 1 2 dist.
Time, 4.06; 3.52; 3.51½; 3.56.

This was the only race that Fashion had lost. She had been coughing for several days previous, and though she was the favorite before the start, it was the general remark before half a mile had been run that "Fashion has lost her action!" Still, she won the second heat and placed herself second in the fourth.

Fashion could not start at Trenton, it not being her "turn." Mariner and Clarion carried off the purses for three and two mile heats; no four-mile purse was given. She made her first appearance in the fall at the Union Course, where she was obliged to go for the two-mile purse or nothing, as Clarion won the four-mile and Mariner the three-mile purse.

New York, Union Course, Thursday, October 7. Purse $200; free for all ages; New York weights.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons's) ch. f. Fashion by imp. Trustee — Bonnets o' Blue, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. *Joe Laird* 1 1

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. Trenton, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 6 yrs. 2 2

Time, 3.51 ; 3.45½. Course heavy.

This was a remarkably fast thing, considering the state of the course. Trenton had long been regarded as one of the most formidable horses at the North at this distance. The betting, consequently, was heavy. Fashion put the second heat on a brush, and won in splendid style after a burst down the quarter-stretch at the pace of a quarter-horse.

Baltimore, Wednesday, October 20. Proprietors' Purse, $400; entrance $25; free for all ages; three-year-olds carrying 86 pounds; 4, 100; 5, 110; 6, 118; 7 and upward, 124 pounds; 3 pounds allowed to mares and geldings; three-mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons's) ch. f. Fashion by imp. Trustee — Bonnets o' Blue, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. *Joe Laird* 2 1 1

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. John Blount by Marion — Mary Blount's dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. . . . 1 2 2

James B. Kendall's gr. m. Lady Canton by imp. Tranby — Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 5 yrs., dist.

W. Collins' b. h. Stockton, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, aged dist.

Time, 5.57 ; 6.01 ; 6.10. Track very heavy.

This was one of the most extraordinary races of the season, and contributed more to Fashion's reputation than all her previous performances combined. John Blount, in his three-year-old form, as in his fourth year, had been regarded as the best colt in Virginia, and he came to Baltimore, after beating Tyler easily in a match for $5000 at Petersburg. Tyler was the only competitor who had come off victorious in a conflict with Fashion, and then when she was amiss. The latter, in beating Blount twice, at a longer distance, fully cancelled her debt to Tyler.

On the entries being announced, John Blount was immediately made favorite *vs.* the field; in the evening he became so at odds of four to three; in the morning he advanced to two to one, and before the start one hundred to thirty-five was freely offered. Fashion had but few friends, but those few, "old and tried," "shelled out their coin" to great advantage; rumor with its thousand tongues had placed John Blount second to Boston only, and this but made the timid more fearful.

In the first heat Stockton led off at a rapid pace, with Blount and Lady Canton well up, and Fashion, hard in hand, in the rear of all. They kept these positions till near the end of the

second mile, when on passing the stand Fashion changed places with Lady Canton, and in the last three-quarter mile, finding Stockton falling off and Blount winning too easy, she made up a gap of forty yards, and brushed with him down the quarter-stretch; Blount shook her off, and finally won by a length. Lady Canton's saddle slipped in the first mile. She and Stockton, who could not run in the mud, were distanced.

Second heat. They both cooled off well. Fashion, now the "fielders'" only stay, was scrutinized again and again, and pronounced faultless; in the betting she advanced a point, they relying on her undoubted gameness.

Never was there a more even race; from the word "Go" they were locked, *à la* Siamese twins, the whole three miles, no one being able for one second to see daylight between the two jockeys. In any part of this heat a blanket would have covered both horses till they came inside of the distance stand, where Fashion gradually cleared herself. When within four jumps of the stand John Farrell attempted to steal a march on Fashion, but Joe Laird, ever wakeful, was not caught napping this time, but brought the filly home a gallant winner by a neck.

Third heat. John Cheatham, colored boy, now took the place of John Farrell on Blount, Farrell being two pounds over weight. For the first two miles this heat was but a repetition of the last. Within the draw-gates on the second mile Blount suddenly fell off, giving up the contest. Fashion won the heat and race at her ease by thirty yards. Immense sums of money were lost on Blount. You may rely upon it, Virginia "fell heavy."

We now come to one of the most remarkable performances ever made up to that time by a four-year-old filly: —

Camden, New Jersey, Thursday, October 28. Jockey Club Purse, $800; free for all ages; carrying New York weights; four-mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons's) ch. f. Fashion, by imp. Trustee — Bonnets o' Blue, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. *Joe Laird* 2 1 1

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (Dr. Thos. Payne's) b. c. John Blount by Marion, out of Mary Blount's dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. 1 2 dr.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Jas. Long's) ch. h. Boston by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel dist.

Time, 7.42 ; 7.48.

The Race

Blount led off, with Fashion well up, while Boston laid about thirty yards in the rear. The pace was very moderate throughout the first mile, notwithstanding which Boston was a long way in the rear, appearing to have lost his action. After the start took place, Mr. Long offered $1000 to $400 on him; but when the horses got into straight work on the back side, so that the action of each could be seen, Mr. Long withdrew his offer, which, fortunately for him, had not been taken up. The first mile was run in 2.00.

In the second the pace improved, Fashion going up nearer to Blount, though Joe Laird, her jockey, had express orders not to run for the heat; this mile was run in 1.53½. From the start, Boston had thus far been falling in the rear, though incessantly plied with the rawhide. The pace during the whole third mile was tremendous; it was run in 1.48! When Fashion came opposite the half-mile post (while running the third mile) Mr. Laird, seeing that Boston was in difficulty, ordered Joe (on Fashion) to "go on and shut out Boston."

Up to this time the filly had not been called upon; she pressed Blount all the way without intending to pass him, unless he came back. Blount maintained his lead to the end, and won by three lengths, as Fashion was pulled up inside of the distance stand. Boston, nowhere! The fourth mile was run in 2.00½, making the time of the first three miles 5.41½, and of the heat, 7.42.

Many of Boston's friends maintained that he could not, on this occasion, run a mile under 2.10, while others contended that in the third mile (run in 1.48), when Fashion and Blount were going at their best pace, Boston made up a gap of sixty yards in a quarter of a mile. We cannot reconcile the various statements.

The spectators were astounded. Boston was not only out of his distance, but he did not get within the draw-gate. Many persons on the ground fully believed that, had Fashion pressed Blount throughout the fourth mile as she did on the third, the heat would have been run "down in the thirties." The Camden, a clay course, was not so fast by a second or more in a mile as the Union Course.

Both horses cooled off well, and the backers

of each were sanguine. A second edition of the bruising heat between the same horses at Baltimore, when they ran neck and neck for near three miles, was anticipated. The "sufferers" by the result of the first heat now endeavored to get out by "piling it up" on the second, while the winners sought to double their money. The Northern men generally stuck to the Jersey filly like "bricks," and no mistake, as did an occasional Southern man, who recollected her dam. One of the latter was the largest winner on the ground. The Old Dominion was "thar," however, and hundreds "spread themselves" to the size of their pile.

Second heat. Joe Laird, on Fashion, made play from the score, determined to take the lead and keep it — if he could. She soon opened a gap of three lengths. Near the close of the mile Blount drew upon her, but could only reach her saddle girth. This mile was run in 1.59. Farrell, on Blount, now set to work, and kept him up to the top of his rate throughout the whole second mile. The pace was tremendous and the interest thrilling beyond description, as will be imagined when we state that this mile was run in 1.47. Still, Blount was never able

to lock her, neck and neck, though he lapped her the entire mile. She evidently had too much speed for him, while at the same time she could outlast him.

In the third mile, after being relieved by a bracing pull, Blount made a spirited challenge going down the back-stretch, but Joe called on the nonpareil under him, and quickly shook him off. Farrell once more bottled him up, and near the end of the mile he made another rally, alike unavailing. Fashion now appeared to have the race in hand; she led by three lengths for more than half of the fourth mile, but on entering the head of the last quarter-stretch, Blount made a final and desperate effort; after a few strides, however, he suddenly and most unaccountably gave back, and Fashion won at her ease by three lengths, running this heat in 7.48!

On pulling up, John Blount was found to be excessively lame, and it was soon discovered that he had given way in his last gallant effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

Immediately after the race the match offered by the owners of Boston to the friends of Fashion was accepted. In the meantime she was turned out. A correspondent ("Senex") of the *Spirit of*

the Times, in a very interesting communication upon the subject of the ancestry, etc., of Boston and Fashion, alludes to a somewhat singular coincidence that Fashion, "the nonpareil of the North," should be the produce of a Virginia-bred mare, as the first Northern champion, Eclipse, was the get of a Virginia-bred horse.

He adds that "although in starting, in three trainings, seven times, and winning six races, one at four and two at three mile heats, she has proven herself superior in the race to all but one competitor, Tyler (but was beaten by him in four heats, when she was clearly out of condition), yet she has been beaten twice, the first heat by John Blount, that had triumphed over her only victor in a match. She has acquired more celebrity than Boston or Eclipse at her age, and has already won nearly as many races as the latter.

"When the Camden and Union courses are compared, as applicable for speed, her last performance fully equals, if it does not surpass, Eclipse's vaunted achievement, — two consecutive heats, either of them the best on the course, in 7.42 and 7.48, the latter one second better than any second heat that had been run by either

Boston or Eclipse. It was certainly a splendid race, one of the best run in America, and faster than any two heats run by Boston."

And now comes a description of that match contest, the North *vs.* the South, which is so much a part of our turf history that it cannot be overlooked in this connection.

It was on a May day in 1842. Fashion was pronounced by all judges to be fit as a mare could be. Boston, according to his trainer, needed a little more seasoning to run such a bruising race as was expected of him. Notwithstanding Taylor's uneasiness, the Boston people were full of confidence. Boston's running was directed by Colonel Johnson. Gil Patrick, his usual jockey, was in the saddle. Fashion was mounted by Joe Laird, son of the trainer.

The Race

"*First heat.* Boston, on the inside, went away with the lead at a rattling pace, the mare lying up within two lengths of him, down the straight run on the back-stretch; the half-mile was run in 55 seconds. The same position was maintained to the end of the mile (run in 1.53), but soon

after Fashion made play, and the pace improved. Both made strong running down the back-stretch, over the hill (opposite the half-mile post), and down the slight descent which succeeds, and though this seemed favorable ground for Boston, the mare gained on him at this place, in this mile, and placed herself well up. Boston threw her off on the turn, and led through clear, running this mile in 1.50½.

"The pace seemed too good to last, and Boston's friends, as he led cleverly down the back-stretch, were 'snatching and eager' to take anything offered. Again Boston led through, this mile (the third) being run in 1.54, Fashion keeping him up to the top of his rate. The contest was beautiful and exciting beyond description; there was no clambering, no faltering, no dwelling, on the part of either; each ran with a long, rating stroke, and at a pace that kills. Soon after commencing the fourth mile, Joe Laird shook his whip over her head and gave Fashion an eye-opener or two with the spur, and not a hundred yards from that ground where Boston took the track from Charles Carter, she collared and passed him in half a dozen strokes, at a flight of speed we never saw equalled except in the desperate

brush at the stand between Gray Medoc and Altorf, in their dead heat.

"When Fashion responded to the call upon her and took the track in such splendid style, the cheers sent up from the 'rude throats' of thousands might have been heard for miles. Fashion made her challenge after getting through the draw-gate and took the lead opposite the quarter-mile post. Boston, however, like a trump, did not give back an inch, and though it was manifest the Northern Phenomenon had the foot of him, he gave her no respite. He lapped her down the back-stretch for three hundred yards, when Gil Patrick very sensibly took a strong, bracing pull on him, and bottled him up for a desperate brush up the hill, where Eclipse passed Henry.

"Here Gil again let him out, but unfortunately pulled him inside so near the fence that Boston struck his hip against a post, and, hitting a sharp knot or a nail, cut through the skin on his quarter for seven or eight inches. He struck hard enough to jar himself very much, and he was observed to falter; but he soon recovered and though at this moment Fashion led him nearly three lengths, he gradually closed the

gap round the turn to within a few feet. At this moment the excited multitude broke through all restraint in their anxiety to witness the termination of the heat, and the course was nearly blocked up.

"On coming out through a narrow gantlet of thousands of spectators, excited to the highest pitch, both horses very naturally faltered at the tremendous shouts which made the welkin ring. Up the quarter-stretch Gil made another desperate effort to win the race out of the fire. He applied his thong freely, while Joe Laird drew his whip on the mare more than once, and 'tapped her claret' at the same time.

"Inside of the gate it was 'a hollow thing,' though Boston nearly closed the gap at the distance stand, as Gil fairly caught Joe by surprise; but at this critical moment a friend of Fashion shouted to Joe to 'Rouse up the mare! Boston's on you!' when he gave her the spur and a severe cut with his thong. True as steel, Fashion responded to the call. She instantly recovered her stride and came in about a length ahead, with apparently something in hand to spare, closing the heat in 7.32½, the fastest, by all odds, ever run in America.

"The time was kept on the Jockey Club stand by Messrs. Robert L. and James Stevens, and in the judges' stand by Senator Barrow of Louisiana, Hon. Mr. Botts of Virginia, and J. Hamilton Wilkes, Esq., the official timers and judges of the race. We took the time of each mile from the Messrs. Stevens, between whom we stood. Mr. S. M. Neill, Major Ringgold, U.S.A., and other gentlemen of acknowledged accuracy as timers stood in the same circle, and there was but a fraction of difference in the time each declared. Messrs. Stevens made the time 7.33, but as they kept the time of the half, and in some cases of the quarter, miles, their difference of but half a second from the timers in the judges' stand demonstrates the remarkable accuracy of the parties.

"Both horses cooled out well. Boston always blows tremendously, even after a gallop, but he seemed little distressed. Neither was Fashion; her action is superb, and as she came through on the fourth mile, it was remarked that she was playing her ears as if taking exercise. She recovered sooner than Boston, and though her friends now offered large odds on her, Boston's were no less confident; the seventh mile, they thought, would 'fetch her.'

"We should not have been surprised to have seen both swell over the loins, nor to have found them greatly distressed. We examined them carefully after the heat, and state with great pleasure that though they 'blowed strong' they recovered in a few minutes, and came to the post again comparatively fresh.

"After the heat was over, the crowd rushed into the enclosed space, *en masse;* an endeavor was made to clear a portion of the track of the multitude who had taken possession of it, and after great exertions a line was formed, through which the horses came up for the second heat.

"*Second heat.* Fashion led off with a moderate stroke, and carried on the running down the backstretch with a lead of about three lengths. After making the ascent of the hill, Boston challenged, closed the gap, and lapped her. A tremendous shout arose on all hands at this rally, and as it subsided on the part of Boston's friends it was again more tumultuously caught up by the friends of the mare, as she outfooted him before reaching the head of the quarter-stretch. She came through (in 1.59) three or four lengths ahead, and kept up her rate down the entire straight stretch on the rear of the course.

"After getting over the hill, Boston, as before, made a rush, and succeeded in collaring the mare, while she, as before, again threw him off, and led through by two or three lengths in 1.57. Gil relieved his horse for the next six hundred yards, but, instead of waiting for Fashion to ascend the hill at the half-mile post alone, he called on Boston just before reaching it, and the two went over it nearly together; no sooner had they commenced the descending ground than, gathering all his energies for a final and desperate effort, Boston made a dash, and this time he succeeded in taking the track!

"The scene which ensued we have no words to describe. Such cheering, such betting, and so many long faces were never seen nor heard before.

After being compelled to give up the track, Joe Laird, with the utmost prudence and good sense, took his mare in hand, and gave her time to recover her wind. This run took the shine out of Boston. Instead of pulling him steadily and refreshing him with a slight respite, Gil Patrick kept him at his work after he took the track, and ran this mile (the third) in 1.51½. The pace was tremendous. Nothing short of limbs of steel

and sinews of catgut could stand up under such a press.

"On the first turn after passing the stand, Fashion, now fresh again, rallied, and as Boston had not another run left in him, she cut him down in her stride opposite the quarter-mile post, and the thing was out. The race, so far as Boston was concerned, was past praying for. If anything can parallel Fashion's turn of speed, it is her invincible gameness. She now gradually dropped him, and without another effort on his part to retrieve the fortunes of the day she came home a gallant winner in 7.45. Boston pulled up inside of the distance stand and walked in.

"As she came under the judges' cord extended across the course, Boston was exactly sixty yards behind, though he could have placed himself in a better position had Gil called upon him. As Joe Laird rode Fashion back to the stand the shouts were so deafening that, had not the president of the club and another gentleman held on to her bridle she would have not only 'enlarged the circle of her acquaintance' very speedily, but 'made a mash' of some dozen of 'the rank and file' then and there assembled. She looked as if another heat would not 'set her back' any."

Recapitulation

Tuesday, May 10, 1842. Match, THE NORTH *vs.* THE SOUTH; $20,000 a side, $5,000 forfeit; four-mile heats.

Henry K. Toler's (William Gibbons's) ch. m. Fashion, by imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam), by Sir Charles; 5 years; 111 lbs. *Joseph Laird* 1 1

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's and James Long's ch. h. Boston, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel; 9 yrs; 126 lbs. *Gil Patrick* 2 2

First Heat

Time of first mile	1.53
Time of second mile	1.50½
Time of third mile	1.54
Time of fourth mile	1.55
Time of first heat	7.32½

Second Heat

Time of first mile	1.59
Time of second mile	1.57
Time of third mile	1.51½
Time of fourth mile	1.57½
Time of second heat . . .	7.45

Though beaten, it was conceded by the judges that Boston had acquired a "more vast renown by this splendid performance than by his thirty-

five previous victories combined. All that can be said is that Boston has beaten himself, and Fashion has beaten Boston!"

The spirit of his owners on this, as upon former public occasions when they had met with great disappointment, was worthy of them and of the Old Dominion. Of one of them, Colonel Johnson, it has been well said that, "like another Napoleon, he was never more to be feared than in his reverses!"

CHAPTER XIV

WHEN BOSTON'S BEST SONS MET

Like many others of the great mares of the turf, Fashion, although given good opportunities, utterly failed to distinguish herself as a producing animal, and she is now remembered only as the mare that could beat Boston.

Boston, on the contrary, left a heritage of blood which is still a compelling and conquering line upon the American turf. After he was retired to the stud he begot sons and daughters that ran the greatest races of their day, as he ran the greatest of his day. Remarkable as Sir Archy was as a sire, Boston, his grandson, was perhaps more remarkable. The honor was given to him of having two of his sons face each other in a series of contests which are among the most splendid parts of the history of the turf of this land. Those were the races which were run between Lexington and Lecompte, over the famous Metairie Course at New Orleans. Quite a rac-

ing community had been built up about the old Southern city.

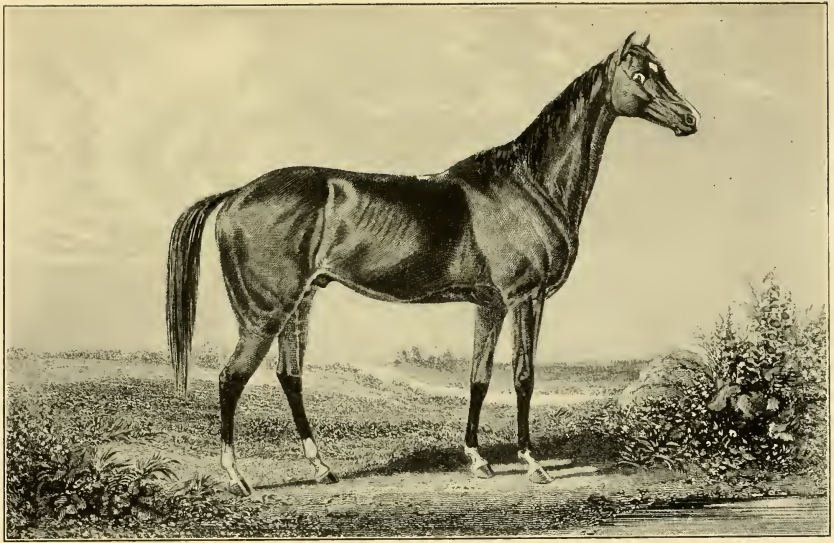
On a plantation on Red River, Lecompte was owned by Thomas D. Wells. Lecompte was sired by Boston out of Reel by imported Glencoe. Lexington was sired by Boston out of Alice Carneal by imported Sarpedon. In 1854 these two horses were so far and away the best animals in training in America that their coming together in contest at New Orleans was an event of national importance and which horsemen still living discuss with fervor. Lecompte was a chestnut and Lexington a bay. Lecompte had done all of his racing in Mississippi and Louisiana. Lexington had shown his form in Kentucky, It was conceded that in the North there was no horse fit to meet Lexington, and that in the extreme South there was none with the capacity to give Lecompte a race.

So when, on an April day in 1854, the two sons of "Old White-nose" met at four-mile heats, in the Great State Post Stakes, it is no wonder that the city of New Orleans was packed to its entertaining capacity by the crowds that had come from the most remote parts of the United States to see this duel.

This Post Stakes was a sort of an interstate race, and was the reason for the bringing of Lexington from Kentucky to meet Lecompte of Louisiana, Highlander from Alabama, and Arrow, also from Louisiana.

The condition of the course was such as to render this a most disappointing contest to everybody, except, of course, the backers of Lexington. Lexington won the race in straight heats. The belief in Lecompte, however, was unshaken, and, as a result of the Post Stakes, a match was proposed and accepted to be run between Lexington and Lecompte on the eighth day of April. On that afternoon there was to be run a jockey club purse of $2000. Lexington and Lecompte were both regularly entered in it, but so far as practical purposes were concerned it was a match, since nothing else started in it except the two sons of Boston and a horse called Reube by imported Trustee. The conditions of the race required three starters, and Reube was merely tossed in to fulfil the requirements.

Great as had been the interest in the meeting between these two horses, it was intensified when it was known that they were to come together



LEXINGTON

for a practical trial against each other. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* said that, "in all its incidents, from the start to the victory, it would always be remembered as preëminently the greatest four-mile heat race on record."

"The betting was extremely heavy. Before leaving the city Lexington was the favorite at even money against the field, but a few minutes before the race we witnessed some transactions in which Lexington was backed at one hundred to eighty against the field and one hundred to sixty against Lecompte. Much money was risked on time, but the lowest time that we could hear of being marked was 7.32.

"So far as we could judge, the horses all appeared to be in excellent condition and eager for the fray, as they moved to and fro before the stands, to the admiration of the anxious thousands.

"The drum taps and the horses dash off with a rush for the first heat, and on passing the first turn Lecompte leads, Lexington being second, and Reube trailing behind, but at as fast a gait and as bold a stride as he could well accomplish. Their position did not vary for nearly three miles, although the pace increased, the space between

the horses at times increasing and diminishing, Lexington several times making a brush to take the lead, but Lecompte increasing his speed to prevent it. On entering the fourth mile, and on the back-stretch of it, Lexington partially closed the gap that Lecompte had opened on him and attempted to outfoot him. The attempt was immense and elicited the loudest encomiums of Lexington's friends and backers, but it was ineffectual.

"The spur was freely used to induce him to do what his friends claimed for him — that he was the fastest horse in the world at a brush; but Lecompte baffled all his efforts, kept the lead, and won the heat, amid deafening shouts, by six lengths, in much the quickest time ever made in the world — 7.26!

"If the result of the heat induced great shouting, the announcement of the time produced still more clamorous exclamations of delight. All knew that the heat was very fast, but each one of the hundred persons could scarce believe their own time until the judges announced it officially.

"During the great excitement, which was concentrated on the two contesting horses, Reube had almost been lost sight of; but he came

home at a high rate of speed, making the best heat by far that he had ever made in his life, although as the red flag descended he barely escaped being caught behind it.

"Lexington soon after the heat appeared much distressed, but he recovered during the recess. Reube, also, after the heat showed evident symptoms that he had been running a harder race than he liked. Lecompte, who, to all appearances, had run much more at his ease and with less effort than his competitors, not having been spurred during the heat, was but little distressed, considering the great time and the heat of the day.

"The betting was changed about immediately, not less from the result of the previous heat than from the great apparent exertion that Lexington had made while running, and the aspect and condition of the horses after the heat. Reube's chance was considered hopeless with two such competitors against him. Most of the bets now made were for the purpose of hedging, and Lecompte was the favorite at one hundred to forty against the field.

"Each horse came up for the second heat with crest erect, and with a defiant demeanor cast

proud glances from fierce eyes, determined, apparently, to win or die. Lexington this time led the way from the score for nearly two miles by about two lengths, when on coming down the stretch and passing the stands to enter on the third mile, Lecompte, who had been bottled up, commenced his great brush, overhauled Lexington, and passed him.

"Both now did their best, and the third mile was a constant strife throughout for the lead, and the quickest in the race, being run in 1.46; but Lecompte, although so hard pushed, never wavered, but ran evenly and steadily along about two lengths ahead.

"On the first turn of the fourth mile, Lexington, who at that point was nearly up to his rival, for a moment gave back and lost his stride; but he at once recovered it and pushed on with vigor, but with evidently great effort. All was of no use, for Lecompte came home a winner by four lengths in the astonishing time of 7.38¾, distancing Reube.

"For more than twenty years the race of Eclipse and Henry over the Union Course, Long Island, on May 27, 1823, was the quickest on record. The shortest heat in that race was 7.37½. In

Fashion's race with Boston, over the Union Course, Long Island, May 10, 1842, the time was 7.32½, 7.45. George Martin's fast race was run in this city on March 29, 1843, and the time was 7.33, 7.43. It is a remarkable fact, as Lecompte is by Boston out of Reel, that his sire should have won in the quickest race of Fashion, and his dam Reel should, on December 11, 1841, have won a race in this city, the time of which was 7.40, 7.43."

Summary

New Orleans, April 8, 1854. Jockey Club Purse, $2000, for all ages; four-mile heats.

T. G. Wells' ch. c. Lecompte, by Boston, out of Reel, by imp. Glencoe; 3 yrs. (3 lbs. overweight), *Abe,*	1	1
A. L. Bingaman's b. c. Lexington, by Boston, out of Alice Carneal, by imp. Sarpedon; 4 yrs., *Meichon,*	2	2
Judge Hunter's ch. g. Reube, by imp. Trustee, out of Minstrel, by Modoc; aged; *J. Ford*	3 dist.	

First Heat

Time of first mile	1.53
Time of second mile	1.54
Time of third mile	1.49½
Time of fourth mile	1.49½
Time of first heat	7.26

Second Heat

Time of first mile	2.02
Time of second mile	1.58
Time of third mile	1.46
Time of fourth mile	1.52¾
Time of second heat . . .	7.38¾

Although Lexington started in the name of A. L. Bingaman, he was owned and controlled by Richard Ten Broeck, the man who took the first American horses to England to try conclusions over there. Ten Broeck was a sportsman of the highest class, and the defeat of Lexington in the Jockey Club Purse was so unsatisfactory to him, and the continued reference to Lecompte's running of four miles in 7.26 so irritated him, that he issued a challenge to run Lexington a single four miles over the Metairie Course against 7.26 for $10,000 a side, the race to be run between the 1st and 15th of the following April, that is to say, 1855. The exact terms of Ten Broeck's famous challenge were these: —

"As Lexington will probably follow the fashion in making a foreign tour, I propose the following as his valedictory: I will run him a single four miles over the Metairie Course, under the rules

of the Club, against the fastest time, at four miles, that has been run in America, for the sum of $10,000, one-fourth forfeit, two trials to be allowed, and the race to be run between the 1st and 15th of April next, Arrow to be substituted if Lexington is amiss. Or, I will run Lexington over the same course, four-mile heats, on the Thursday previous to the next Metairie April meeting against any named horse, at the rate expressed in the proposition subjoined. Or, I will run him over the Union Course at New York, the same distance, on the third Tuesday in October. Party accepting the last race to receive $25,000 to $20,000; or to pay the same odds if Lexington travels to run it in New Orleans. The forfeit to be $5000, and to be deposited at the Astor House in New York when either race is accepted. If the amounts of the last proposition are too large, they may be reduced one-half, with forfeit in the same proportion. The first acceptance coming to hand will be valid. Subsequent ones declined.

"Richard Ten Broeck."

Those figures of 7.26 for four miles seemed at that time so remarkable that persons were readily found to accept the defy of Mr. Ten Broeck, and

because of the readiness of the Southerners to meet him, Lexington in the next year returned to New Orleans and ran the great public trial which caused his name to become the synonyme of horse greatness throughout this entire land.

Gil Patrick, the premier jockey, who had ridden Boston in all his greatest races, was taken to New Orleans to ride Lexington in the dash against the watch. From the New Orleans *Picayune* is taken this description of how Lexington demonstrated the remarkable development of the American thoroughbred: —

"The most brilliant event in the sporting annals of the American turf, giving, as it has, the palm to the renowned Lexington, came off yesterday over the Metairie Course, and its result greatly surpassed the most ardent hopes and enthusiastic expectations of the friends of the winner and the lovers of the turf sports.

"The day was the loveliest of the whole season. As the hour appointed for the great contest approached, the town was all astir with the excitement incident to the occasion. Vehicles of all sorts were in requisition, and our beautiful level shell roads were filled with them from the last paving stone to the gates of the course. The

displays in equitation during that busy part of the day, which may be defined as 'going to the races,' were almost as amusing and exciting as the greater event, for witnessing which so many thousands were intent.

"The judges selected for the occasion were General Stephen M. Westmore, upon the part of the Virginia gentlemen; Arnold Harris, Esq., for Mr. Ten Broeck, and John G. Cocks, Esq., the president of the Metairie Jockey Club, as umpire.

"The timers were the Hon. Duncan F. Kenner, Captain William J. Minor, and Stephen D. Elliott, Esq.

"It being the first event of the season, there was the usual bustle at the gates, the distribution of the members' badges and the strangers' badges, the admissions to the different stands, and from the character of the event, an unusual rush of carriages, cabs, buggies, wagons, saddle horses, and foot passengers; and by three o'clock the course presented a most brilliant appearance. There were representatives of every section of the country, and almost every state in the Union, and among them we were happy to see a goodly show of the fairer portion of creation.

"The field inside the course presented a most

animated appearance, and the feeling in favor of the gallant Lexington was general and decided. And as the predestined hero of the day appeared upon the course, — in company with his stable companions, who were to be partners for a time in his toils, his feelings, and his fame, — his bold, reaching, and elastic step, his unequalled condition, and his fearless, defiant look — conscious of superiority and of victory — gave strength to his backers that all was as it should be.

"Of the temerity of his backer and owner, Mr. Richard Ten Broeck, in standing before the world, bidding defiance to all the previous performances ever marked by horse, we have before spoken, as our feelings dictated, and his extraordinary self-reliance, based upon well-directed judgment and sound sense, cannot fail to place him in the estimation of true sportsmen as the leader of the host. He knew that he had an animal of unflinching courage, coupled with lightning speed, and bravely did his gallant ally respond to the call.

"The betting was large. Lexington's appearance made him a favorite, and before starting it was firm at one hundred to seventy-five against Time, and but few takers. The greater portion

of the betting had been done in town, and there were but few left who dared to brave the lion in his lair.

"The conflicting opinions which had been generally expressed in regard to the terms of the match and of its mode of performance caused a great general excitement, each party in turn expressing his views as to the right of the points discussed; namely, that of allowing horses to start with Lexington to urge him to an increased speed, and the propriety of giving the horse a running start.

"The judges, however, ended the matter by deciding that he could do both. The decision gave very general satisfaction.

"Gil Patrick, upon Lexington, now prepared for action, and as he started up the stretch on his proud courser to do that which no other horse had ever attempted, the man and horse formed a beautiful and perfect picture. He turned Lexington around just below the draw-gates, and as he reached the judges' stand, when the drum tapped, the horse was at the pace which it was intended he should run. To our mind he was run too fast the first mile, which he accomplished in 1.47¼ — the first half-mile in 53 seconds. Upon reach-

ing the stand it was intimated to him to go slower, which he did.

"Joe Blackburn was started behind him at the beginning of the first mile, but the respectful distance he kept in the rear must certainly have done an injury rather than a benefit, for at no time was he near enough for Lexington to hear the sound of his hoofs.

"The pace in the second mile visibly decreased, Arrow, who was started before its commencement, waiting about thirty yards behind Lexington. In the third mile Arrow closed the gap, and Lexington, hearing him, was a little more anxious and slightly increased his pace. Upon entering the fourth mile, Arrow was stopped and Joe Blackburn went at him again, but, as in the first instance, he was like 'chips in porridge' — of no benefit.

"Lexington darted off in earnest, running the last mile in 1.48¾. He reached the head of the front stretch in 6.55, running its entire length in 24¾ seconds, — the whole time of the four miles in 7.19¾, carrying 103 pounds, Gil Patrick being 3 pounds overweight.

"That the course was in admirable condition we need not assert, but that we have seen it in

better order for safety and for time we think we may assert. The writer of this was not present when Lexington and Lecompte met last spring, and can therefore make no comparison, but agrees with 'A Young Turfman' that the extreme hardness of the track might prevent a horse from fully extending himself, which must have been the case with Lexington yesterday.

"He lost his fore plate and half the right hind one, and Gil Patrick, at the draw-gates the last mile, had no little difficulty in keeping him on his course, Lexington making violent efforts to swerve to the right, where it was soft and heavy.

"With regard to the time, not a doubt can be entertained, the official being slower than any other. Outside, by many experienced timers, it was made 7.19¼.

"The excitement attending the progress of this remarkable race cannot be described. It was intense throughout, and to those who had no opportunity of taking note of time, Lexington's deceptive, foxlike gait could not have given them hopes of success. The joyousness and hilarity everywhere visible, which followed the announcement that Lexington was the victor, showed the feeling of the majority of the vast assemblage.

"It must be a source of the highest gratification to the rider of Lexington that he guided him through his perilous journey successfully, despite the prophecies and hopes of defeat that attended him. In this connection we may fearlessly assert that through a long career of usefulness and success of more than twenty years upon the turf, the name of Gilbert W. Patrick, the rider, has never been tainted with even the breath of suspicion, and that the bright escutcheon of his name remains untarnished; and as this is perhaps his last appearance in public, it is the writer's hearty wish that he may live to enjoy an uninterrupted flow of worldly comfort, and that when death calls him to answer that to which all living must respond, he may be full of years and honor. The names of Gil Patrick and Lexington are inseparably connected with the greatest achievement upon the American turf.

"That this race will go down to generations yet unborn as the fastest ever made is the honest conviction of the writer."

The following is the record:—

Monday, April 2, 1855. Match for $20,000; Lexington to beat the fastest time at four miles, being 7.26.

R. Ten Broeck's b. c. Lexington, by Boston, out of Alice Carneal, by imp. Sarpedon. 4 yrs. 103 lbs. — 3 lbs. extra. *Gil Patrick* won

Time of first mile	1.47¼
Time of second mile	1.52¼
Time of third mile	1.51½
Time of fourth mile	1.48¾
Total time	7.19¾

And what joy there was in the old Crescent City that afternoon, when, outside of 18 Royal Street, they posted those figures, 7.19¾. It was a Kentucky horse, to be sure; but then he had come to New Orleans to do his race, and New Orleans would always be remembered as having given him the opportunity for it.

There was great sociability in the town the night after, and upon one side of Canal Street they were drinking absinthe and liqueurs and telling of the wonderful thing, as being possible only on such a track as could be made in their dear New Orleans.

And on the other side of Canal the Americans were saying that a little later in the year, on the Union Course at Long Island, Lexington would set a much better mark than that, although 7.19¾ was so much above all else that had been done

at this four-mile distance that it seemed hazardous to predict that he could ever be faster than that in any land. Still the gentle people on the old side of Canal Street maintained that Lexington had established the mark, and that perhaps never again would there be found horse who could do such a thing as this.

And then, looking at their extravagances of opinion fifty years after, and looking at the four-mile record as it stands to-day, one cannot help wondering whether we have improved the race-horse or merely improved the track upon which he runs and our system of training. Yet, at that, when four-mile racing was not the rarity that it is now, and there was much racing at this honorable distance, it required almost twenty years of time to better that gallop of Lexington's on the old Metairie Course.

It was Fellowcraft, scion of the same house, who finally did it. And then, since Fellowcraft's time, away out yonder in California, they have been steadily chopping, chopping, chopping the notches, until now, when we look at the turf record, we see that the four-mile mark is 7.11, and it is credited to Lucretia Borgia, a four-year-old, with 85 pounds up. Also, you note that The

Bachelor, a six-year-old, with 113 pounds, had run in 7.16½.

Who were Lucretia Borgia and The Bachelor? Lucretia ran no longer ago than 1897, and The Bachelor galloped so recently as 1899. And not upon the tongues of men are the names of either of these, and the gentlemen now living who sat at their business of enthusiasm on this night down in New Orleans probably could not now call to mind such existences as Borgia and The Bachelor.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAST RACE OF LEXINGTON

From the long cry of this 7.19¾, the third and last great effort of Lexington was made. Notwithstanding the formidable public trial which Lexington had shown, the Lecompte people were not yet satisfied that Lexington was a better son of Boston than their own "Red River" horse.

On April 24 the Jockey Club Purse of $1000 was to be run. An inside stake of $2500 each was betted between Mr. Richard Ten Broeck, representing Lexington, and Mr. T. J. Wells, representing Lecompte. And on this Saturday afternoon, at the Metairie Course, occurred the last of that series of events which have lent to New Orleans a turf history perhaps more brilliant than that possessed by any racing city in the United States.

It is no place here to go into description of the crowds which assembled at this second meeting of the pair. It is mainly interesting to get

to the immediate affair at hand and to have told for us, by the best writer of that day, the last story to be told of the rivalry between Lexington and Lecompte, and that decision which finally gave the crown of kingdom to Lexington and permitted him to return to the Blue-grass of Kentucky, the greatest of all the Bostons and the best race-horse living. Virtually, the story of the match is this: —

"At length the bugle sounded the signal for the horses to be stripped. Upon this everybody pressed forward to obtain eligible places; every neck was stretched to its utmost length. Even the gamblers in the alleys underneath the public stands undoubled their legs from beneath their faro tables, locked up their double card-boxes, stopped the snap of their roulettes, and slipped the little ivory ball in their vest pockets, to run upstairs and become innocent lookers-on.

"Wagers on the contestants had a small revival in consequence of this eruption from the betting quarter, and the odds on Lexington went up again to the mark of $100 to $80. It was very freely taken, however, by the gentlemen from Red River, where Lecompte was raised, and with many of them confidence in their favorite stood

so high that they put out all the money they had brought to town on equal terms. They reasoned that if Lexington could perform a four-mile heat in 7.19¾, there was no reason why Lecompte should not also do it, if required, for the contest now stood equal between them, and it must not be forgotten that in Lecompte's victory in 7.26 he had trailed Lexington, and then turned out and passed ahead of him.

"It was, moreover, said on their side, that the 7.19¾ was not as good as the 7.26 of Lecompte, for that by running alone and choosing the close side of the track, Lexington saved nearly two seconds of distance in each mile, and likewise had the advantage of a long start, and of receiving the word 'Go' at full speed instead of beginning 'from the jump' as in match fashion. Hope told a flattering tale.

"On the strength of these calculations there was considerable betting on time, but with none did I hear it set at less than 7.26, while many believed — though I heard no bet to that effect — that the heat would be achieved as low down as 7.15 or 7.16. I do not know that anything can furnish a better idea of the revolution made in racing time by Lecompte and Lexington than

this state of expectation shows. What would have been thought, two years ago, of the declaration that in a little while we should see a four-mile race, in which the highest mark on time would be 7.26?

"There is something in this matter of increase of speed that is worthy of reflection and philosophy. We find continual advancement, and what is most remarkable, exploit begets exploit, as if knowledge and emulation touched new powers which had never been electrified before.

"Whence does the spark proceed that awakes these energies, but from the mind of man, imparting itself by some strange process to the mind and body of his horse as he does to the corporeal faculties in possession of himself? Trotting time stood for years at 2.32, then 2.30, and then 2.28. At length Beppo and Lady Suffolk made a dead heat under saddle on the Beacon Course in 2.26. Straightway 2.26 was repeated by several other horses. By and by it was reduced still lower, and at length 2.28 was banished to mile heats in wagons.

"So with the racers I have named, and so with Lecompte and Lexington. One-half of a horse's speed is found in the brain of his rider or driver,

and that subtle essence, that knowledge how to do and will to command it, blends with the powers of the beast and makes all things done. So with foot racers, when they have known that nine miles within the hour could be increased to ten, and the ten to eleven. They were the same men, without any improvement in their breed, the same men who had once been able barely to do nine.

"Shall we be told that the Bonny Black Bess of the bold Turpin did not respond to her master's spirit when she took her wondrous bound over the spiked turnpike gate, or that a portion of the soul of the brave Mameluke, who alone escaped the massacre of the Beys by leaping his horse over the walls of Cairo, did not enter into that of his matchless barb?

> "The bounding steed you pompously bestride
> Shares with his lord, his pleasure and his pride.

"Assuredly the best portion of a horse's speed lies in the mind of his rider, and it is by no means certain that if Gil Patrick, who rode Lexington into 7.19¾, had — with his present knowledge of what is within a horse — grasped the rein and pressed the sides of Eclipse, he could not have brought his 7.37 down to 7.26.

"When the blankets were stripped from the horses and their magnificent combinations of blood, heart, and muscle stood glistening and flickering in the sun, the crowd near by could not resist an involuntary burst of admiration, at which Lecompte stepped coquettishly about, showing his beautiful chestnut coat and branching muscle, while the darker Lexington, with a sedate and intelligent aspect, looked calmly around, as if he felt that the sensation was quite what he expected and deserved.

"Both animals were in the finest possible condition, and the weather and the track, had they been manufactured to a sportsman's order, could not have been improved. At last the final signal of 'Bring up your horses' sounded from the bugle; and prompt to the call, Gil Patrick, the well-known rider of Boston, put his foot in Lexington's stirrup, and the negro boy of General Wells sprang into the saddle of Lecompte. They advanced slowly and daintily forward to the stand, and when they halted at the score the immense concourse, that had up to this moment been swaying to and fro, were fixed as stone. It was a beautiful sight to see these superb animals standing at the score, filled with unknown quali-

ties of flight, and quietly awaiting the conclusion of the directions to the riders for the tap of the drum.

"At length the tap of the drum came, and instantly it struck the stationary steeds leaped forward with a start that sent everybody's heart into his mouth. With bound on bound, as if life were staked on every spring, they flew up the quarter-stretch, Lexington at the turn drawing his nose a shadow in advance, but when they reached the half-mile post — 53 seconds — both were exactly side by side. On they went at the same flying pace, Lexington, again drawing gradually forward, first his neck, then his shoulder, and increasing up the straight side amid a wild roar of cheers, flew by the stand at the end of the first mile, three-quarters of a length in the lead. 'One hundred to seventy-five on Lexington!' Time, 1.49½.

"Onward they plunge; onward without pause! What makes this throbbing at my heart? What are these brilliant brutes to me? Why do I lean forward and insensibly unite my voice with the roar of this mad multitude? Alas, I but share the infatuation of the horses, and the levelling spirit common to all strife has seized on all alike.

'Where are they now? Ah, there they fly round first turn! By heaven, Lecompte is overhauling him!'

"And so he was, for on entering the back-stretch of the second mile the hero of 7.26 made his most desperate effort, reaching first the girth, then the shoulder, then the neck of Lexington, and finally, when he reached the half-mile post, laid himself alongside him, nose by nose. Then the mass, which during the few seconds of this special struggle had been breathless with hope and fear, burst into a shout that rang for miles, and amid the din of which might be heard here and there, 'One hundred even on Lecompte!'

"But this equality was only for a moment's term. Lexington threw his eye jealously askant; Gil Patrick relaxed a little of his rein, which up to this time he had held close in hand; and without violence or startling effort, the racer of racers stole ahead, gently, but steadily and surely, as before, until he drew himself a clear length in the lead, in which position they closed the second mile. Time, 1.51.

"Again the hurrah rises as they pass the stand —'One hundred to seventy-five on Lexington!'

and swells in still wider volume when Lexington increases his one length to three, from the stand to the turn of the back-stretch. In vain Lecompte struggled; in vain he called to mind his former laurels; in vain his rider struck him with the steel; his great spirit was a sharper spur, and when his tail fell, as it did from this time out, I could imagine he felt a sinking of the heart as he saw streaming before him the waving flag of Lexington, now held straight out in race-horse fashion, and anon nervously flung up, as if it were a plume of triumph.

"'One hundred to fifty on Lexington!' The three lengths were increased to four, and again the shout arose, as in this relative condition they went for the third time over the course. Time, 1.51.

"The last crisis of the strife had now arrived, and Lecompte, if he had any resources left, must call upon them straight. So thought his rider, for the steel went to his sides; but it was in vain, he had done his best; while, as for Lexington, it seemed as if he had just begun to run. Gil Patrick now gave him a full rein, and for a time, as he went down the back-stretch, it actually seemed as if he were running for the very fun

of the thing. It was now $100 to $10 on Lexington, or any kind of odds, but there were no takers. He had the laurel in his teeth and was going for a distance.

"But at this inglorious prospect Lecompte desperately rallied, and escaped the humiliation by drawing himself a few lengths within the distance pole, while Lexington dashed past the stand, hard in hand, and actually running away with his rider — making the last mile in 1.52¼, and completing the four in the unprecedented time of 7.23¾. I say unprecedented because it beats Lecompte's 7.26, and is therefore the fastest heat that was ever made in a match."

If there was in the hearts of the people of New Orleans and of Louisiana a resentment against Lexington for this signal defeat which he had administered to their "Red River" horse, they gave no sign of it; but, on the contrary, when the Kentuckians and their friends returned to the city from the course that afternoon, there was scarce an alien in the town who was not the subject of entertainment by some citizen.

Indeed, it was the part of social New Orleans to show to the horsemen from far up the river

that they could be as gracious in defeat as they had been jubilant in victory. There were such scenes about the old Crescent City that night as one in this day and time would like to see repeated. There was an atmosphere of gentility and of delightful courtesy between the people of the extreme South and the sportsmen from along the Ohio which unfortunately does not have repetition in this more practical day of the turf.

If their hero had been deposed, the townspeople of New Orleans were quite as loud in their acclaim of the new hero who had come, and their jealousies were hidden deep down in those bosoms that were knightly enough to be generous under any circumstances while the guest was within the city gates.

And then, too, Lexington was a son of Boston, and therein he was related to the Louisiana champion, and so, after all, there was balm in Gilead because these gentlemen from the North had not brought an entire alien to give defeat to Lecompte. It took a member of the family to do that.

Lexington's return to his own Kentucky land was a processional triumph. There are still aged

gentlemen living in the South who refer to the time "when we came back from New Orleans with a boatload of money." That very river life itself on the great Mississippi steamers that left the Crescent City to bring the sportsmen northward with their bags of gold is a story in itself.

The name of Lexington was handled with scarcely less deference than that of the Deity. All over the sunny South went the word "Lexington." Far up into the North, even into parts where the race-horse was not known, travelled the word "Lexington." There came a day when any little child of America could have told you the story of Lexington. And the time is not yet past when that name is synonymous with everything that is greatest in a horse. Lexington belonged not alone to the turfmen. He was the heritage of the nation. He was Lexington in the minds of the people, and after him there were merely other horses.

That he was a greater race-horse than his sire perhaps the records may not prove. Much discussion has there been on that particular subject. Lexington's campaign was so short that, as a whalebone animal of almost impossible endurance, Boston is away above him. Yet, measured

on the time standard, Lexington was far and away superior to the horse which sired him.

However much one's personal opinion may lean to Boston or to his son Lexington, as the greatest horse which America has produced, one must be compelled to bow to the single and significant fact that Lexington was, at the close of his career, and is now in the minds of the American people, the greatest horse that ever lived this side the Atlantic Ocean. The ordinary casual observer of turf affairs imagines that Lexington must have been a most wonderful animal, racing a great number of years. And to many turfmen it will be surprising news to know that Lexington started in his first race May 22, 1853, and that he ran his last race April 14, 1855; that in two years of standing for all that was highest and best on the turf, Lexington faced the starter but seven times and met defeat but once, and that in the second affair with Lecompte, when New Orleans was packing Royal Street with its best blood and was hysterical in a Latin way over Lecompte's four miles in 7.26.

Lexington reached Kentucky from New Orleans a short time after his defeat of Lecompte in their last race, and went into the stud a per-

fectly sound horse. He opened court at the farm of Mr. Harper, at Midway, Kentucky, in that same season of 1855, and covered thirty mares.

It has just been said that he was retired a sound horse. That it was the intention of Richard Ten Broeck to retire him at that time nobody believes. Indeed, Richard Ten Broeck many, many years afterward in California said that, if nothing had happened to Lexington, he would have gone to England in the following autumn, there to have been tried against the greatest horses on the other side.

While he was at Harper's place in the summer of 1855, he was being carried along in training. And right here is a point in the history of Lexington which has never been satisfactorily cleared up, and the facts were not known to Mr. Ten Broeck ten years ago. There is a story told that while taking his gallops Lexington escaped from his stable one night, found his way into a field of green corn, and there so gorged himself that he was foundered as a result.

Unaware of his suffering from overfeeding, he was given a strong trial on a full stomach and lost his eyesight as a consequence. There is still

another story to the effect that a drunken attendant heaped his bin full of oats, and he, being what stablemen call a "good doer," so filled himself that the trial, under the circumstances, resulted so deplorably. Whatever the cause, there is no authentic history to support it. At least Mr. Ten Broeck knew of none, and certainly he should, if there was any.

At any rate, Lexington appeared never again upon the turf after the brilliant last time with Lecompte in New Orleans. And the reason Lecompte went to England later, at the suggestion of Mr. Ten Broeck, was because the hero of those four-mile magnificences had gone stone blind in Kentucky, and was a monarch with a court whose splendor he could not see.

The public career of Lexington in no wise compares with that of his sire Boston, because Lexington started in all only seven times and won six races. His total winnings, however, amounted to $56,000. It was in the stud that Lexington proved himself to be, in that respect at least, the superior of his sire. At the time of his going blind, Lexington was still the property of Mr. Ten Broeck, who at that time was in England. Mr. R. A. Alexander, the

princely owner of Woodburn Stud, went abroad in 1856 for the purpose of purchasing an English stallion. He found nothing that suited him, and curiously enough, while in England he met Mr. Ten Broeck and bought Lexington for $15,000, half of the money to be paid down and the other half to be paid if the horse should still be living when Mr. Alexander reached the farm.

Happily, Lexington's life, even in blindness, was to be a long one. Mr. Alexander secured him and took him to Woodburn. Except for a brief visit to Illinois in 1865 to save him from confiscation by the Union cavalry, Lexington remained at Woodburn farm until his death, which occurred July 1, 1876.

As the foremost racing sire of his time and the most impressive one in the American pedigrees of to-day, this intimate description of the appearance of Lexington is given.

Lexington was a blood bay, about $15\frac{3}{4}$ hands high, with fore and hind feet and pasterns and a small portion of his hind legs above pasterns white. His bones were not particularly large, except the backbone, which was unusually so. His muscle was abundant, dry, and sinewy, with-

out any cumbrous flesh; his ears, which were handsome and wide apart, were beautifully placed; his head, though not small, was bony, clean, and handsome.

His nostrils being large, the jaw-bone was uncommonly wide apart, affording abundant room for a clear and well-detached throttle.

His left eye was full and mild, though animated; his right eye had lost its convexity from disease; he had a noble countenance, indicating good temper and disposition, for which he was remarkable. His neck rose well from his shoulders and joined his head admirably. His shoulder had a very wide bone, very strong, well displayed, particularly oblique, and rose sufficiently high at the withers, without any of that superfluous neck so frequently seen to surmount the shoulders two or three inches, which cannot add to power or easy motion.

His arms came out well from the body, were sufficiently wide apart for a good chest, and were long, muscular, and strong. His back was of medium length, coupling pretty well back, a loin wide, slightly arched, and very powerful.

His body would bear the most rigid scrutiny — it looked perfection, being ribbed in the

best possible manner, and very deep throughout, which made his legs appear short, while at the same time he had a great reach.

His hips were not remarkably wide, though strong, and in the sweep, down to and embracing the hock, he had rarely an equal. His feet, though mostly white, were excellent, as were his legs, with good bone, clear strong tendons, and good proportions, uniting in their motion great ease and correctness. His action could not be surpassed; bold, free, elastic, and full of power, and, with his elegance of action and remarkable racing-like form throughout, he united great beauty and grandeur.

For fifteen years and more the sons and daughters of Lexington were the champions of the American turf. His get won $1,159,321. He sired in twenty-one seasons in the stud about six hundred horses of both sexes, and of these, two hundred and thirty-six were winners. Were they racing to-day, with the same capacity, in these times of enormous stakes, the Lexingtons would have accumulated a fabulous amount of money.

Wherever they went the Lexingtons were kings or queens. He sired Idlewild, the greatest mare of her day, who would have been as famous

as any mare that ever graced the American turf had she not been so unfortunate as to have her best racing years while the war was in progress.

In one year alone he sired the great triumvirate, Norfolk, Asteroid, and Kentucky. Fifty thousand dollars was refused for Asteroid, Kentucky sold for $40,000, and Norfolk in his racing prime could not be bought for less than the latter amount.

There are many portraits of Lexington in existence, but the most impressive one is that painted by Scott, representing him led by Black Jarrett, his groom. The head is turned outward, and we have a full view of the dull, sightless eyes. The right fore-foot is thrown out haltingly, as if feeling for clear, firm ground upon which to place it. The whole attitude of the picture speaks the infirmity of the animal, and one loving a hero cannot look at Scott's production and recall the brilliant triumphs of the horse it represents without a shade of sadness stealing into one's heart.

The glory of him, however, will not die so long as we have a turf in existence. His blood is still close up in the best of our pedigrees. No son of his succeeded him as a sire, but his daughters have been wonderful producers.

CHAPTER XVI

RACING IN WAR TIMES

It was just when Lexington began to give his great progeny to the turf world that the Civil War came on, and racing was entirely paralyzed south of Kentucky. Even during that troublous period the Lexington Association continued to give meetings, lapsing only the one season, when Kirby Smith's army was occupying the race-course. Louisville went right along at her favorite sport, and some remarkable races were run over the Woodlawn Course there, which were in a way lost because, at the time of the running, the men, of the South particularly, were busy in the trenches or on the march. Philadelphia, Paterson, New Jersey, the two or three small tracks nearer to New York, and Chicago gave occasional meetings.

Right in the very heart of the war, in 1863, the Saratoga Association first became a fact, and the track at Saratoga, now known as Horse Haven,

was opened as a race-course during the dark hours. William R. Travers, as president, Charles R. Wheatley, as secretary, and John Morissey, the pugilist Congressman, were the controlling and guiding spirits at Saratoga. Right from its inception, racing at the Spa became exceedingly popular and very fashionable.

There being so few meetings for the horses in the South, the sons and daughters of Lexington did some of their most brilliant racing around New York. It was on the old Centreville, Long Island, Course that Lexington's greatest daughter ran her grandest race and stamped herself as the best animal of her time.

Idlewild was out of Florine by imported Glencoe. This daughter of Lexington was foaled in 1857. Then in the summer of 1863, in the ownership of Captain Thomas G. Moore, she was brought North to the races. Wherever she could do so, she had met and defeated everything in the South. She was started first in Philadelphia and won a race of character there. Shortly after that, the horses being idle because there were no meetings planned for the vicinity of New York, Captain Moore leased the Centreville Course and gave a three-day entertainment.



WILLIAM R. TRAVERS

It was on the second of these days, or, to be exact, Thursday, June 25, that Idlewild accomplished the most splendid performance of her career. It was in a purse of $700 for all ages. The distance was a single dash of four miles. The renowned Jerome Edgar, by Star Davis out of Zenobia by imported Zinganee, a four-year-old running in the colors of John M. Clay, was one nomination. Reporter, a five-year-old horse by Lexington out of an Eclipse mare, was another. Dangerous, a four-year-old colt by imported Bonnie Scotland, out of that very old Fashion who had taken the measure of Boston, was a third. Idlewild, then six years old, was the fourth.

What she did on that battle-day in June in her own private warfare makes good reading to the man who knows a race-horse and has admiration for his deeds. Had the feat been accomplished at a time when the country was less passion-worn with its human affairs, the name of Idlewild would perhaps have become as famous as that of her distinguished sire, Lexington.

Still, though the horsemen of the country were conspicuous among the warriors at the front, when the meagre news of Idlewild's accomplishment

reached the two armies it was camp-fire talk and trench tattle even when the minié balls were singing a death song over the heads of the men in the ditches.

This performance of Idlewild stands out so particularly and peculiarly on account of some conditions surrounding it that a brief account of the race is of exceptional value.

The report of this effort of hers is short, but comprehensive. It was this: —

"Centreville, Long Island, June 25, 1863. Dangerous had the inside — the blind side of the mare; Jerome on the outside was on that of her good eye. She, sandwiched in between, reminded one of the great Queen Bess, with Philip of Spain on one side and Louis of France on the other, and more than a match, in craft and power, for both. At the word they jumped off together, but Idlewild was soonest on her legs in earnest, for she was ahead of the others going round the turn. But Tommy Patton's orders were to wait, and he pulled her to the rear as soon as he could.

"Gil Patrick on Jerome Edgar now made the running, but not at a strong pace. At the half-mile pole he was four lengths ahead of Dangerous,

and the mare as much behind that stout little horse. Idlewild was pulling as hard as Glenartney when Lord Jersey's other colt, Mameluke, beat him for the Derby, and all the fielders exclaimed, 'If the bridle had a-broke, he couldn't have lost it.'

"Going around the turn, Tommy indulged the mare with a little of her head, and she ran by Dangerous, taking a place about three lengths from Jerome, while the other colt fell as much behind her. Thus they came along to the stand in 1 minute 59 seconds, the pace not having been strong in any portion of the mile.

"Perhaps Gil Patrick now received a signal to that effect, for they were no sooner out of the crowd than he put on steam. The mare followed suit and maintained her relative position, but Dangerous fell a little more in the rear.

"The pace was maintained by Jerome all through the mile, which was run in 1 minute 48½ seconds. Idlewild just lay about three lengths behind the leader, while Dangerous was some five behind her when they came to the stand. Another mile was run, and there was no change worth mentioning in the relative positions of the horses, save that Dangerous dropped a little

further back. This mile was not quite as fast as the second, 1 minute 51 seconds being the time of running it.

"Meanwhile Thompson, the trainer of Idlewild, had begun to feel a little nervous excitability. 'Tommy,' said he to Captain Moore, as the horses ran along the back-stretch, 'is laying too far off. Tell him to move up a little when they come along.'

"'I shan't tell him anything of the kind; he's doing well enough,' was the reply.

"As they ran along the back-stretch of the fourth mile the mare began to creep toward Jerome Edgar. At the half-mile there was but a length of daylight between them.

"Now the great struggle in reality began. Inch by inch the stride of the mare closed the gap of daylight. Soon it was all gone. And then steadily, but inevitably, as the shadow of the moon during an eclipse advances over the face of the sun, she forereached to his head.

"But Jerome was not to be passed, and steamed away from her. Carefully nursed by Gil Patrick, he had a run yet in him, even at the rate they were going. Neck and neck with the mare in the hollow of the turn, as though cheered on by

the clarion voice of Clay of Kentucky, the capital game colt raced.

"As they swung into the home-stretch the mare had about half a length the best of it and no more. Once in the straight, however, her stroke, strong and elastic as the Saxon bow that strewed the field of Cressy, soon decided the matter. She got clear of her gallant opponent, took the track, and won it by two lengths (such was the fiat of the judge) in 7.26¼, the last mile having been run in 1.47¾. Dangerous was at the end of the iron rails away down the stretch.

"The race could have been run faster, for the horses lost time by taking 1.59 for the first mile. The last three miles were done in the best time ever made for three consecutive miles, viz., 5.27¼. Brown Dick's was 5.28, and instead of 86 pounds, he ought to have had 104 pounds up, to have made him even with what these horses carried.

"There was a shout at the finish, but an indescribable feeling that something extraordinary had been accomplished kept the majority still. It ran through the crowd like a stream of magnetism, and when the true time was announced, the sensations of the multitude were too deep

for utterance. The dream of years was gone forever.

"Fashion's time! Why, not only had Idlewild beaten it by more than six seconds, but Mr. Clay's colt had knocked Plutonic bells out of it. As a horse running at the rate of 1.50 covers sixteen yards in one second of time, he made the four miles in an appreciable quantity less than 7.27. Even Fashion's own son could have come very near her time, if not made it, had he been ridden out.

"Oh, venerable friends! Is it true, that which Captain Moore hath often said of late to us, when we have verbally descanted on the belief of ancient worthies that Fashion's time could not be beaten on Long Island! 'Fashion's time be—! What's the use of your listening to them old fogies!'"

Summary

Centreville Course, L.I., June 25. Purse and stake of $700; 4-mile dash for all ages; weight for age.

T. G. Moore's b. m. Idlewild, 6 yrs., by Lexington, dam by Glencoe; 117 lbs. *Tom Patton* 1

John M. Clay's b. c. Jerome Edgar, 4 yrs., by Star Davis, out of Zenobia, by imp. Zinganee; 104 lbs. *Gil Patrick* 2

M. Morris's ch. c. Dangerous, 4 yrs., by imp. Bonnie Scotland, out of Fashion; 104 lbs. *Gordon Davison* . 3

Reporter paid forfeit.

Time of first mile	1.59
Time of second mile	1.48½
Time of third mile	1.51
Time of fourth mile	1.47¾
Total time, four miles . . .	7.26¼

CHAPTER XVII

THE HOUSE OF LEXINGTON

From Lexington and the daughters of Glencoe descended the three horses, Kentucky, Norfolk, and Asteroid, that made such a great stir in the racing world at the close of our Civil War. Kentucky was out of Magnolia, and he was bred at classic Ashland, by John M. Clay, a son of the Great Commoner. Mr. Clay, by the way, was one of the most successful of American breeders. October 6, 1863, Kentucky, then two years old, won his first race at Paterson, New Jersey; and on the 7th of June, 1864, at Paterson, he lost his first race, being defeated for the Derby sweepstakes, one mile and a half dash, by his half-brother and rival, Norfolk, out of Novice. This defeat led to a long and bitter controversy. Norfolk was taken to California by Mr. Theodore Winters, consequently the two horses never again met on the turf to decide the question of superiority.

Immediately after winning his first race, Kentucky was sold to Mr. John F. Purdy, who transferred him to W. R. Travers, Esq. His turf career was a brilliant one, he vanquishing everything that presumed to cross his path. Ultimately he was sold to Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, for $40,000, and later became the property of Mr. August Belmont.

While Kentucky was winning fame in the East, his half-brother, Asteroid, out of Nebula, was achieving renown in the West. The latter was owned by his breeder, R. A. Alexander, Esq., the proprietor of Woodburn, and at Louisville he had distinguished himself by meeting and triumphing over Loadstone, running the first mile of the second heat of a two-mile race in the marvellous time of 1 minute 44 seconds.

In California Norfolk was winning golden opinions. Lodi disputed the championship of the Pacific Coast with him, and the races that they contested excited the admiration of the world. First, Norfolk defeated Lodi, a son of Yorkshire, at the Union Park, Sacramento, September 18, 1865, a race of two-mile heats. This, however, was but the prelude to a fiercer and more sanguinary battle. At the same place

they came together, September 23, in a race of three-mile heats, each confident of victory. The struggle in the first heat was terrible, both horses running with astonishing power, Norfolk passing the winning score with Lodi lapped upon his quarter, in the unprecedented time of 5 minutes $27\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. The second heat also was won by Norfolk, in the fast time of 5 minutes $29\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, Lodi gaining coming down the home-stretch, with the right fore foot spurting blood at every stride. The spirit of the blood-horse is unconquerable. He will proudly struggle on through pain and distress, when less heroic animals would give up the contest.

Distance separated the three Lexingtons; each had won renown on fields widely apart. Each was claimed the superior of the other, and it was the fond dream of enthusiastic turfmen to bring them together in a race for the honors of supremacy. But the dream was never realized. The controversy between the friends of Kentucky and Asteroid, especially, was marked with much feeling, and the names of the two horses were daily in the mouths of thousands.

In September, 1866, the people were gratified by the announcement that Asteroid had arrived

at Jerome Park, had come from the West to meet Kentucky on the theatre of his triumphs. He was engaged to run in the Inauguration Stake, at Jerome Park, and Kentucky could not avoid meeting him here. When it was known that Asteroid had left his paddock at Woodburn to journey East, the excitement was intense in turf circles, and the trains brought to New York crowds from all parts of the Union, even from far-off Texas. The coming race was the all-absorbing topic of conversation. Every morning hundreds of visitors went out to Jerome Park to see the horses at work. Asteroid was one of the grandest looking horses that ever trod the turf, and one had but to see him to learn to admire. Kentucky was also a magnificent appearing animal, and his friends maintained confidence in his prowess.

But one Sunday morning a gloom fell upon all hearts. Lip spoke to lip, and the intelligence rapidly spread that Asteroid had broken down in a trial gallop in the mud — had sprung a tendon, and his career as a racer was abruptly brought to a close. The disappointment was great. Sad faces were seen on all the drives leading to the Park; and, as the story was told,

a tear dimmed more than one eye unused to weeping.

Asteroid returned to the West to luxuriate in the stud; and the fond dream of seeing him measure strides with Kentucky was at an end. Kentucky was not satisfied with the laurels he had won. He aspired to eclipse the great performance of his sire. He was backed to run against time — four miles in 7 minutes and 20 seconds, carrying 120 pounds.

The trial took place Thursday, October 17, 1867, in the presence of twenty thousand people at Jerome Park. The day was beautiful, one of the softest of gloriously tinted autumn. Kentucky was badly ridden, was outpaced in the first two miles, and he lost the race by $11\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. The only time that the people ever saw him show signs of distress on the turf was coming down the home-stretch, in the last mile; he was weak, tottering, and his courage failed him. Had he been properly managed, on that lovely October day, we do not think that he could have been successful. The task was too great for him — he was overmatched. He carried too much weight; and every ounce tells upon the speed and endurance of a horse, especially in

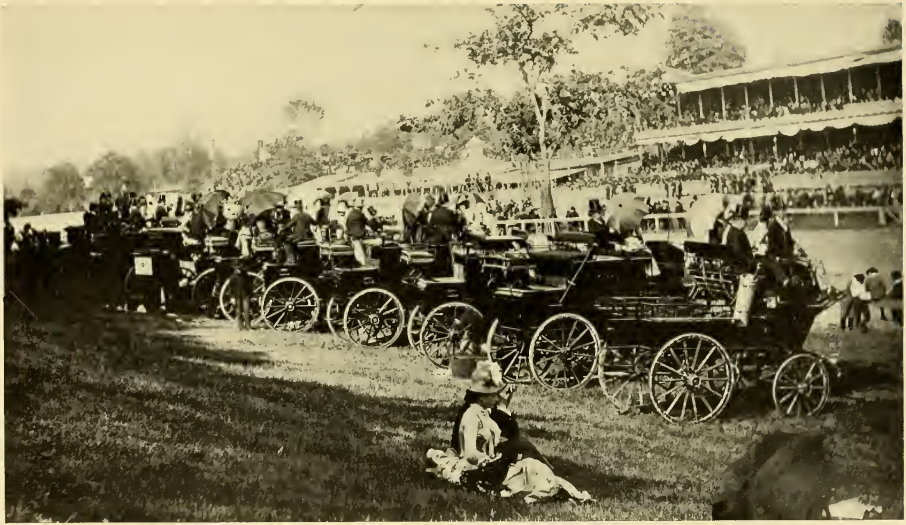
a struggle of four miles. By weight you can reduce the fleetest and gamest racer in the world to the level of the most common hack. Kentucky was not a stronger horse than Lexington was, and Lexington, when he ran four miles in 7.19¾, carried but 103 pounds.

The rivalry between Norfolk, Asteroid, and Kentucky, though exciting a little unpleasant feeling between men of different sections, was a good thing for the turf. The war had swept away the racing institutions of the South, the breeding studs were broken up, and the blood-horse bridled and made to do service in the army. When the sounds of strife were heard throughout the land, life-currents gushed from ghastly wounds, and homes were desolate, the people had no heart for the pastimes of the turf; racing was abandoned, horses of royal lineage scattered; and, when the war closed, the old jockey clubs were disorganized — bankrupt.

The performances of the three great sons of Lexington roused sinking courage and directed attention to the turf. It was a theatre on which men of all political opinions could meet in social enjoyment; it called the thoughts from the harrowing scenes of the past and gave a silver lining

to the dark cloud which overhung the future. The people were sick of war and the wrangles growing out of it, and they turned to the turf with eagerness. It was the only practical means of reunion at the time. Men who, a few months before, had faced each other on the battle-field, stood side by side on the race-course, enthusiastically applauding the silken-coated thoroughbreds. Where the horses ran, there the men from the South and the men from the North met to exchange cordial greetings.

The rivalry between Asteroid, Kentucky, and Norfolk added fuel to the flame, and the racing fever grew hotter day after day. The fever spread, and the glory of the turf was revived in the North. Men of capital came to the support of racing, and the management of the parks was made above reproach. Fashion smiled upon each enterprise, and the shame of the past — the disgrace which attended the decline of the Long Island race-courses — was forgotten. At Paterson, at Secaucus, and at Saratoga, crowds assembled to witness the speed contests; and when Jerome Park was constructed and the gates thrown open to the public, Fashion erected her throne on the club-house balcony, and from



JEROME PARK

it sent forth her imperial edicts. As the South prospered anew, she began to reorganize her jockey clubs, and soon the turf was again in a flourishing condition. Mobile had her Magnolia Course, New Orleans her Metairie Course, Memphis her Chickasaw Jockey Club, Nashville her Blood-horse Association, Louisville her Woodlawn Course, Lexington her Association Course, St. Louis her Laclede Jockey Club, Cincinnati her Buckeye Jockey Club, Zanesville her racing park, Chillicothe the same, New York her Jerome Park, and Saratoga her popular course. In addition to these, running meetings immediately after the war were held at Chicago, Narragansett Park, Springfield (Mass.), Boston, Columbus (Ohio), and other places. The two New Jersey courses, Paterson and Secaucus, were unable to stand up against the powerful rivalry of Jerome Park, but a magnificent racing park at Long Branch was thrown open to the public in the summer of 1870.

For a few years just preceding the war, and during that unfortunate time, the turf in a way fell off lamentably. The horses were even of higher abilities than the general run of those which had preceded them, because continued

discretion in breeding had built them up into a magnificent type. But that element which regards a race-horse as a gambling instrument pure and simple had almost got in control of racing, especially in the East where the best racing should have been conducted.

It was when Jerome Park was opened, in 1866, that practically a new era was begun, and we saw for the first time in the vicinity of New York courses crowded with the wealth and aristocracy and fashion of the city.

This course at Fordham was fitted up with all the elegances that wealth could purchase, and there is not in existence a track to-day which is so beautiful to the eye as Jerome Park was.

Nor do we yet have race meetings where the sport itself is conducted upon a higher plane, or at which horses run grander races, than they did over the irregular-shaped pieces of ground at Fordham. The rough element who had made the tracks about New York unpopular for the last ten or fifteen years were kept completely in subjection, and Dame Fashion flaunted her skirts on the bright Jerome afternoons without fear.

The most distinguished men in the country

visited Jerome Park and were entertained there by private parties. The gowns to be seen were as rich as those one may admire at the Grand Prix in Paris. One afternoon General Grant, Admiral Farragut, and Madame Ristori were separately guests of different parties at the Jerome Park races. The fame of the meetings at Jerome Park spread over the country and stimulated the organization of new jockey clubs on high planes of conduct and led to the revival of some of the old institutions. There was a distinct improvement in the odor of the turf; and it has never since been permitted to become degraded, though it has stood many storms and has been many times threatened. William Travers Jerome, August Belmont, M. H. Sanford, R. W. Cameron, Lewis G. Morris, one of the oldest of Eastern breeders, began to be conspicuous as owners. The success of Jerome Park stimulated the Southerners to action, and they began to build up their broken fences, and once more the thoroughbred came into his own in the South.

CHAPTER XVIII

HARRY BASSETT AND LONGFELLOW

Since the days of the reconstruction of the turf there has been such a great number of splendid races run upon American courses that to enumerate all of them would require volumes. We can have affair only with those great individuals which came out from time to time between the years of the great four-mile past and the present.

It was 1870 before another real champion appeared in this country. That was Harry Bassett. Harry Bassett was as a race-horse what Bonaparte was as a military chieftain. He had his victories and he met with disasters, but whether the victor or the defeated, he was the central figure upon which all eyes rested. It was the popular tribute to greatness. The *vox populi* said he was great; and the same voice which proclaimed him great as the conqueror of the Belmont, the Kenner, and the Dixie, when he died

drew the mantle of charity about him and regretted that he had his Maturity, as the French will ever mourn that Bonaparte had his Waterloo.

Harry Bassett was foaled in 1868, bred by Mr. A. J. Alexander, Woodburn Stud, Spring Station, Kentucky, by Lexington, dam Canary Bird by imported Albion. Harry Bassett was a rich golden chestnut, with two white stockings behind, and a diamond-shaped spot commencing above the eyes, and extending well down to the nostrils. At the yearling sale of Woodburn Stud, 1869, he was purchased by Colonel David McDaniel, of Stony Brook, at $315. His appearance at that early age gave no promise of his brilliant future. He was then of rather medium size, and no one was more than passively impressed by his form. He was brought East, and Colonel McDaniel was much pleased with his new purchase.

He was trained the following spring and soon developed the easy way of getting over the ground and the high rate of speed which afterward gave him so many grand successes over all rivals. He was a colt of remarkable constitution, a liberal feeder, and had perfect health, therefore trained kindly, and was remarkably

precocious as a youngster. This was unusual with the sons and daughters of Lexington, who, as a rule, wanted age to sustain their remarkable powers. It is altogether probable that he inherited his early developed qualities from his grandsire Albion, whose offspring were generally smart young things and captured most of the two-year-old events which fell in their way. He had the form of the Albions from the girth back, being unusually round of body, with hoop-like ribs, perhaps slightly light in the flank when in racing form, excellent back and loin, and smooth, well-turned quarters, as finished as an artist's model. His legs were perfect, and he inherited these from both sides. From the girth forward he was the picture of Colonel William R. Johnson's beau ideal of a horse, Sir Archy. His fore feet stood back almost under the girth — so far back that he seemed to lean over — but his fore legs were strong, his arms broad, with long, smooth muscles bracing them like plates of steel laid one upon another, with that accuracy that nature alone is the author of. The withers were slightly higher than the apex of the loin and croup, and his neck rose beautifully, arched like that of Sir Archy, and the whole contour of his

head and neck were remarkably similar to those of his distinguished ancestor. His countenance was bright, intelligent, and impressive, but in front he was not of the smooth mould in symmetry that he was in the rear. He was strong, powerful, and good in front; in rear he was smooth and elegant.

His first appearance in public was at Saratoga, July 15, 1870, when two years old. The McDaniel confederacy were sure of victory, and played the colt to win a heavy stake through the pool-box. They did not believe he could lose. The contest was for the Saratoga Stakes, a dash of three-quarters of a mile. When the flag fell and he was urged forward, the colt (then unnamed) made a blunder, fell to his knees, and came near unseating his jockey. He did not get away until all chances of winning were extinguished. He continued the pursuit, however, and finished third to Mary Louise and Mr. Jerome's filly by Kentucky out of Ariel. Temptress, Elsie, Mascus, Idaho, Fanchon, and His Lordship were behind him.

Saratoga, August 13, he won the Kentucky Stakes, one mile, beating Buckshot, Susan Beane, Aureola, Mr. Morris's Eclipse-Slasher

Barbarity filly, Mr. Withers' Leamington-Bapta filly, Idaho, and Lilla Harness in 1.51¼. Jerome Park, October 5, he won the Nursery Stakes, beating O'Donnell's Lightning-Sovereign filly, Elsie, Fanchon, Mary Clark, Todd's Harry Booth-Engineer colt, Frivolity, Aureola, Girl of My Heart, Precedent, Mr. Jerome's Kentucky-Mary Biddle filly, Mr. Hoxey's Engineer-Planet filly, Ethel Sprague, Leme, and the Kentucky-Ariel filly, time 1.49¼. Baltimore, October 26, he won the Supper Stakes, beating Madame Dudley, one mile, in 1.49¼. This closed his two-year-old career, and it is safe to say that but for his mishap in his first race he would have won all of his engagements. His winnings for the year amounted to $7100.

Harry Bassett began his third year in public at Jerome Park, June 8, where he won the Belmont Stakes, one mile and five furlongs, beating Stockwood, By the Sea, John Merryman, Newport, Mary Clark, Wanderer, Tubman, Monarchist, Nellie Gray, and Edwin in 2.56. Long Branch, July 4, he won the Jersey Derby, one mile and a half, beating Monarchist, Idaho, Wanderer, Collodia, Rounder, Nathan Oaks, Astronomer, and George Wallace in 2.52¼.

Saratoga, July 12, he won the Travers Stakes, one mile and three-quarters, beating Nellie Gray, Alroy, Hampton, George Wallace, Eolus, and By the Sea in 3.21¾. Same place, August 12, won Kenner Stakes, two miles, beating Nellie Ransom, Alroy, Winesap, Eolus, Nathan Oaks, and Express in 3.35¾. Jerome Park, October 7, won Champion Stakes, two miles, beating Monarchist, Alroy, Mary Clark, Nellie Ransom, and Stockwood in 3.54¾. Same place, October 14, won purse of $600, one mile and three-quarters, beating Finesse, Judge Durrell, Morlacchi, and Vespucius in 3.16¾. Baltimore, October 24, walked over for the Reunion Stakes, two miles. Same place, October 25, beat Preakness and Telegram, two miles and a half, for a purse of $800, in 5.41¼. Same place, October 30, beat Helmbold for the Bowie Stakes, four-mile heats, over a course deep in mud, in 7.54¾, 8.03½.

This closed his history as a three-year-old. He ran nine times without losing a heat or race. His winnings for the year amounted to the sum of $33,350. Several of his races were run over heavy tracks. This was the case in the Travers at Saratoga, and also when he beat Preakness and Telegram at Baltimore, and

Helmbold, at the same place, for the Bowie Stakes. He met horses of acknowledged merit in all of his races. The mention of the names of Mary Clarke, Morlacchi, Wanderer, Monarchist, Nellie Gray, Preakness, Helmbold, and Stockwood is sufficient evidence of this fact.

Entering his fourth year, Harry Bassett had more reputation as a successful race-horse than any other then upon the turf. At this time there was a horse in Kentucky who had, by repeated conquests in the South and East, made an impression upon the people of the former section that he was able to compete successfully with this magnificent son of Lexington. It is hardly necessary to say that this was Longfellow, the son of imported Leamington out of Nantura by Counterplot, alias Brawner's Eclipse. He was a year older than Harry Bassett, was a rich brown, of massive frame and prodigious speed, was owned by Mr. John Harper, an old bachelor, the possessor of a fine estate in the region of blue-grass, in Kentucky. He had a keen taste for a fine horse, had had years of experience on the turf and also in rearing and breeding racers. To a strong mind and sound native judgment he had the advantage of a familiarity with horse-

flesh through these long years, and, as he was of a reflective cast of mind, necessarily profited by the advantages of extended observation. Longfellow was a great favorite with Mr. Harper. When a conqueror of Harry Bassett was sought for by those who believed he was overrated as a horse of courage, all eyes naturally turned to Kentucky, to Longfellow, as the only horse within the limits of the Union to successfully perform the task.

Gentlemen visiting the East during the year 1871 had seen Nellie Gray, Nellie Ransom, Stockwood, Monarchist, Alroy, Mary Clark, Helmbold, Wanderer, Elsie, Mary Louise, and other acknowledged good ones go down before the terrible stride of the Eastern crack. At these repeated results they were both disappointed and chagrined. It is known to all habitués of the race-course that

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast"

to conquer any courser who may become the chief of chieftains in his day.

When gentlemen from the South gave it as their opinion that Longfellow could beat Bassett, Eastern turfmen laughed at the idea, and offered

to back their favorite heavily. Longfellow and Mr. Harper had visited the East during the year 1871, and although he made much reputation as a good horse, he met defeat at the hands of Helmbold, at Saratoga, on a heavy track, over the longest course known to the turf in modern times. This was very mortifying to Mr. Harper and his Southern friends, so that next year, when the respective admirers of the two horses began to discuss their relative merits, and arguments waxed warmer with each successive meeting, Mr. Harper decided to again make the circuit of the East and test the strength of the great favorite.

In the meantime Harry Bassett entered upon his third campaign. At Jerome Park, June 8, 1872, he defeated Lyttleton for the Westchester Cup, two miles and a quarter, in 4.18¼; no others started. Lyttleton was the stable companion of Longfellow, and in point of merit was understood to be only a shade inferior to his celebrated associate. He was sent out in this contest, therefore, as was understood at the time, to take the measure of Harry Bassett. Same place, June 13, he distanced Matella, in the first heat of two miles, in 3.39¼. Up to this time Harry Bassett

had won fourteen races without losing a heat or race.

Long Branch was the next point. Both Harry Bassett and Longfellow were engaged in the Monmouth Cup, a dash of two miles and a half. It was placed on the programme of July 2. An immense concourse of people assembled to witness the trial of the issues joined between the rival celebrities for first honors, and a more thoroughly disappointed assemblage has rarely gathered on an American race-course. Longfellow won with such ease as to throw suspicion upon the fairness of the contest, and the criticisms of the press, though evidently without the facts to justify them, were severe beyond measure. Harry Bassett was found to be out of condition, and Colonel McDaniel took him promptly in hand for the Saratoga meeting, where he was again engaged to meet the great Kentuckian.

Uncle John Harper brought Longfellow to the North primarily to win the Monmouth Cup, and secondarily to beat Harry Bassett. Both those things Longfellow did in such a way that the Eastern world acclaimed him. After Monmouth came the meeting at Saratoga. It was in the middle of July of the year 1872. Above every

other feature which the racing season then had to offer was the meeting for the second time between Harry Bassett and Longfellow. It was then generally known that at their previous introduction Harry Bassett had not been quite himself, and his signal defeat in the Monmouth Cup was attributed to lack of condition.

At Saratoga no such excuse could be offered for him, because he was as perfect in bone, sinew, muscle, and flesh as human hands could make him when he lined up alongside the horse from Kentucky for the two miles and a quarter of the Saratoga Cup.

And it was such a race! On that brilliant Saratoga afternoon when Longfellow appeared in front of the stand with all his lofty grandeur of appearance and marks of high estate he was loudly cheered. Harry Bassett was well received by his friends, but the multitude favored the big one from old Kentucky.

They cantered to the head of the stretch together, turned, and broke away head and head at the first jump. There was a third horse in the race, but he cut no figure. At the very start it is almost certain that Longfellow struck the quarter of his near fore foot and twisted his plate.

They came on at a strong pace, Harry Bassett slightly in the lead, and at the stand the latter was a short length ahead. Longfellow ran under a very hard pull. He soon got to Bassett's girths and then was taken back again. It seemed that he could have collared Harry Bassett at any time. The first mile back to the head of the stretch was run in 1.45½. Coming down the home-stretch the second time the pace was increased to the stand, where Longfellow was at Bassett's head. On the turn, running on the inside, Bassett led a little again. But once more Longfellow hauled up on him and was going strongly and gamely. All this time he must have been much incommoded by the plate, which had doubled itself and bedded into the sole of his foot.

They had now run a mile and a half, and the pace for the last half-mile had been very great. It had been run in better than 50 seconds. Soon after passing the quarter-pole Longfellow faltered in his stride, and his rider had to call on him. It was the first call which he had heard in that season. He answered with the finest resolution.

But something had gone wrong. Longfellow faltered, gave a lurch in his stride, and then

spread his fore legs so wide that you might have rolled a barrel between them. The boy pulled him together and called upon him the second time. With a noble effort he got up to Bassett's girths again, as the latter was doing all he knew.

Longfellow, wabbling in his stride, still fighting, still struggling, still answering the call of his boy, forced Harry Bassett out to the very last ounce to beat him a length.

The shouts of the great multitude rent the afternoon air. But the acclamation for Harry Bassett was quickly and gallantly changed to expressions of sorrow for Longfellow when they saw the Kentucky horse trying to pull up. When the boy endeavored to stop the big horse, Longfellow's pain was so terrible that twice he came near falling on his head. With difficulty he finally came to a standstill, and then, as he limped back to the judges' stand his progress was marked by only three hoof-prints in the dust of the course. The fourth foot he did not put down at all.

After the race the great horse stood in his box, holding the foot upon its mangled edge, and as each visitor came in he would turn his

large eyes upon him and then drop them to his foot, as if asking sympathy for his misfortune. Old John Harper of Kentucky, who had brought a real race-horse to a good man's country to meet the best of them, sat leaning on his stick, gazing at the horse, with big tears trickling down his face.

Small wonder, then, that when Longfellow was loaded on the cars and old John Harper headed himself mournfully away for the blue-grass land, where the future home for Longfellow must be, that hundreds and hundreds of the men who love a horse for the things which a horse may do crowded about the car to see the last of the hero that had come and had conquered, and had gone away with defeat upon him only because the wounds of his strife barred him from victory.

The meeting at Saratoga began July 13, and on that day Harry Bassett won the All-Aged Sweepstakes, one mile and a quarter, beating Victoria, Lyttleton, and Ortolan in 2.11¼.

Same place, July 19, Bassett again defeated Lyttleton, this time at three miles, in 5.43¾. Same place, August 21, he beat Mary Louise two miles and a quarter over a heavy course in 5.06. He won by twenty lengths. He then

came to Jerome Park, where he won a three-quarter mile dash, beating Elsie, Fadladeen, Lochiel, Hattie O'Neil, Nema, Henrietta, and Wheatley in 1.17¾. This race was run October 2, and on the 5th he was defeated by Monarchist for the Maturity Stakes in 5.34½, and at the same place, October 12, he was again defeated by Monarchist at four miles.

Thus ended his fourth year, the third of his eventful career upon the turf. He ran twelve races, of which he won nine, of the net value of $9130. The reader will observe, however, that Harry Bassett did not retain to the close of the season unimpaired the extraordinary powers which he displayed in the preceding season.

He first appeared as a five-year-old at Saratoga, July 26, where he was unplaced to Crockford, three-quarters of a mile, in 1.17¼. Same place, July 29, he was second to his stable companion, Joe Daniels, for the Saratoga Cup. Joe Daniels had been selected for first place. True Blue was third, and Wanderer unplaced. The track was muddy and holding, and Harry Bassett made the running; time, 4.10¾. Same place, August 2, he was third to Hubbard and Wanderer, at three miles, in 5.34.

Jerome Park, October 4, he was unplaced to Preakness for the Manhattan Handicap. Same place, October 11, he was second to Preakness for the Grand National Handicap, two miles and a quarter, in 4.08¾. Same place, October 15, won Handicap Sweepstakes, two miles, beating Katie Pease, Merodac, Village Blacksmith, Victoria, Warlike, and Wheatley in 3.39¾.

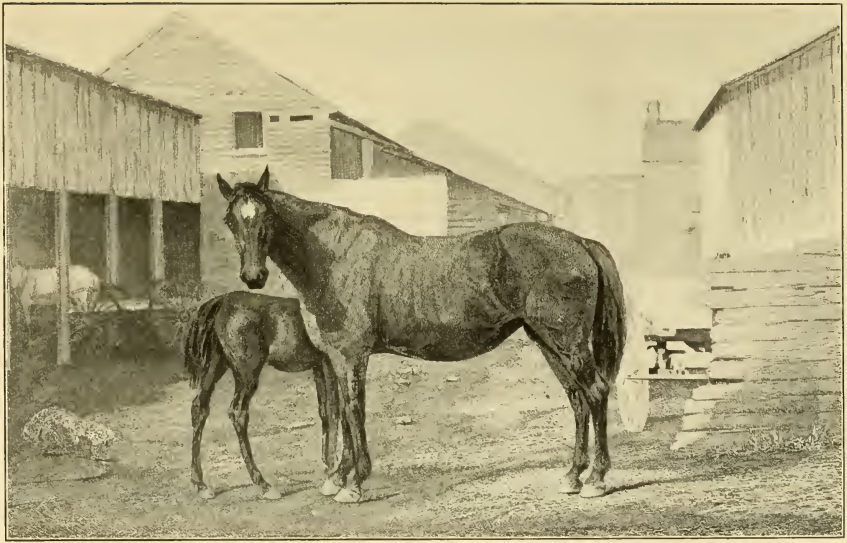
Baltimore, October 25, beat Shylock, Warlike, M. A. B., Dick Jackson, and Lady Clyde, two-mile heats, in the mud, in 3.56, 3.57¾. M. A. B., Lady Clyde, and Dick Jackson were distanced in the first heat. October 27, was distanced by True Blue in the first heat of four miles; time 7.49. The winnings of Harry Bassett this year amounted to $1600.

Entering his sixth and last year, Harry Bassett appeared first at Jerome Park, October 3, 1874. He had closed the preceding year so much impaired that he was not brought to the post during the early part of the season. He was beaten in his first race, three-quarters of a mile, by Countess, with Mr. Cameron's Warminster-Sophia filly second, and Harry Bassett third, Audubon and Lotta Moon behind him; time 1.16¾. Same place, October 7, he was

unplaced to Grinstead, mile and a half, in 2.40¾.

Baltimore, October 20, he won a dash of one mile, beating a field of fifteen, as follows: Gray Planet, Lotta Moon, Audubon, Stanford, Keene Richards, Storm, Chief Engineer, Boz, Carolina, Resolute, Rosebud, Frank, O'Neil, First Chance, and Jury, in 1.44½. This exhibition of speed revived the hopes of the McDaniel confederacy, for the great horse seemed to be himself again. How uncertain are calculations upon the future! This was a striking repetition of this fact, for two days after, October 22, he ran his last race. He started in a contest of two miles and a half, and was cut down by Balankeel, and unplaced in the race. The wound he received, which in all probability deprived him of a brilliant victory, was on the hind leg just below the hock, and it was so severe that he carried the evidence of it to the day of his death. His winnings for the year were $350, and he won during his remarkable turf existence the handsome sum of $51,530.

He now retired and went into the stud at Stony Brook. There his success was wholly inadequate to his merit.



FASHION

CHAPTER XIX

TURF AFFAIRS OF CALIFORNIA

The next events which attracted national attention after these contests between Longfellow and Harry Bassett were the four-mile races of California. The early pioneers, going out to that new country and travelling across the plains, took with them some of the best stock that had been bred in America. Just as it took a man of unusual quality to stand the pains and distresses of the overland journey, so it required a horse of unusual stamina and courage to face the fatigue and the trials attendant upon such a long and arduous trip.

The majority of the early movers to California were Southerners, and when they started on the dim trail from Saint Joe, Missouri, it was the habit of each Southern man to have for himself as a mount the best horse available. It occurred, then, that many thoroughbreds were taken across the plains to the Pacific coast in

those early days of the settlement of that country, and almost at the birth of California they began breeding and racing out there. The strains of blood were drawn from Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and even from Old England.

As a result of this, there had grown up in California a number of breeding establishments, and in 1876 were founded two of the most famous ones we have had in America. E. J. Baldwin, the mining operator, otherwise known as "Lucky" Baldwin, began the systematic breeding of thoroughbreds at his now famous Santa Anita ranch near Los Angeles, California. In the same year United States Senator Leland Stanford established Palo Alto. Both gentlemen went to Kentucky and Tennessee for the foundation of their studs. Baldwin bought Grinstead and Rutherford. Senator Stanford secured Wildidle, a son of that mare Idlewild whose name has been mentioned in this story as being the most brilliant daughter of Lexington.

Racing in the East at that time were True Blue, Katie Pease, and other horses of some renown over a distance of ground. The Californians have always been most excellent sportsmen. They had in their own country a horse

called Thad Stevens. He had defeated everything in his own land, and the Californians had an idea that he was the best horse in America at going the old-time distances. The result of the thought was the offering of a great purse to be run on the Ocean Course at San Francisco.

The great four-mile heat race for the $20,000 purse given by the Pacific Jockey Club took place at the Ocean View Park, on November 15, 1873. It had been looked forward to by the turfmen of both the East and West as the great event of the year, and the interest exhibited as to the result was not confined to any section of the country. But it turned out a comparatively poor affair after all. So far as the attendance was concerned, the efforts of the Jockey Club were rewarded with a grand success; for never before did so many people come together to witness any race on the Pacific coast as congregated at the Ocean View, the attendance far exceeding in point of numbers and respectability the great contests between Norfolk and Lodi in 1865.

The entries were four in number — Thad Stevens, aged, by Langford out of Mary Chilton, 114 pounds; True Blue, four years, by Lexing-

ton out of Balloon, 108 pounds; Joe Daniels, four years, by Australian out of Dolly Carter, 108 pounds; Hubbard, four years, by Planet out of Minnie Mansfield, 108 pounds; and Mamie Hall, aged, by Norfolk. Of these the speedy son of Planet was the only absentee, he having gone amiss in his training several days prior to the race. Had he come to the post in good condition, the interest would have been greatly augmented, and he would have received strong support. As it was, however, the race was the only topic of conversation during the week, and speculation as to the result was general. Everybody that was anybody had an opinion to ventilate. Thad Stevens was very naturally "booked" by the Californians, and his victory over Joe Daniels but a month previously, when he won a second heat in 7.30 (the best second heat then on record) clearly indicated that he was worthy of being rated with the best long-distance horses of the day. Joe Daniels had also many friends who laid their money without fear; and the most recent arrival from the East, True Blue, was highly thought of. But many argued that the latter's long journey by rail put the chances of his winning beyond the range of possibility, and

that he could not, in the short time intervening between his arrival and the day of the race, be "keyed up" sufficiently to beat such horses as he would have to encounter.

When the horses were in turn brought out, they were the cynosure of fifty thousand eyes, and each underwent a critical examination. Joe Daniels, the game and speedy son of Australian and Dolly Carter, was the first to put in an appearance. He moved along the track with a springy, elastic step, and his action in his preliminary canter was greatly admired by the multitude present. Many of the good judges thought that he was drawn a trifle too fine for such a long and severe race; and those who had seen him in his best form at the Eastern tracks, when he was under the watchful eye and control of one of the captains of the "Old Guard," the veteran McDaniel, averred that Joe was not himself, and boldly gave it as their opinion that he would not last the race out. But the gallant manner in which he acquitted himself in the terrific contest that followed showed that the "prophets" had counted without their host. About a minute afterward, the pride of California, the mighty Thad Stevens, was led past the stand, and in-

stantly a rousing cheer broke the stillness that prevailed, and the excitement of the day was inaugurated. He looked well, and it was quite evident to the experienced eye that George Treat had given him the "grand preparation." He looked like anything but a race-horse and was possessed of as sensational a history as any horse in America. As he galloped off in his warming-up exercise, True Blue came into view, led by his trainer, the crafty Tim Robbins, and the gallant little representative of the Lexington line also received a warm reception. His coat was glossy and his eye was bright, but he had a nervous, restless appearance. He looked every inch the race-horse, and his party was full of confidence. In the meantime there was the wildest excitement in the neighborhood of the betting stand, where everybody seemed to be striving to become financially interested in the result of the great struggle about to take place. Thad Stevens was in such great demand that he speedily became the favorite over the field, the figures in the last pool sold being as follows: Thad Stevens, $340; True Blue, $155; Joe Daniels, $75; and Mamie Hall, $6. True Blue was backed mainly by his own party, many of the betting division having

preferred to take the off chance on Joe Daniels when it came out that True Blue's jockey had instructions to make the running from the start, with the object of distancing the others in the first heat. This was without doubt a great error of judgment, for it turned out that Joe Daniels not only had the foot of True Blue, but greater staying qualities besides.

Soon everything was in readiness, and about a quarter to three o'clock the horses were sent away on their first journey. Thad Stevens was next the rails, then True Blue and Mamie Hall, with the son of Australia on the extreme outside.

First heat. The bell was tapped and the race commenced at the first attempt. Joe Daniels and Thad Stevens went off at a good gait. Before going far the Californian went to the front, and at the quarter there was an open length of daylight between him and True Blue, who had given Joe Daniels the go-by on the turn, Mamie Hall bringing up the rear. They ran in this order until the head of the home-stretch was reached, where the mare took up the running, and as they passed the stand in the first mile (2.03) she was leading Thad Stevens

about three lengths, close to whom lay True Blue, Joe Daniels a length behind the latter, and all but Mamie were going under a steady pull. At the quarter the second time True Blue was sent forward, and Thad Stevens and Joe Daniels were running easy. No change occurred until the three-quarter pole was passed, when it became apparent that Mamie Hall was tiring and True Blue went by her like a flash. The second mile was finished in 2.01. True Blue was now in advance, and as he went along his stride and easy way of going was much admired. Before they had reached the quarter for the third time, however, Palmer, on Joe Daniels, moved up towards True Blue, and Thad Stevens still lay away, his jockey apparently having orders to let the Eastern horses fight the heat out between them. The pace was now a "cracker," and it became evident the heat would be fast. Past the three-quarter pole and into the home-stretch the gallant racers came, True Blue leading Joe Daniels a length, with Thad Stevens still under a pull forty yards away. The mare was now hopelessly beaten. The positions were unaltered at the finish of the mile (the third), which was run in 1.47½.

Entering the fourth mile, Joe Daniels moved upon the enemy's works. He collared True Blue at the quarter, and a magnificent race ensued down the back-stretch between the pair, Thad Stevens being nearly a distance behind. The Eastern horses passed the half-mile locked, and the final struggle commenced in earnest. It was nip and tuck between them; but Joe Daniels lasted the longest and, entering the home-stretch for the run home, he had the heat secure, and beat True Blue at the finish by three lengths in 7.45, the last mile having been run in 1.53½. Thad Stevens was beaten fifty yards, and Mamie Hall was distanced.

Second heat. Average of the pools: Thad Stevens, $850; Joe Daniels, $200; True Blue, $75. It being apparent that Thad Stevens lay up the first heat, his backers were in no way alarmed, and they put their money on him with great confidence. All the horses sweat out finely, and no fault could be detected in either when the judges again summoned them to prepare. Again they were sent away at the first attempt. Thad Stevens assumed the lead immediately, and True Blue was two lengths behind Joe Daniels, the pace being merely a hand-gallop for the first

mile, which was run in 2.27. The only change that was made in the positions as above given was True Blue's placing himself second in the home-stretch. When fairly into the second mile the pace improved; but there was no change until nearing the half-mile, when Joe Daniels moved up and took closer order. Thad was now leading about three lengths and the other two were nose and tail, True Blue in the second place. Thus they ran to the score, the time of the second mile being 1.56½. At the quarter in the third mile there was still no change, but soon after True Blue and Joe Daniels began to race in earnest, and gradually gained on the leader. Up the stretch they came, and it looked as if a blanket would cover all three. As they neared the stand, however, the Californian was still in the lead, and as he finished the third mile (time 1.50) with a length the best of it, a cheer was sent up by way of encouragement. True Blue and Joe Daniels were neck and neck as they entered upon the fourth mile, and all three were apparently running with something in hand. True Blue went up and joined issue with Thad at the quarter, but as Ross on the latter seemed to have no notion of trying con-

clusions with True Blue just then, he dropped back, and Joe Daniels went on in pursuit of the son of Lexington. Both Joe and True Blue strove hard for the mastery, and as they came into the home-stretch it was hammer and tongs between them. It was a mighty struggle between the pair as they came bounding toward the score, and the vast multitude was filled with the greatest enthusiasm and excitement; but True Blue had the foot of his opponent, and beat Joe out by two lengths in 8.08, Thad Stevens eight lengths behind the latter.

Third heat. The betting now underwent a great change. Hedging was the order of the day, and in the effort to get out many plunged hopelessly in. Average of the pools: True Blue, $750; Joe Daniels, $285; Thad Stevens, $150. Joe Daniels looked the freshest of the trio when brought out for the heat. True Blue appeared a little distressed and leg-weary, and it was stated that Thad Stevens had not cooled out satisfactorily. Nevertheless, his party were very sweet upon him and were confident that he would still outlast his competitors. When the bell tapped for the send-off Joe Daniels made a bulge for the lead, and on the turn he deprived

True Blue of the berth next the rails. Barbee, on the latter, had received waiting orders, and he took a strong pull on his horse. It was, however, now or never with old Thad, so he soon took up the running and on passing the quarter was leading his pursuers three or four lengths, about a length of daylight being visible between the other two. They ran the first mile (time, 2.03½) in about the same order, but nearing the quarter in the second the Eastern representatives, keeping a sharp eye one on the other, moved up side by side on the old horse. He drew away almost instantly, however, and he led throughout the second mile (run in 1.55½) by about three lengths, True Blue about a length in front of Joe Daniels. There was no change of note throughout the third mile, at the finish of which old Thad seemed to be running stronger than either True Blue or Joe Daniels, both of whom seemed to be a little distressed. The latter, however, passed True Blue opposite the end of the grand stand and made play for the Pacific-sloper. Just as True Blue reached the quarter-pole he was seen to falter in his stride, and when almost immediately Barbee pulled him to a standstill his friends and backers

were for the moment nearly paralyzed with amazement. The race was now left to Thad and Joe Daniels to settle between them, and amid the most intense excitement they came rattling along toward the finish. The Californian had about six lengths the best of it swinging into the stretch, and although Joe Daniels struggled gamely along in the effort to overtake old Thad, he could not gain an inch on his stout competitor, who won the heat with something to spare in 7.67.

On examination it was discovered that True Blue had broken down in the off hind leg. Barbee, his jockey, said that all at once the horse gave way under him, and seeing that he was incapable of further effort he at once pulled him up.

Fourth heat. It was now ten to one on Thad Stevens, who went away with the lead, was never headed throughout, and won in a big gallop by ten lengths in 8.20¾.

The scene that followed beggars description as the surging thousands seemed crazed with delight. Cheer upon cheer rent the air, and everybody made a grand rush to congratulate George Treat and old Thad, who was quickly surrounded after returning to the judges' stand.

Summary

Ocean View Track, San Francisco, November 15. Pacific Jockey Club Purse of $20,000; four miles and repeat; $12,000 to the winner, $5000 to second horse, and $3000 to the third.

George Treat's b. h. Thad Stevens, aged, 114 lbs. *C. Ross*	3	3	1	1
Wm. Wightman's b. h. Joe Daniels, 4 yrs., 108 lbs. *W. J. Palmer*	1	2	2	2
John F. Chamberlin's b. h. True Blue, 4 yrs., 108 lbs. *George Barbee*	2	1	dist.	
W. Hall's b. m. Mamie Hall, aged, 116 lbs. (5 lbs. overweight). *Perfect*	dist.			

Time: 7.45, 8.08, 7.57, 8.20¾.

The second sensation race of four-mile heats, for a purse of $25,000, was decided at San Francisco on November 14, 1874, under the auspices of the Pacific Jockey Club. The race had created widespread interest for a month previous to its running, and the day for its decision was eagerly looked forward to by the turfmen of all sections of the United States and Canada. This being so, a great success was looked for; and in that respect, at least, the Californians were not disappointed. There were seven starters — Katie Pease by Planet out of Minnie Mansfield;

Henry by Norfolk out of Versalia; Hardwood by Woodburn out of Moss Rose; Thad Stevens by Langford out of Mary Chilton; Joe Daniels by imported Australian out of Dolly Carter; Hock Hocking by Ringmaster out of Young Fashion; and Alpha by imported Hercules out of Waxy.

Katie Pease was the favorite with the betting hosts over all the others combined, and the fine and fast daughter of Planet had no trouble in placing the event to the credit of her stable in two heats; time, 7.43¼ and 7.36¼. Although not a really great performance, this was in every respect a good one, and stamped Katie Pease as one of the very best long-distance horses in the country. Thad Stevens, who had won the year before, could not make her extend herself at all, notwithstanding he had a great pull in the weights. Joe Daniels was second in the first heat, but was distanced in the following one.

Owing to his victory the previous year over True Blue and Joe Daniels at San Francisco in the four-mile heat race, great things were expected of Thad Stevens by the people of the Pacific Coast, and a large proportion of them had come to think their representative invincible at the distance.

CHAPTER XX

THE FOUR-MILER PASSING

After these races of California the four-mile race-horse began to see his finality. There were many races at the old-time American distance after that, but they were not events of national interest, and we began to develop another type of animal in the cup horse. He was something of a horse too. Still he was not the kind that had done our racing over those old honorable distances. The record which Lexington made at New Orleans of 7.19¾ stood there as a mark at which they might shoot until 1874, almost nineteen years afterward. In the meantime many animals of high degree had raced most creditably and had started against time. But they had failed to make any impression upon this mark which Lexington had made.

It was Fellowcraft, a colt by imported Australian out of Aerolite, a daughter of Lexington, who finally accomplished the feat of setting a new

figure for four miles. Fellowcraft was foaled in 1870, therefore he was a four-year-old when he accomplished that feat by which he is best remembered. He was a high-class race-horse, although as a two-year-old he won only one race out of five starts. As a three-year-old he had a little worse fortune, starting nine times and winning only once.

It was not until he began to go over the long distances that are permitted with age that Fellowcraft showed to advantage. At Long Branch, in 1874, he won a purse at four miles, running the distance in 7.43. Vandalite, a first-class one, beat him at the same place in a race of two-mile heats. He was one to start against Springbok and Preakness at Saratoga in a dash of three miles, which Springbok won in 5.42¼. That was a smashing good contest, in which Fellowcraft was the third horse. He beat Katie Pease, Wanderer, and others at the same place in a dash of a mile and a half, and then Wanderer came back and beat him in a race of two miles and a quarter, the cup distance.

It was in the four-mile race at Saratoga that he earned his fame and also closed his turf career. It was on the 20th of August, 1874, that he went

to the post with Wanderer and Katie Pease, both of them four-milers worth beating. Fellowcraft ran a remarkably well-rated and well-judged race. The first mile was done in 1.47¼, two miles in 3.38, three miles in 5.29½, and the four miles in 7.19½. That for many years remained the four-mile record. Fellowcraft, for some reason, never got credit for his performance. With the knowledge of it before them, turfmen were inclined to throw back to that four miles of Lexington and to discard the one run by Fellowcraft. Lexington had everything prepared for his effort and was running against time only. Fellowcraft was winning a race when he made his record. Yet it was Lexington's four miles that they started to beat in after years, in California, when Matt Storn was trying to gain that four-mile record with his two mares Marigold and Centella.

Those races were run quite recently, however, and long after the system of American racing had entirely changed, and a new type of animal was being produced and run. The English had for a long time ceased to send their horses at great distances and had created a system of sprint running. Gradually that system took a hold on the American turf, and instead of the old-time

horse that could go a great distance and repeat that distance from two to five times in an afternoon, we soon found ourselves with a horse bred to get away from the post quickly, race at a great rate of speed, and make a single dash for the laurels of victory.

From 1870 to 1880 this transition was taking place. During the earlier years of that time were brought to the front horses of the type of Alarm. Alarm, though foaled in America, was entirely English bred, being by imported Eclipse out of imported Maud by Stockwell. Alarm began his racing in 1871 in a match at Saratoga, of $5000 a side, against Inverary by imported Leamington. The distance was one mile, which is a fair length for any two-year-old to go, and Alarm won. He made other endeavors at a mile and was unsuccessful. In his three-year-old form he ran five races and won them all. The first of these was at three-quarters of a mile, run at Jerome Park, the 1st of June. Then, on the 6th of June, he won a purse at a mile and a quarter. On the 13th of June he won one at a mile. In July, at Saratoga, he won another at three-quarters of a mile. Two days afterward, when he beat Fadladeen and Kingfisher a mile in 1.42¾, he

set down the fastest time at that distance up to that date. That closed his career on the turf.

This much is given of Alarm to show the difference between the type of horse that was racing in Lexington's day and the type that had already begun to be prominent as early as 1871. There were still horses capable of going a distance and raced at those distances for years after this, but Alarm was the first of the sprinting kind of which Voter was the last distinguished representative which we had on the American turf. The four-miler died hard.

Ten Broeck won the four-mile heat race in 1876 at Baltimore, called the Bowie Stakes, and that gave him the first of his real fame. He was by the English horse Phaeton out of Fanny Holton by Lexington out of Nantura, who was the dam of Longfellow. "Uncle" John Harper, the man who brought Longfellow North to beat Harry Bassett, also bred Ten Broeck. Ten Broeck was saved until he was a three-year-old, and then he began a career that made him look like a champion. There were a great many good horses out in his day, but Ten Broeck kept pace with the very best of them. He was not trained as carefully as he might have been, and

he was beaten at times when it would seem that he outclassed his field.

Ten Broeck accomplished two things, however, during his career, which give him a distinct place in the literature of the turf. When he was four years old, or in 1876, he started at Louisville, Kentucky, in a dash of four miles against the time of Fellowcraft. He won the contest against time, running the distance in 7.15¾, which stood as the record for many, many years. The following season, being again a good horse, he was sent, at Louisville, Kentucky, a dash of one mile against time. He broke the record for that distance by doing it in 1.39¾. And that record stood for about thirteen years.

These two accomplishments of Ten Broeck keep him permanently in turf story, because, while there have not been a great many attacks upon his four-mile record, the production of sprinters especially trained to run in mile races put his mile record in constant danger. Yet it is a tribute to his class that his figures stood for a dozen years or more.

The finish of Ten Broeck's turf career was in the last of the great national four-mile races. That resulted in almost a fiasco. There was in

California, the property of Theodore Winters, a mare called Mollie McCarthy who had especially distinguished herself out there at long-distance running. Ten Broeck seemed to be the natural mark for her, and the result of much discussion among turfmen and in the papers was that a race was arranged between the two. Mollie McCarthy was to take the long and arduous journey from California, which was a great handicap in itself, and beat Ten Broeck on his own ground. The race made a great stir, particularly in the South. What happened was most unfortunate. Rain put the track in a bad condition, and Mollie McCarthy could never do herself credit on that kind of course. The story of the running of this last of those sectional four-mile events is this: —

"LOUISVILLE, KY., July 4, 1878.

"I to-day attended the third day of the extra July meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club to witness the expected great contest between Ten Broeck and Mollie McCarthy at four-mile heats. The day has been all that could be asked, but a sticky track, owing to a heavy shower last evening, gave promise of slow time. I reached the grounds about 10.15 A.M. and found

the grand stand already black with people, intent upon thus early securing a place from which to view the race. A steady flow of people from the city continued until long after the first race on the programme had been run. It is difficult to estimate a crowd upon this track, and some placed it as high as 30,000. I have been told that the exact number falls between 23,000 and 24,000. All agreed that it was the largest by far that had ever been upon the grounds. Masses of strangers arrived by train, extra trains and steamboats throughout yesterday and this evening, so that the hotel capacity of the town, great as it is, was fully taxed, and vehicles of every description that could be pressed into service, in addition to the street and steam cars, were in constant use between the town and the track throughout the forenoon. It was a crowd, as the Kentuckians express it, 'sure enough.' I think I have never seen it excelled in numbers at a race, except at the first great stallion trot, at Boston, a few years ago.

"The mare was first to show up on the stretch, clothed in her white sheets, and received a fair round of applause; but when the horse made his appearance from the opposite direction a greet-

ing that might have stirred the blood of a king was showered upon him from the grand stand and all surrounding places. Kentucky loves her own. The horse was first to strip, and as the sheet was drawn off he lashed out with his heels, and the quiet demeanor with which he had appeared gave place to one of more animation, as if he appreciated the undertaking before him and was ready for it. The horse was lighter than I had expected from current rumor, but his coat bloomed as in perfect condition, and his friends freely expressed their confidence that he was perfectly fit. This his actions indicated, otherwise I would have thought him drawn too fine.

"The mare, on the other hand, carried quite as much flesh as one of her ivory-finished make-up would appear to do best in. Those who should know her say she runs best with some flesh to spare. The first impression I got of her was that she was short of condition to do her best, and her race convinces me that there is about where the mistake was made. She is very bloodlike, highly finished, and full of quality. She might appear delicate if drawn finer, but only in seeming. These hard-muscled,

fine-grained ones often make up in quality what they lack in substance, and stand drawn condition better than the grosser kind. Whatever the fault, she certainly could not have been anything like herself. Since the results of the race she is likely to be underrated, but as long as she ran she ran like a real good one; and, if I mistake not, will turn up as great a surprise another day as she has been a disappointment to-day. The story is soon told.

"They got away at an even start, the mare inside, and ran evenly to the quarter in 28 seconds. At the half-mile pole the mare had her head in front, and bettered her position slightly two-thirds around the turn. The race was obscured from my sight until they entered the stretch, when the mare held him at her girths, and in this position they raced to the stand in 1.49¾, both under a pull, the horse with his head turned in toward the mare. The mare ran with such a beautiful and apparently easy stroke, and the horse seemingly at labor, but really annoyed at restraint, that a shout went up that she already had him beaten. But 'it is a far cry to Lochawe,' and only one mile out of four had been done. The mare now drew away and

had a length the best of it at the mile and a quarter mark, in which she released to half a length as they raced to the mile and a half pole in 2.47. Around the turn, until I again lost sight of them, she held him at her girths, and in this position they a second time reached the stand, in 3.45¼. As they entered the second mile, the horse drew up and bettered his position, but Mollie still had her head in front as they passed the two mile and a quarter mark in 4.16¾.

"But from this point the horse showed his superiority. He drew ahead, and took the pole from her as they went down the back-stretch, and as they passed the two mile and a half post, in 4.48½, he led her an open length. From the time he got his head in front she was a beaten mare; and though she struggled gamely, the horse continued to make distance, until at the completion of the third mile he led her at least twenty yards at the score, in 5.53, and held that lead past the three mile and a quarter mark. She continued a stern chase at this disadvantage for another quarter of a mile, when she threw up her tail and gave it up. The horse galloped home leisurely when his jockey saw that he had

the mare distanced. Time, 8.19¾ — over a very heavy and sticky track, so much so that, notwithstanding the slow time, the race was a very severe one for the winner. Such a shout as went up over the triumph of Ten Broeck, and such a scene of wild and extravagant excitement, I never saw before, and never expect to again, outside the impulsive state of Kentucky."

— *Cor. Spirit of the Times.*

CHAPTER XXI

THE COMING OF THE MODERN TYPE

Parole was one of the popular favorites of that day. He belonged to Pierre Lorillard. His form in this country was most successful, as is evidenced by his defeat of Ten Broeck and other animals of unquestioned class. But his fame as an American race-horse depends chiefly upon his accomplishments in England, where he beat the best horses in training as a six-year-old. Over there he won the Newmarket Handicap, the last mile and a half of the Beacon Course, beating the great Isonomy, the best horse in England at that time, and others. He won the City and Suburban Handicap, a mile and a quarter, with 119 pounds on him, beating seventeen English starters. He captured the Metropolitan Stakes, two miles and a quarter, carrying 124 pounds, beating Castlereagh. Then he took up 134 pounds and won the Great Cheshire Handicap, at a mile and a quarter. His crowning accomplishment was when he took that classic and honorable event,

the Epsom Gold Cup, running the distance of two miles and a half with 125 pounds on him, and beating Alchemist and Primrose. The excitement on this side of the water among turfmen was intense when this horse was running so successfully abroad. He made for himself an undying name through his English accomplishments.

Parole was by that same imported Leamington which had sired Longfellow and others, and his dam was Maiden, a daughter of our Lexington. You may see how the blood of the blind hero of Woodburn was still marching along in whatever combination it was put.

Following immediately after these, came a horse of marked excellence called Luke Blackburn. He was bred in Tennessee and was by imported Bonnie Scotland out of another of those remarkable daughters of Lexington called Nevada. Luke Blackburn saw the light in 1877. He raced for three years, and he beat every good one of his time. In one season, that is, in 1880, he started in twenty-four races and won twenty-two of them. So game and determined a racehorse was he that a full but condensed statement of his accomplishments can be given here without its becoming tiresome to the reader.

In 1879, as a two-year-old, Blackburn ran with indifferent success. He started thirteen times, won two races, was second in six, third in one, and unplaced in four. Lexington, May 12, ran second to Knight Templar in the Colt Stakes, half-mile; time, .50; Moscow, Wargentine, Fonso, Amazon, and Hamerfest also ran. Louisville, Kentucky, May 21, ran second to Kimball, in the Alexander Stakes, half-mile; time, .49¾; eight started. St. Louis, Missouri, June 13, again finished second to Kimball, in the Hotel Stakes, three-quarters of a mile; time, 1.16½; Amazon, Chris Doyle, Victory, and Slicer also started. Chicago, Illinois, June 23, ran second to Kimball (third time) in Grand Pacific Hotel Stakes, three-quarters of a mile; time, 1.18½. Wargentine finished third; Vapor, Victory, and Mistake unplaced. Saratoga, August 2, ran second to Lucy George, five-eighths of a mile; time, 1.04¾; Girofle and Cassatt also started. Same place, August 12, ran second to Grenada in the Windsor Hotel Stakes, five-eighths of a mile; time, 1.03½; seven started. Autumn meeting, Coney Island Jockey Club, Prospect Park, September 6, won his maiden race, the Breeze Purse, three-quarters of a mile, defeating Girofle, Queen's

Own, and four others; time, 1.17½. Brighton Beach Fair Grounds, New York, September 18, won the Ocean Stakes, three-quarters of a mile, defeating Elias Lawrence (late Bilstein), Quito, and three others; time, 1.18¼. After this race, Luke Blackburn was retired for the season, and became the property of Dwyer Brothers, Brooklyn, New York, who gave $2500 for him.

In the year 1880 Luke Blackburn started in twenty-four races, lost two, and won twenty-two. His first race was at Lexington, Kentucky, when he ran third to Fonso and Kinkead in the Phœnix Hotel Stakes, one and a quarter miles, won by Fonso in 2.08¾. Blackburn had been sick and was unfit to run. He was then sent East, and won a dash of three-quarters of a mile at Jerome Park, in 1.18, defeating Checkmate and three others. Two days after he won a dash of a mile and an eighth in 1.58, beating Scotilla, Checkmate, and two others. Three days after won a race of one mile and three furlongs in 2.28¼, beating Scotilla and two others. Two days after defeated Monitor, one and a half miles, in 2.39½, and two days afterward won the Handicap Sweepstakes, one and a quarter miles, in 2.13.

All these races were run at Jerome Park

during the spring meeting. Sheepshead Bay, June 19, won the Tidal Stakes, one mile, in 1.45, defeating Kimball, Kitty J., and Grenada. June 22, won the Coney Island Handicap, one mile and three furlongs, in 2.24½, beating Duke of Montrose and Vagrant. June 26, was beaten in purse race, one and a quarter miles, in 2.12, by Duke of Montrose. Blackburn fell after running the first quarter and unseated his jockey. Long Branch, July 3, won the Ocean Stakes, one mile and a furlong, in 2.03½, beating Duke of Montrose and Harold. July 10, won sweepstakes, one and a quarter miles, in 2.11½, beating, with 110 pounds up, Duke of Montrose, 105 pounds, Grenada, 110 pounds. Saratoga, July 16, won the All-Aged Sweepstakes, one and a quarter miles, in 2.11¾, beating Checkmate and Volturno. July 24, won mile and a furlong in 1.58, beating Gabriel and Girofle. July 27, won dash of a mile, in 1.43½, beating Turfman. July 31, won Summer Handicap, one and a half miles, in 2.39, carrying 110 pounds, beating Juanita, 102 pounds, General Philips, 112 pounds, and Ada Glenn, 105 pounds, conceding Juanita 20, General Philips 23, and Ada Glenn, 17 pounds. Saratoga, August 5, won United States Hotel Stakes, for three-year-

olds, one and a half miles, in 2.41, beating Ferncliff, Oden, etc. August 7, won the Grand Union Hotel Prize, handicap, 116 pounds up, one and three-quarters miles, in 3.07, beating One Dime, 110 pounds, Glenmore, 118 pounds, and three others. In this race he conceded Glenmore 20, One Dime 32, Cammie F. 24, and General Philips 35 pounds. August 12, won the Kenner Stakes, two miles, in 3.35¼, beating Glidelia and Oden. Long Branch, August 17, won the Champion Stakes, one and a half miles, in 2.34, beating Monitor, Uncas, Grenada, and Report, in the fastest and best race ever run at the distance. Sheepshead Bay, September 4, won the Great Challenge Stakes, for all ages, one and a half miles, in 2.38, beating Monitor, Uncas, and One Dime. September 9, won the Long Island St. Leger, one and three-quarters miles, in 4.07¼. September 14, won a match race for $5000, beating Uncas, each carrying 108 pounds, one and a half miles, in 2.42½. Louisville, Kentucky, September 27, won the Kentucky St. Leger, two miles, in 3.42, beating Kinkead. September 30, won the Great American Stallion Stakes, one and three-quarters miles, in 3.04, beating Kimball and Big Medicine. In this race he injured

the quarter of one of his fore feet badly and was stopped in his work.

At four years old started in two races. Jerome Park, won Club Purse, one mile, in 1.45, beating Topsy and Potomac. Was unplaced in Coney Island Cup, won by Glenmore in 3.58¾. This closed his racing career.

Almost contemporaneous with Luke Blackburn, but doing his racing entirely in England, was Iroquois. He was a brown horse, foaled almost in sight of Philadelphia, at the Erdenheim Stud. Imported Leamington was then standing at Erdenheim, and Iroquois was the result of a union between Leamington and Maggie B. B. Maggie B. B. was also the dam of Harold, a first-class horse. She was by imported Australian and her dam was Madeline, a daughter of old Boston. Again that Diomed line which has been so strong in America!

Iroquois was sent abroad as a youngster; and he made them sit up and notice on the other side, just as they had sat up and noticed when Richard Ten Broeck made his famous invasion with Prior, Prioress, and others, and just as Parole, but a few years before, had compelled their attention. Iroquois's racing over there was a

surprise to the English gentlemen who supposed that in England alone could a good thoroughbred be bred and developed. When he won the Derby he put the climax upon a career that was exceptionally brilliant.

As a two-year-old Iroquois started twelve times, won four races, was second in two, and unplaced in six. He made his bow to the public by winning the Newmarket two-year-old plate, five furlongs, defeating Herman, Kuhleborn, and three others; his second success was winning the two-year-old Stakes at Epsom, five furlongs, beating Eliacin. At the Newmarket July meeting ran Bal Gal to a head for the July Stakes, five furlongs 136 yards, having Neophite, Thebais, and seven others behind him; same meeting won the Chesterfield Stakes, five furlongs, beating Panique, Volupuary, and seven others; at Goodwood won the Levant Stakes, five furlongs, defeating Isola Madre, Canace, and three others; same meeting ran second to Wandering Nun in the Findon Stakes, three-quarters of a mile, with Albion, Ishmael, and Worthing behind him; he was unplaced in his other races. As a three-year-old made his first appearance by running second to Peregrine in the 2000 guineas, having Don

Fulano, Camiliard, Scobel, and nine others behind him; won the Newmarket Stakes, Ditch mile, beating Lennoxlove. Newmarket second spring meeting, walked over for the Burwell Stakes, Abingdon mile; Epsom summer meeting, won the hundred and second renewal of the Derby Stakes, one and a half miles, defeating Peregrine, Town Moore, Scobel, Geologist, St. Louis, Don Fulano, Tristan, and seven others. Ascot, won the Prince of Wales Stakes, one and five eighths miles, defeating Geologist, Great Carle, and four others; same place, won the St. James Place Stakes Old Mile, beating Leon, his only opponent. Doncaster September meeting, won the Doncaster St. Leger Stakes, one mile six furlongs 132 yards, defeating Geologist, Lucy Glitters, St. Louis, Falkirk, Bal Gal, and nine others. Newmarket second October meeting, was third to Bend Or and Scobel in Champion Stakes across the flat one mile two furlongs and 73 yards, Buckhannon, Falkirk, Muriel, and Fiddler behind him; won the Newmarket Derby, one and a half miles, beating Ishmael, Lennoxlove and Lord Clemsford. Thus he started in nine races, running second for the 2000 guineas, third in the Champion Stakes,

and winning the Derby and St. Leger, a feat only accomplished nine times in the one hundred and three years they had been run.

After his English endeavors Iroquois returned to America and went into the stud on the noted Belle Meade Farm, in Tennessee, where his success was satisfactory, if not wonderful.

There came into the hearts of the racing public at the same time with Iroquois a horse called Hindoo. He was by that most excellent racehorse Virgil out of another one of those Lexington mares, named Florence. As the name of Hindoo has come down to us as among the really great horses of the American turf, a condensed account of his races is given here.

Hindoo was the sensational two-year-old of his year; started in nine races, won seven, was second in one, third in one. Hindoo made his first appearance at Lexington, Kentucky, May 13, in the Colt and Filly Stakes, for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile, winning in 1.17¾, beating Alfambra, Brambaletta, Lizzie S., Edison, and five others. Louisville, Kentucky, May 19, won Alexander Stakes, half a mile, in 50 seconds, beating Banter, Maretzek, and eight others; May 24, won the Tennessee Stakes for two-year-olds,

three-quarters of a mile, in 1.16, beating Brambaletta, Ripple, Bootjack, and five others. St. Louis, June 9, won the Juvenile Stakes, for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile, in 1.17¼, beating Voltague, Story, Sligo, and four others; June 12, won the Jockey Club Stakes, for two-year-olds, one mile, in 1.44, beating Lelex, Voltague, and Enniskillen — a fast and good race. Chicago, June 21, won the Criterion Stakes, for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile, in 1.15, beating Ripple, Greenland, and three others. This was the fastest three-quarters run by a two-year-old to that date. June 26, won the Tremont Hotel Stakes, for two-year-olds, one mile, in 1.48, beating Lizzie S., Ripple, and Moses. In all these races, except the Tennessee Stakes, he carried 100 pounds, in the Tennessee, 105 pounds. Saratoga, August 14, ran third to Crickmore and Bonnie Lizzie in the Windsor Hotel Stakes, for two-year-olds, five furlongs, in 1.05, track heavy, beating Thora and four others; August 19, ran second to Thora in the Day Boat Line Stakes, three-quarters of a mile, in 1.17¼, beating Bonnie Lizzie and three others. In these races he carried 110 pounds. In justice to the colt it must be stated that he had changed hands and did not run up to his previous form.

At three years old he started in twenty races, of which he won eighteen. Lexington, Kentucky, won the Blue Ribbon Stakes, for three-year-olds, one and a half miles, in 2.38, beating Getaway, Bend Or, Creosote, and four others. At Louisville, Kentucky, won the Kentucky Derby for three-year-olds, one and a half miles, in 2.40, beating Lelex, Alfambra, and three others; won the Clark Stakes, for three-year-olds, one and a quarter miles, in 2.10¾, beating Alfambra, Bootjack, Bend Or, and Sligo.

Jerome Park, he won a dash of one mile and a furlong, in 2.02½, beating Sir Hugh, Jack of Hearts, and Rob Roy; won a dash of one mile and three furlongs, in 2.34, track heavy. Sheepshead Bay, won the Tidal Stakes for three-year-olds, one mile, in 1.43¼, beating Crickmore and Saunterer; won the Coney Island Derby for three-year-olds, one and a half miles, in 2.47½, Baltic the only other starter. Monmouth Park, won the Ocean Stakes for all ages, one mile and a furlong, in 1.57, beating Monitor, Glidelia, and Valentino; won the Lorillard Stakes for three-year-olds, one and a half miles, in 2.39¾, beating Crickmore and Saunterer; walked over for a sweepstakes of $1000 each, with $2000

added. Saratoga, won the Travers Stakes, for three-year-olds, one and three-quarters miles, in 3.07½, beating a field of good horses, amongst which were Eole, Getaway, and Compensation; won the Sequel Stakes for three-year-olds, one and three-quarters miles, in 3.21, track heavy. In this race Hindoo carried 123 pounds, including a penalty of 5 pounds, and beat Greenland and Valentino; won the United States Hotel Stakes, one and a half miles, in 2.36, beating Crickmore, Bonfire, and Gladiola; won the Kenner Stakes for three-year-olds, two miles, in 3.32 —a fast race. Monmouth Park, won the Champion Stakes for all ages, one and a half miles, in 2.39, beating Monitor and Parole; won the Jersey St. Leger for three-year-olds, one and three-quarters miles, in 3.18, carrying 123 pounds, Bona Fide the only other starter. Sheepshead Bay, won race of mile heats, in 1.42¾, 1.45½, Sir Hugh the only other starter; won a dash of one mile in 1.42, beating Sir Hugh and Edendary; was second in the Brighton Beach Purse, one and a half miles, won by Crickmore in 2.36¼; was third in the September Handicap, one and three-quarters miles, won by Crickmore in 3.03, Hindoo carrying 123 pounds.

As a four-year-old he started six times and won five races. Louisville, Kentucky, won the Louisville Cup, two and a quarter miles, in 3.57¾, beating Checkmate, Glidelia, Lida Stanhope, and Blazes.

Won the Merchants' Stakes for all ages, one mile and a furlong, in 1.59½, beating Checkmate, Runnymede, and Creosote. Won the Turf Stakes, one and a quarter miles, in 2.08½, carrying 122 pounds, beating Checkmate (aged), 123 pounds, and Creosote (four), 114 pounds. Sheepshead Bay, won the Coney Island Stakes, for three-year-olds and upwards, one mile and a furlong, in 1.57¾, Barrett being the only other starter; won the Coney Island Cup, two and a quarter miles, in 3.58, beating Eole and Parole. This was the best race run at the distance during the year, and compares favorably with similar races. There was no question but that Hindoo was the best race-horse which had appeared in this country for more than a decade. It is doubtful if any horse in England could have beaten him in the great classic events.

Along in those years, running from 1876 up to the early eighties, there was a very host of mighty thoroughbreds racing on American soil. By this

time the breed had become absolutely a fixed one in America, — so much so that with a fair degree of certainty one could count upon combining certain well-known American strains and certain imported lines and getting a race-horse of some capacity. As has already been shown, the blood of old Diomed, as represented in this later time by the sons and daughters of Lexington, had become almost a foundation in itself. The importation into this country of Glencoe brought into the American pedigrees the best of all the out-crosses which had arrived here since the days of Diomed himself. In the discussion of the racing animals of this period of the American turf, the story of them would not be complete without the mention of this Glencoe, whose daughters seem to have been the best of the crosses which Lexington found for himself; and he added this strain to that of the Diomed line, to go to make perhaps as great performers at the distances which they were asked to go as we have ever had or ever will have in this country.

Glencoe was by Sultan and was bred in England by Lord Jersey, in 1831. He was a beautiful golden chestnut, with both hind legs white half-way to the hocks, and a large star in his

forehead. His head was a little Roman, very expressive in character, with fine, thin muzzle and well set on a stout neck, which ran into well-shaped shoulders, the latter being oblique and rather light in the blade. He had good length, with round barrel, well ribbed to strong, broad hips, a little swayed in the back, with heavy, muscular quarters, big stifles, sound legs, and feet inclined to be a little flat. - *[illegible]* 76.

Glencoe's racing career was confined entirely to the English turf. He was not good enough to win the Derby, but he was third to the great Plenipotentiary for that classic English event. He did, however, win the Ascot Gold Cup, two and a half miles, and many other races of high character.

Colonel James Jackson, of Alabama, sent an order to England to purchase the best horse in the market. He named as his choices Plenipotentiary, Priam, and Glencoe. It was Glencoe that fell to him of the trio, and the horse made the season of 1836 in England as the property of Colonel Jackson. The result of that English season was most wonderful. In that year he sired Pocahontas, Darkness, Glimpse, Malaga, Ruthless, Vapor, and Wardan. Pocahontas, this

daughter, became the most wonderful brood mare in all of English history. Her three great sons, Stockwell, Rataplan, and King Tom, have been among the greatest sires which the English have known. There is hardly a good race-horse in England to-day which does not trace to one of these.

The infusion of Glencoe blood added to the fame of American racers. His daughters proved — especially when bred to Lexington — wonderful brood mares. Lecomte, Starke, Prioress, Brown Dick, Lodi, Fleetwing, Idlewild, and the dazzling trio, Asteroid, Kentucky, and Norfolk, all came from Glencoe mares.

At twenty-seven years of age the old chestnut died, at Georgetown, Kentucky; and his owner at the time, A. Keene Richards, Esq., caused him to be buried in his garden, near the spot where his famed daughter Peytona had been laid to rest. Age did not deal kindly with Glencoe. The painting of him just before his death, by Scott, represents a physical wreck — sightless eyes, back deeply swayed, and other plain marks of feeble age. page 76

It was in that time of the seventies and early eighties that the sons of imported Bonnie Scot-

land began to race themselves into public view. Bonnie Scotland came to this country by way of Boston. He was purchased from his Boston owner, Captain Cornish, by the firm of Reber & Kutz, and taken to Ohio. There were very few opportunities for him in that state, because there were not many thoroughbred mares in the neighborhood; and, after passing through a number of hands, he came finally to the ownership of General W. E. Harding, the proprietor of the breeding principality known as Belle Meade Farm, in 1872.

There he had every opportunity, and immediately began to turn out a remarkable series of winners, that came to be known on the turf as the Busy B's. Although dead, he stood in 1882 at the head of the winning sires, on account of the remarkable running of his sons and daughters.

The best of them all, perhaps, was Luke Blackburn, of whom we have spoken, and Glidelia, a beautiful daughter of his. Luke Blackburn set the record for a mile and a half at 2.34, in which notch it stood for many, many years. Glidelia put the record for a mile and three-quarters at 3.01, and that was not disturbed through many

racing seasons. Bramble was second only to Luke Blackburn as a horse to carry weight and go over a distance of ground. Racing from 1877 to 1881, he almost literally, from his four-year-old to his six-year-old form, swept all the cup horses before him. He had been successful both as a two-year-old and a three-year-old, but when it came to his four-year-old racing, where the distances were longer and the weights were higher, he became the great stalwart among thoroughbreds to which his heritage would entitle him.

He started in his four-year-old form twenty times, won fifteen races, was second in two, third in one, and unplaced but twice. During that time he won races of all characters, but he distinguished himself by taking the Congress Stakes at Saratoga, the Baltimore Cup, the Monmouth Cup, the Westchester Cup, and the Saratoga Cup. He was peculiarly a horse of gameness and of stamina, and had he lived earlier, in the times of the four-milers, he doubtless would have been a striking character on battle-fields of that kind. Duke of Magenta, Bushwhacker, Day Star, Warfield, Lou, Lanier, Governor Hampton, Monitor, Susquehanna, and in fact every good

horse of the day, was at one time or other beaten by this son of Bonnie Scotland, the rival of Luke Blackburn for the title of the best of the Busy B's.

One cannot forget in these years of the seventies the son of imported Leamington out of Lida by Lexington, called Enquirer. He was a performer in the early seventies and was by many given rank as the best son of Leamington, although Longfellow was then alive. He won during his career the Phœnix Hotel and Citizen Stakes, at Lexington, the Continental Hotel and Robins Stakes at Long Branch, and the Kenner Stakes at Saratoga. And all these he captured in 1870, when he was a three-year-old. He gave way in his fore leg in his four-year-old form and was retired when he seemed to be most promising. An attempt was made to train him again at seven years old, and he did start in one race, but he was not himself, and he was again retired. The grandam of Enquirer was a mare called Lize, and she was a daughter of that American Eclipse who beat Henry in the great North *vs.* South match. Enquirer met Longfellow, his close relative, in the Phœnix Hotel Stakes at mile heats. Enquirer won in straight heats and distanced Longfellow in the

second one. Longfellow was not, however, right up to a race at the time, and it is doubtful whether Enquirer was his superior either in speed or stamina. As a sire Enquirer was more than usually successful, for he was given a good opportunity.

It would be impossible within the confines of this volume to go into the detail of the racing of all of those stout and sturdy horses which cropped up in the time between the rejuvenation of the turf and the beginning of the eighties, — Falsetto, Duke of Magenta, Duke of Montrose, Glidelia, Aristides, Eolus; Foxhall, who went to England for his showing and won the Grand Prix de Paris and was second to the great Bend Or in the City and Suburban, won the Cesarewitch, and other great stakes; Grenada, Grimstead, Himyar, Kingfisher, Monarchist, Sensation; Spendthrift, a grand race-horse; Springbok, a very mighty one; Tom Ochiltree, a great distance traveller; Uncas, Virgil, Wanderer, Wildidle, and others belonging to this particular decade of the American horse.

CHAPTER XXII

THE RACING OF TO-DAY

Swinging into 1880, the racing system had already undergone a marked change. It was then a foregone conclusion that Jerome Park must inevitably pass out of existence because of the march of civic progress in that direction, which rendered its ground too valuable to be reserved for racing purposes. And so the gentlemen of the city who wished to maintain the high standard which Jerome Park had created began to cast about for a new racing home. They found one down on the old, time-honored flats of Long Island, and there they built a course and named it Sheepshead Bay.

Then the now famous Coney Island Jockey Club was born, and it might be said that there was another era in the story of the American horse. He became more popular than ever, and, though he was not now asked to race at such long distances, he was asked to do more racing,

and the meetings at Sheepshead Bay were stretched out to some length, so eager had the Eastern population become for this most exhilarating of outdoor sports.

Brighton Beach, now one of the members of the big metropolitan series, had been hastily constructed and a meeting given in 1879. That meeting lasted a number of weeks and was successful, and many were looking to Brighton Beach as a possible successor of Jerome Park.

The real genesis of the Coney Island Jockey Club was an organization projected by Leonard Jerome, J. G. K. Lawrence, and other gentlemen interested in the thoroughbred; and with hardly any notice to the public, the Coney Island Jockey Club gave a meeting in 1879 at the old Prospect Park trotting track on the Boulevard, one mile this side of Coney Island. The building of the Sheepshead Bay track followed this success at Prospect Park.

The organization of the Coney Island Jockey Club was one of the happy things which had occurred for the race-horse of America. The Club was projected by the ablest and most respectable turfmen in the East, and was, and is still, supported by almost inexhaustible treasure. It came

into existence upon the most approved plans for that day and was organized with judgment and prudence. Strange to say, it came to life so suddenly that it surprised every one. The only notice of its advent was its announced programme for its inaugural meeting in June, 1879.

From the beginning of Sheepshead Bay, one might say, we had the inception of what we can call the American turf of to-day, and we had with us the American race-horse of to-day. The four-milers were gone, the cup horses were growing fewer in number, and the mile and mile and a quarter animal was beginning to be the popular racing tool in this country.

At that time, August Belmont, the father of the present racing magnate, was strong upon the turf and had in his stable that good mare Susquehanna, Fiddlestring, Carita, and others of his own breeding. G. L. Lorillard had a magnificent stable made up of Harold, Monitor, Farita, Sensation, Grenada, Kingcraft, Judge Murray, Blazes, Spinaway, and others of note. Charles Reed, the Tennessee turfman, had Trouble, Day Star, and that wonderful filly Thora, who was then but a two-year-old, the daughter of Longfellow that was destined to go on and be one of the great mares

of her time. D. D. Withers, the genius of Monmouth Park, had Invermoor, Report, Belinda, and a host of those King Ernest two- and three-year-olds that were to distinguish themselves so highly. Ex-Governor Odin Bowie, of Baltimore, owned Oriole, Belle, that great mare Tennessee, Sportsman, Crickmore, and a band of highly bred youngsters. Walter Jennings had a select stable, of Glenmore, the cup winner and conqueror of Luke Blackburn, Ballankeel, and others. James R. Keene owned Spendthrift, Lord Murphy, Dan Sparling, Miser, and a small band of young ones. The Dwyer Brothers had begun to be a power, and in their ownership was Bramble, Rhadamanthus, the horse which founded their fortunes, Luke Blackburn, Elias Lawrence, and a few others.

It was a propitious time for the opening of a new track and for a new association to come into the field, because the interest in the race-horse had reached that stage where it seemed that not enough racing was being given to satisfy the appetite of the public. The lengthy meeting at Brighton Beach of the year before showed the possibilities of racing at one track for a longer time than a week.

It was on the 19th of June, 1880, that the

Coney Island Jockey Club held its first meeting at Sheepshead Bay. Brighton Beach was to clash with the Coney Island Jockey Club, but it was recognized by the best class of people that the Coney Island Jockey Club was to be the resort of fashion.

It might be well here to mention the names of those public-spirited men who were responsible for the organization of what is now the greatest of all the American jockey clubs, and which bids fair to be that one which will set the standard for the American turf for many years to come. The original names were: —

H. C. Babcock	P. Lorillard, Jr.
J. H. Bradford	James V. Parker
A. J. Cassatt	A. Belmont Purdy
C. Fellows	A. Wright Sanford
John G. Heckscher	F. A. Schermerhorn
James R. Keene	Richard Peters
A. Belmont, Jr.	George P. Wetmore
General Butterfield	Skipworth Gordon
Robert Center	Chris. R. Robert
F. W. Griswold	Harry Alexandre
Leonard W. Jerome	William R. Travers
J. G. K. Lawrence	William K. Vanderbilt.

From this list, Leonard W. Jerome, whose connection with the turf had been one extending

over a series of years, always prominent, and as favorably known, both as a turfman and a gentleman, as any one on the continent, was elected president. John G. Heckscher was treasurer, Captain J. H. Coster was clerk of the course, and J. G. K. Lawrence, to whom we owe the existence of some of the best stake events on the American turf, was secretary.

Looking over those names, one can have an idea into what care the American race-horse had come in this year of 1880, when the turf of the present and the horse of the present were having birth.

On that first day at Sheepshead Bay Luke Blackburn, then a three-year-old, won his Tidal Stakes, and Spinaway won her Foam Stakes, for two-year-olds. These were the first of that long list of stake-winners which have become famous through their performances in contest at Sheepshead Bay, those performers which have been Suburban and Futurity and Realization winners.

In 1881 Hindoo, then in the colors of the Dwyer Brothers, began to show that magnificent quality which was his and which has been descanted upon at length in another chapter. It was he who gave evidence of his three-year-old ex-



LEONARD W. JEROME

cellence by winning the second running of the Tidal Stakes in 1881. Behind him were those good horses, Crickmore in Odin Bowie's colors, and George Lorillard's Saunterer. That was distinctly Hindoo's year, for it was the time when he carried all before him. It was a great year for American horses all round, for it was the time when Foxhall won the Grand Prix at Paris and Iroquois won the Derby in England. Glenmore, Monitor, Parole, Luke Blackburn, and Uncas were the cup starters that year at Sheepshead Bay. Monitor had won the Baltimore Cup and Parole had won the Westchester Cup. Luke Blackburn, belonging to the Dwyers, was a one to three favorite and ran unplaced. It was the beginning of the end for Blackburn. Glenmore captured the event with apparent ease. Monitor was second to him and Parole was lapped on Monitor. Luke Blackburn was pulled up and came in in evident pain with his feet. Uncas was merely in the race to make pace for Parole and cut no figure in the finish of the race. That cup, bringing together as it did the best horses of the season among the three-year-olds and upward, was in a fashion the striking race of the year. The two miles and a quarter were run in

3.58¾. The first mile of it was done in 1.43¾, with Luke Blackburn galloping head and head with Uncas. In the race Luke Blackburn burst a hoof, and that accounts for his being unplaced. Those who knew him and believed him to be the best horse of his time attributed the defeat entirely to the accident, and believe to this day that had he remained sound such an one as Glenmore could never have beaten him.

Thora, the beautiful Longfellow filly belonging to Charles Reed, began to show her class in that season. Thora was a remarkable mare. She was bred by H. P. McGrath, near Lexington, Kentucky, and was bought by Mr. Reed when a yearling. She was trained at Saratoga. As a two-year-old she beat both Hindoo and Crickmore, and won four out of eleven starts. In the after life which was given her she proved to be the best mare of her seasons, especially when going over a distance of ground. The Dwyer Brothers in that year also owned Onandaga, and that Sheepshead Bay meeting was marked by a $10,000 match with Onandaga, a two-year-old, on one side and Pierre Lorillard's Sachem, another two-year-old, on the other. It was merely a dash at the two-year-old distance of six furlongs, but it shows

that there was some sportsmanship abroad in the land when a race of this value could be made between a couple of youngsters for a scramble.

In 1882 Hindoo had his chance in the Coney Island Cup, which was the big race of the year, since it came after two other cups had been run. And there was a smashing field of them on that June afternoon. Hindoo was opposed to Fred Gebhard's Eole and to Parole. Even with this class against him, Hindoo had so stamped himself upon the minds of the American people as a great race-horse that he was at ten to three on. After a contest that was exciting to the greatest degree, Hindoo drew away from Eole, who had been battling with him, and won the race galloping by three lengths. Parole was pulled up a bad last. Hindoo's race was run in 3.58, three-quarters of a second faster than Glenmore had run it. Thora was one of the entries for the Coney Island Cup, but she did not start for the reason that that superb mare had won both the Baltimore and Westchester Cups that spring and was penalized in the Coney Island Cup 10 pounds for her remarkable accomplishment.

Throughout that entire season of racing, the crack horse of the year was Hindoo, and the great

unbeatable mare of the year, that is, unbeatable by anything of her own sex, was Thora.

Eole, again starting in Mr. Gebhard's colors, won the Coney Island Cup of 1883. He was then a five-year-old, and, although a good horse in a time when there were a number of good horses running, he captured more than the ordinary share of events. He had to beat General Monroe and Monitor in the race, and he did so under a bit of rousing with the whip at the end, winning with half a dozen lengths between him and General Monroe. He was far and away the best horse that Mr. Gebhard owned in the number of years that he was racing, and came very near to championship form. Still, he was not a Hindoo by long odds.

There was a Derby run at Sheepshead Bay at the time, and it took a pretty fair colt to win it. Grenada captured it at its first running, in 1880, and then in succession Hindoo, Runnymede, and Barnes picked it up in beautiful contests, Barnes winning it in the season of 1833. He was a full brother to Runnymede, being by Billet out of Mercedes. Barnes went along to be a handy winner for the Dwyers after that.

That was also the season when we began to

have a view of that class which was in Miss Woodford, the brown filly belonging to the Dwyer Brothers, by Billet out of Fancy Jane. She had performed already so cleverly that when she started in the Mermaid Stakes at Coney Island she was barred in the betting; and ever thereafter, so long as she was upon the turf, she was regarded as one of its most splendid mares, although she had not that class in going over a distance of ground which Thora undoubtedly possessed. She was never a cup mare.

Barnum, "the iron horse," winner of a hundred races, son of Bonnie Scotland, was a good horse in 1883. In overnight handicaps, at any route from a mile up to two miles, Barnum was a horse that had to be reckoned with always; for, while he was in no sense a champion, he was one of those honest, hard-as-hickory horses that would run you a good race every time for the asking, and could always be depended upon to be there or thereabouts in anything in which he started.

In 1884 we saw the running at Sheepshead of the first of that race which more than any other that we have has become a national event. It was the initial of the Suburban. And the winner of this first Suburban was General Monroe, a

six-year-old horse by Tom Bowling. He carried 124 pounds and beat War Eagle, Jack of Hearts, George Kinney, Heel and Toe, Kinglike, Barnes, Pizaro, Dutch Roller, and a number of others, running a mile and a quarter in 2.11¾. The race was a very exciting one, and in a splendid finish General Monroe won by only a neck from War Eagle, and War Eagle was but a short head in front of Jack of Hearts. Delilah was jumping on their heels. The Suburban field that year was made up of a high-class lot, although some of the good ones, notably Miss Woodford, were missing. Miss Woodford, on the same day, just to show that she was still a factor, beat Duke of Montalban, Chanticleer, and Pinafore, all of them clever performers, in a dash of a mile and a half, with 113 pounds on her. She won easily at that.

The Suburban is the one great fixed event of those days which still remains to us in its original form. We have the Belmont, Withers, Tidal, and other stakes, for three-year-olds, but they are the stakes of that day in name only, since conditions and distances in them have been so frequently changed that they have lost their originality and have merely preserved the name.

George Kinney, one of the sons of Bonnie

Scotland, was a good horse in 1884. General Monroe had the year of his life in 1884, for after his Suburban victory he came back and won the Cup. Only one animal could be found to start against him, and that was the chestnut filly Blue Grass Belle, who had no particular class. The Cup that season was a great disappointment. It was also the year for the appearance of Wanda, a chestnut filly by Mortimer belonging to Pierre Lorillard. She beat a smashing field in the Surf Stakes and gave them a line on her future excellence. So far as performance in the big all-age events of the year were concerned, General Monroe came very near being the best horse of the season. His winning of the Westchester Handicap at Jerome Park was one of the events of that meeting, although the field opposed to him was not one of the highest class.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN HANOVER'S TIME

After the disappearance of Luke Blackburn and Hindoo from the turf, it took a long time to bring out another horse that was so much superior to his fellows as to become in a way a national American horse. There were many of what you might call good horses, but they were not turf heroes. Perhaps the first one to come into public worship after the time of Hindoo was Hindoo's own son, Hanover, foaled in this year of 1884, out of Bourbon Belle. Hanover was of that kind to absolutely dominate all racing animals of his day and to bring many shekels to the coffers of his owner. He was a magnificent race-horse, whose performances are so recent as to be remembered in general by almost every turfman living to-day. At the time of his running there was constant discussion as to whether he was a superior race-horse to his distinguished sire. It was argued that the

farther the Vandal family went in the matter of generations the better it got, and that this horse Hanover was as much better than Hindoo as Hindoo was greater than Virgil. However, the old friends of Hindoo still cling to him as the more eminent race-horse of the two, and regard Hanover merely as the most brilliant son of a brilliant sire.

Hanover started fifty times at two, three, four, and five years old, winning thirty-two races. He was thirteen times second, three times third, and only twice unplaced; and his total winnings in his four years of activity amounted to $120,912. He won during his racing career many of the most prominent stakes of the American turf, — the Hopeful, July, Sapling, Carlton, Withers, Belmont, Brooklyn Derby, Swift, Tidal, Coney Island Derby, Emporium, Spindrift, Lorillard, Stockton, Stevens, Barnegat, Champion, United States Hotel, Second Special, Breckinridge, Dixie, Coney Island Cup, California, Merchants' Express, Coney Island and Brookdale handicaps.

No horse in recent years, leaving the turf for subsequent glories in the breeding paddock, was more sought for by the students of blood lines than Hanover. He not only came from the old

Tranby Mare through the sire line of Vandal directly, but his dam, Bourbon Belle by imported Bonnie Scotland, was out of Ella D. by Vandal. So this chestnut colt had two crosses of Vandal close up.

The year 1884 was marked by the happiest event which has ever taken place for the Western turf. It was the season for the inaugural meeting of the now famous Washington Park Jockey Club at Chicago. That organization was built upon the same principles which had made Jerome Park so brilliant a success in 1866, and which had in more recent years given Sheepshead Bay the premier place on the Eastern turf. The men who made up the Washington Park Jockey Club were those gentlemen who were most conspicuous in the social and business life of Chicago. There had been previous racing of high character in the Windy City, but it had taken on more or less of a professional feature. When this social body announced a meeting and constructed a beautiful race-course easily accessible to the city, and built a club-house that was almost a palace, the racing of the West took on an entirely new aspect. General Phil Sheridan was the first president of the club, and on the opening day, June 28, 1884,

General Sheridan was the presiding steward and General Robinson and Major J. F. Clark of Lexington assisted him.

That afternoon saw the first running of the American Derby, now one of the national events of the American turf, run at the true Derby distance of a mile and a half. Ed Corrigan's splendid filly Modesty, a daughter of War Dance, won this first running of the event. Since her day the American Derby has been captured by some distinguished horses and two or three bad ones. Within late years it has become essentially the meeting-place for the best of the three-year-olds of both the East and the West, and it is the only race now run in the United States which presents the old-time feature of being a sectional contest. The Southerners, the Californians, and the Easterners annually face each other there in this battle for three-year-olds, with their weights up, over a mile and a half of running; and this American Derby of ours annually presents to us one of the grandest outdoor sights to be seen in America. It is the fashionable event of all the Middle West. The Washington Park Jockey Club has done more for this race-horse of ours than all other Western organi-

zations combined, because it has elevated the character of the sport and has brought to the admiration of the American race-horse the best class of people who live in the Lake and the Mississippi River country.

The season of 1885, for some reason or other, distinctly lacked brilliancy, and not a horse cropped up to become a turf giant. The Suburban, which was supposed to bring together the best of the all-age division, was a poor race indeed, and was won by an ordinary horse called Pontiac. General Monroe was again started, but it was evident that the old hero was not himself, and it was not expected that he could win.

Dew Drop made her bow as a two-year-old. Though she ran admirably, she was not so much better than Portland and other two-year-olds of that season as to be called a champion. It was the season in which we first had substantial hearing of Volante, the Grinstead colt in E. J. Baldwin's stable. He won the American Derby, carrying 123 pounds, and beat Favor, Troubadour (then owned by Milton Young,) Alta, and others. Volante came along to be a good horse for us. Hidalgo, the black Spaniard from California, came east to show us a three-year-old

that could run some, and we afterwards saw him in a finish that will be remembered as long as the Brooklyn Handicap remains to memory.

A host of good ones came in the racing season of 1886. Dwyer Brothers' Miss Woodford was at the very height of her glory. They sent her out to St. Louis to meet Freeland, the Western champion. There was a stake in St. Louis called the Eclipse Stakes, to which $10,000 was to be added if Freeland and Miss Woodford should start. Freeland declined, Mr. Corrigan, his owner, stating that the horse was unfit to go to the post on account of the condition of his legs. The association, with rare liberality, resolved on adding the full $10,000 to the stake at any rate, and a cracking field went to the post in Miss Woodford, "Lucky" Baldwin's Volante, Porter Ashe's Alta, and Corrigan's Modesty. Miss Woodford was a hot favorite and won a grand race by a shade over a length from Volante. It was one of the greatest days that St. Louis had seen in many years. Miss Woodford returned to the East and continued that triumphal career which marked her as one of the best mares that the turf had seen for years. She met one horse during the season that could hold her level in a fair, square,

open race, and that was Troubadour, and he beat her in a match.

It was also Troubadour's year, he being the first really great horse that Captain Sam Brown ever owned. He won the Suburban Handicap, beating a fast field in which Lizzie Dwyer was favorite at three to one. The track was very heavy. Troubadour won, probably because of the condition of the course, as Lizzie Dwyer was at that time in splendid form, and on a fast track would probably have been the victor at the weights. Dry Monopole, Inspector B., and Mr. A. J. Cassatt's splendid horse The Bard were among the three-year-olds that were coming to the front and showing promise as handicap horses. The Dwyer Brothers flashed for the first time on the public that equine whirlwind Tremont. Tremont was a black colt by Virgil out of Anne Fief by Alarm. Such was his high rate of speed that there was nothing in his two-year-old year that could give him the semblance of a beating, whether it was upon muddy track or dry track. Tremont could flash off with an electric burst, tiptoe everything behind him, and win in a gallop. He was one of those two-year-olds that outclassed everything of his year. Accident prevented his return-

ing as a three-year-old, and he never raced after that season. It is likely, had he gone on and trained, that he would have taken his place along with Luke Blackburn, Hindoo, Hanover, and those acknowledged champions who had preceded him.

Splitting up things with Hanover, and trying to make dispute with him, was the brown colt Kingston, afterward to come into fame as a game, consistent horse, good to run any distance from a sprint up to a staying race. And also in this season we saw the bow of a beautiful bay filly by imported Glenelg out of Florida, who was racing in the colors of James B. Haggin, the Californian. She was named Firenzi, and for the next four years she made filly history that is still remembered with fondness by the thousands who loved her for her deeds. As years came to her she was the successor to Miss Woodford as the best mare upon the turf.

It was also the time of Dew Drop, a mare who could run fast enough to make you dizzy at watching her.

The Coney Island Cup that year promised a great race because it was expected that Troubadour, the winner of the Suburban, would meet

Miss Woodford, the winner of the Eclipse. At the last moment, Troubadour was withdrawn, and Barnum, the old Bonnie Scotland gelding, was added. Eole, the ancient favorite, was the third starter. In all the running of the Cup there had been no such contest as this. There was ten to one on Miss Woodford, and ten to one was laid against Barnum, with fifteen against Eole. Eole never counted in the race at all. Barnum, the old reliable, went out and made the pace, and made it so good that when Miss Woodford tried to move up to him she found the utmost difficulty in closing the gap; and in a wonderful finish, with both horses showing remarkable gameness, they flashed across the wire head and head, and the judges announced it a dead heat. The track was very heavy, and yet they ran the mile and three-quarters to which the cup distance had been cut in 3.07¼. The owner of Barnum wanted to run the stake off, but the Dwyer Brothers were unwilling to send Miss Woodford for another such gruelling, and they yielded the stake to old Barnum.

All in all, it was a year of brilliant racing in both the East and the West, and not for many seasons had so many good horses come to the



WATCHING THE "BROOKLYN HANDICAP," GRAVESEND COURSE, MAY 26, 1904

front. Miss Woodford was the acknowledged champion of all the mares of that time. Tremont stood just as high above all the two-year-olds. Among the horses there was no dominant character, but there were not less than a dozen racing in the East and in the West that might have been called horses of exceeding high class.

In 1887 the Brooklyn Jockey Club came into existence, and gave its initial meeting on that same Prospect Park track on which the Coney Island Jockey Club had given its first racing. That meeting witnessed the first running of the Brooklyn Handicap, and furnished the finish in which Hidalgo was mixed up. It was a rattling good field which went to the post in that first Brooklyn. The track was fast. The race, from start to finish, was one of the exciting kind where the field was closely packed all the way. At the seven-furlong pole Dry Monopole and Blue Wing were running head and head, with Hidalgo a length back. The excitement at this point was most intense and the shouting deafening. Hamilton made his move on Hidalgo. Under Garrison's strong riding, Blue Wing gained a little. McCarty went to work on Dry Monopole. Dry Monopole hung on and Hidalgo was gaining at

every jump. The three swept past the judges with Dry Monopole a short head in front of Blue Wing, and Blue Wing a short head in front of Hidalgo. No such finish as that has been seen in any subsequent running of the Brooklyn, and a picture of it has ever since been used on the posters of the Jockey Club. The mile and a quarter was run in 2.07, which in those days was remarkably fast time.

The first meeting of the Brooklyn Jockey Club was so successful that it determined the Dwyer Brothers, its promoters, to build the race-course upon which the Brooklyn is now annually run.

That was the season when we began to see the class of Hanover. There were many good horses racing, many performances of splendid class done throughout the year, but the great one to show the way to all of them was Hanover, then in his three-year-old form. His story has already been told.

By this period in the history of the turf, the Suburban had become the one event which was looked forward to by turfmen all over the country, and the best horses of the time were entered for it. The Bard was coming into his own this season, and the son of Longfellow showed his

breeding by winning a series of brilliant races at distances from a mile and a furlong upward. He beat pretty well everything racing that year with the exception of Hanover. Hanover being a three-year-old and The Bard a four-year-old prevented their coming together in many of the big stakes. Had they done so, The Bard had friends who believed that he was the superior horse to Hanover. It would be very hard, however, to persuade the Hanoverians that this could be true.

This was Eurus's year for the Suburban. This son of Eolus, then four years old, carried the light weight of one hundred pounds, and won by six lengths in a gallop, with the California colt Oriflamme second. Ben Ali and Quito, two of the possibilities in the race, were left at the post. Hidalgo, weighted out of it, cut no figure in the race.

That was also the season of the sensational winning of the American Derby by C. H. Todd, another Californian, that had come East and been slipped into the race and had all sorts of odds offered against him. He ran a wonderfully fast mile and a half on that June afternoon in Chicago, and won by a head from Miss Ford, the

California filly in "Lucky" Baldwin's stable who came afterward to be almost as clever a performer as Miss Woodford had been.

Also Mr. Baldwin brought to us that year Los Angeles, one that made herself felt upon the turf for several seasons to come.

At the end of the year, turfmen of different sections were most earnest in their protestations that the horse from their end of the country had been the best horse. And think of what good ones there were! Firenzi had come into her three-year-old form and had won eight smashing races, most of them stakes, and had given us an idea of what she was going to be. The Bard was in the height of his glory and was almost an unbeatable horse. Opposed to him was Troubadour; and the only times when The Bard was beaten that year Troubadour was the horse to finish in front of him, once in the Ocean Stakes at Monmouth Park, and then again in the Monmouth Cup. Hanover was proving himself the wonder that he was by winning such a succession of races that he was considered almost an unbeatable horse among the three-year-olds. Kingston was stacking up against Hanover and having his heart broken trying to finish in front of the son

of Hindoo. It was brilliant racing in that year of 1887, and it was full of brilliant horses.

In 1888 we had come among us a bay horse from out of the very distant West which was very near being the ideal of the American thoroughbred. He was called Emperor of Norfolk. He was by that Norfolk, son of Lexington, who was taken to California to beat Lodi, and did it. He was out of Marian by Malcolm, son of Bonnie Scotland, and the Emperor was the first one to show in this part of the world of that magnificent family of race-horses which Marian gave to the turf world. The Emperor was a good two-year-old, but not a horse of commanding presence. When he returned to us, however, as a three-year-old he brought might with him, and at the end of that year Isaac Murphy, then the premier jockey, said of him that he was the best horse over which he had ever thrown a leg.

Emperor of Norfolk started off by winning the Lawyers' Stakes at Nashville. Then he went up to the Washington Park meeting at Chicago, won the American Derby, took the Sheridan afterward, with a penalty on him, and won the Drexel. Coming across to Eastern trials, he won the Bronx and Spuyten Tuyvel at Jerome Park, and

captured the Swift Stakes at Coney Island. "Lucky" Baldwin, in whose ownership he ran, had started and won with many great horses, but this fellow by Norfolk was perhaps the best he ever owned and possibly the best horse of his day.

In his three-year-old year there was also coming to us Raceland, that wire and whalebone campaigner who afterward got to be known as "Old Bones" Raceland. Winning in that year, which was also his three-year-old year, the Emporium and the Spindrift at Coney Island, the Barnegat and Raritan at Monmouth, and the Grand National Handicap and the Melrose Handicap at Jerome Park, Raceland gave us a sign of what we might expect from him.

The two busiest racing animals of that season were mares. Los Angeles had returned from California in "Lucky" Baldwin's colors. She had won the Vestal and Triboulet Stakes at San Francisco. Then she went to Cincinnati and captured the Latonia Derby. On the way from San Francisco to Cincinnati she stopped off and made a winning incident of the Kansas City Oaks. Also she took the South Park Stakes at Denver as a mere rest on the journey. During her Eastern season she won the Foxhall and the

Kennar at Saratoga, the Jersey Handicap, the Pocahontas, and the Monmouth Oaks at Monmouth, and a sweepstakes at Brooklyn.

Firenzi, her distinguished rival and a far better mare, was given a heavy season of it herself; and no mare since the time of Thora had performed so creditably, in that she was sent to the post a great number of times and was almost always returned either a winner or a place horse. It was Firenzi's fate to meet the very best in training, and one is pleased to say of her that the game little daughter of Glenelg beat everything that faced her. If she did not do it the first time, she did it the second; and the one race in which The Bard, then in the height of his glory, found his striking defeat, was that in which he fronted the bay mare and had his heart broken by this game little thing bred in Kentucky and owned in California. In that year Firenzi won the Monmouth Cup and the Monmouth Handicap, the Champion Stakes, the Freehold, and the Harvest Handicap, all at Monmouth; the Manhattan Handicap and the Firenze Handicap as well as the Battle Stakes at Jerome Park; and the Average Stakes and the Great Long Island Stakes at Coney Island.

She was stable companion to Salvator. He was then a two-year-old. Beaten in the Futurity by Proctor Knott, he came back in the Flatbush Stakes, which is a much more severe trial, and won it. Also he put to his credit the Maple Stakes at Brooklyn and the Titan and Tuckahoe at Jerome Park. This was the slashing big chestnut colt by imported Prince Charlie out of Salina by Lexington, who came afterward to give us some stirring stories to tell.

This year of 1888 marked his first appearance upon the turf, where he was second to Proctor Knott in the first Futurity to be run. Diablo was also making his début. He was then a two-year-old. He picked up during the course of his running the Great Eastern Handicap and the June Stakes at Coney Island, the Holly Handicap at Brooklyn, and the Pelham Stakes at Jerome Park. It was also Proctor Knott's best season. He was the chestnut Tennesseean by imported Great Tom who had come up to New York under Sam Bryant's guidance to win the Junior Champion and the Futurity, and he did win both of them. Also he picked up the West Side Stakes at Nashville before starting, and the Kenwood Stakes at Washington Park before loading for the East.

So also in that season appeared that colt which was called the "little sway-backed runt," racing under the name of Tenny. He was about as bad a two-year-old as was out during the year. He started something like seventeen times, and at the very fag end of the season managed to win two poor races. One could not imagine then that this despised fellow had within him capabilities which would make him, two seasons later, the only horse upon the turf which could rival Salvator and race him to a head in the hardest contest which Salvator ever saw.

That, too, was the time when French Park came to us, a very whirlwind of speed of the type of Tremont. French Park was a busy one himself, and during the course of his running he won the Dixiana Stakes at Lexington, made a dead heat in the Juvenile at Jerome Park with Fides, won the Sequence Stakes and the Encore at Jerome, and finished first in the May and the Bedford Stakes at Brooklyn. He had but one year of it, but he made it a brilliant year.

Kingston, The Bard, and Senorita were still making hay. In the all-age division The Bard was undoubtedly king. He did not win so many races, but they were rare contests in which he

engaged and there was much acclaim for him. He won the Brooklyn Cup, which was no mean accomplishment, the Brooklyn Handicap, which was a better one, the Coney Island Cup, the Coney Island Stakes, the Ocean Stakes at Monmouth, and then the St. James Hotel Stakes at Brooklyn. When he went into winter quarters that season he was pronounced the horse of 1888. The budding champion was there in Salvator.

To follow through their careers Kingston, Hanover, Los Angeles, Senorita, Longstreet, Inspector B., Banquet, Firenzi, Chaos, Raceland, Tournament, and all those horses who were making passing fame in those seasons, would require detail which might prove tiresome. It is sufficient here to say that racing had grown in America to be such an enormous institution, with such an enormous amount of money invested in it, that each year was a volume by itself, and each season produced, not one, but a dozen horses, each of whom had legitimate claims to be called a great animal. While in the old days the horse of great achievement was a rare thing and belonged to a section, the production of the American horse had come to that stage where almost every state in the Union, bar the New England country, made some sort of bid.

CHAPTER XXIV

WHEN SALVATOR BEAT TENNY

The coming together of Salvator and Tenny in their memorable match was the last race outside the fixed events, such as the American Derby, the Brooklyn and Suburban handicaps, and the Futurity, which brought to it general attention. Salvator, coming to his four-year-old form in 1890, had proved himself a horse of remarkable speed as well as stamina. Tenny is yet held by many persons to have been as good if not a better horse, and yet it was the racing fate of Tenny to have his heart broken by Salvator. After Salvator had taken the Suburban in 1890, a challenge came from the Tenny party to run him a match. Mr. James B. Haggin, who owned Salvator, accepted the match. The wager was $5000 a side and the contest was run over the Coney Island Jockey Club track. Following is the story of the race, written at the time: —

"The crowd which braves the withering heat

comes early. At twelve o'clock every seat in the grand stand is taken. It is a crowd of notables of every profession.

"And now a cheer goes up as the paddock gate is thrown open and the mighty Salvator, with Isaac Murphy sitting sphinxlike in the saddle, steps proudly out. He passes the applauding multitude with the air of a prince who is receiving only what rightfully belongs to him. In a few moments Tenny comes galloping down the track, and another cheer goes up for the grand little son of Rayon d'Or.

"For a moment they stand together at the post, side by side, motionless. And now the starter has sent the red flag down and a roar goes up from the thousands in the grand stand, 'They're off!'

"Tenny is the first to spring away. He is close to the inner rail and he shoots out like an arrow, a good half-length before Salvator. In a moment Murphy has Prince Charlie's greatest son well in hand. His hand has tightened on the bridle rein; he is at Tenny's head, and the race has begun.

"They are half-way down the first furlong now, with their heads together, the two jockeys so close



SALVATOR

together that they could join hands. Past the judges they go, head to head, neck to neck, not a hand's breadth separating them.

"Now Murphy begins to slip away from Garrison. He seems to be doing no riding, but his knees are pressed against Salvator's sides and he is urging the great horse to go out and make pace. As Salvator creeps ahead inch by inch, and the pace quickens by every stride, the hearts of the Tenny men sink in their breasts for they fear their little horse will grow weary of it and sulk.

"They are rounding the turn now and the first quarter is passed. Salvator's head is just before Tenny's, and now the hearts of the Tenny men are as lead in their bosoms, for the head is growing into a long, clean, muscular neck, and the neck is lengthening inch by inch into a lithe, straining, chestnut body. And now the body is entirely clear, and a glint of daylight shines between the leader and the pursuer. The little speck of daylight broadens out into half a length. Now the Salvator men sneer at little Tenny and speak of 'distancing,' and 'beatings,' and 'by ten lengths,' and 'no race at all.'

"They are at the third-furlong pole and

Salvator passes it first with half a length of daylight to spare. Garrison is sitting high on Tenny and the little horse is running strong and free. And now the pace has become terrific. The two horses are skimming over the ground on the far-away back-stretch so fast that the whispering wind stealing away to the ocean is outsped, so fast that the scores of men who are holding watches look again to see if there is no mistake. All the awkwardness of that uncouth hack has passed away from Tenny, and he sweeps along behind the leader as gracefully as a young fawn. And Salvator, never flagging, fleet of foot, maintains his lead. Past the half and the five-eighths he is still in front, Tenny stubbornly fighting the bitter fight of the beaten horse behind him, and now Murphy again digs his knees into the gallant chestnut's sides and the daylight between the two once more begins to lengthen. At the third quarter Salvator is two lengths to the good.

"And now for the first time the killing pace begins to tell on Tenny. They are passing the stable where the little horse lives, and in some mysterious way he thinks he would be better there than out in this brilliant sun fighting the inevitable. For a moment he wavers, and then

attempts to throw up the race and be through with it. Garrison draws his whip and gives his stubborn mount a stinging blow. In a moment Tenny has forgotten his stable, forgotten that he wants to stop, and is once more struggling after the leader. That was a most disastrous stop, little Tenny, but bravely do you seek to right the wrong!

"The first mile is now covered. Salvator is three good lengths in front. The race seems a gift to the leader, for surely no horse can make up such a gap with Salvator before him. And now there begins one of the most extraordinary races ever seen on the turf — Tenny's fight down that last quarter. He begins it at the mile. Foot by foot he is lessening the terrible, hopeless chasm that yawns before him. You can almost see the muscles straining; you can almost feel the quick gasps through those red nostrils. It is a long line of princely blood that is telling, the blood of the thoroughbred, which always tells in man or brute, and which is never so great as when there is a hopeless fight to be fought.

"They have reached the point from which they started, now, and Murphy is only a length and a half ahead, Tenny gaining with every

stride. It is the Tenny men who are cheering now, and Salvator's backers wear an anxious look. Can Tenny catch him in the next furlong? Everybody is asking the question.

"Murphy glances over his shoulder and sees Garrison just behind him. In a moment he draws his whip, and at the first blow Salvator gallantly responds. It is well for him that he does. Tenny's head is at his quarters now. Garrison is riding the finish of his life. With his body high up on his horse's neck, with his arms and his feet and body, with every muscle, in movement, the great jockey is urging, lifting, his horse along. And now Tenny is at Salvator's saddle-skirts, and now he is at his shoulders!

"They have reached the first of the cheering wall of faces that line the track, and both jockeys respond to the calls of the factions by riding all the harder. Murphy is now fighting with his hands and knees, helping his mount as only Isaac Murphy knows how to help. And now they are at the grand stand, and ten thousand excited men and women are yelling like mad. Tenny's head is at Salvator's neck. He is gaining inch by inch. Is there yet time to reach him? The two jockeys are now as close as when they first passed

this spot, and the victory, which half a mile back seemed inevitably Salvator's, is as uncertain now as a shred of gossamer in the summer wind. And now they are under the shadow of the string, and Murphy, leaning far over, presses his knees close to the throbbing sides of his grand horse, whose noble head is side by side with Tenny's, and lifts him, almost in the final stride, to a victory without a parallel. Tenny is so close to him that a hand extended could touch their heads.

"The cheering from the great crowd lasts for full five minutes and breaks out again when Captain Conner hangs out the wonderful time, 2.05."

Time: first quarter, .25; three-eighths, .37¾; half-mile, .49¾; five-eighths, 1.02½; three-quarters, 1.14¾; seven-eighths, 1.27¼; mile, 1.39¾; one and one-eighth miles, 1.52¾; one and one-quarter miles, 2.05.

After the match, Salvator made one more distinguished appearance before the public, when Mr. Haggin started him against time on the mile straightaway at Monmouth Park. Paced by two different horses, the son of Prince Charlie ran down that noted old course the mile which

now stands as the record for the world. He carried the same weight which Ten Broeck carried in his famous effort against time when he set the record at 1.39¾. Salvator, on this straight course, ran in 1.35½. Firenzi had already, in a race, put the mile and a half record at 2.33. While both were perfectly sound and with their glories haloing them, Mr. Haggin retired both to his Rancho del Paso in California for breeding purposes. It might be said, *en passant*, that both have to this day been practical failures in reproducing themselves.

Through 1891 and 1892 there were many good horses racing in America. Sallie McClelland, Eon, His Highness, Strathmeath, La Tosca, Yorkville Belle, Chesapeake, Potomac, Riley, St. Florian, Prince Royal, Russell, Tenny, Reckon, Tammany, Kildeer, Marion C., Ambulance, Judge Morrow, Yo Tambien, Montana, Racine, Rey del Rey, Lamplighter, English Lady, and Fairy, — all were galloping to glory in 1891.

In 1892 Morello, a son of Eolus, won the Futurity and started himself on a career that should have been more brilliant than it was. Also, in that year, Montana won the Suburban and Judge Morrow the Brooklyn Handicap. The

season was full of more than useful ones. There were racing then Sir Walter, Dr. Rice, Lady Violet, Longstreet, Judge Morrow, Yo Tambien, St. Florian, Lamplighter, Dr. Hasbrouck, Raceland, Yorkville Belle, Helen Nichols, Montana, Kingston, Tournament, and Morello.

CHAPTER XXV

DOMINANCE OF DOMINO

It was in 1893 that we found another popular champion in the colt called Domino, a son of Himyar out of Mannie Gray. A big, lusty fellow, capable of carrying any weight, he so impressed himself upon his time that in his two-year-old form there was only one colt which in the slightest way rivalled him. That was Dobbins, a chestnut colt by Mr. Pickwick out of that old mare Thora of good performance in the past. This Dobbins seems to have inherited some of the excellence which was so marked in his dam.

Domino was a brown colt of great size and substance and with an enormous turn of speed. He had gone along through an unbroken series of victories and came to the Futurity. In that greatest of all two-year-old races he had, on account of penalties accruing, to carry 130 pounds. Dobbins had also been a stake winner himself, and was compelled to pack the same heavy weight. In one of the best races ever run for

the Futurity prize, Domino got up in the last few strides to win by a head from Galilee, carrying 115 pounds, while Dobbins was scarce a head behind Galilee. It was much such a finish in the Futurity as Proctor Knott, Salvator, and Galen furnished in the first running of that productive event. So close was this decision as between Domino and Dobbins that Mr. Phil Dwyer, leaving the judges' stand after the race, offered to bet $25,000 that Dobbins could beat Domino. The result of the controversy was a match race between the two two-year-olds, each to carry 118 pounds, over the Futurity course. The stake was for $10,000 a side and the Coney Island Jockey Club added $2500 to it.

Because Domino had come to be a sort of public idol there was an enormous interest in the race all over the United States, and wherever there was a pool-room or a bulletin board where the results might be announced almost instantly, there were clustered great crowds of people awaiting the decision between these two.

The race was run at Sheepshead Bay on the afternoon of August 31, 1893, in perfect weather and on a fast track. It was a most exciting contest. The pair ran head and head practically

from start to finish, and passed the judges so close together that it was impossible to separate them. Mr. Keene, who viewed the race from the stewards' stand, just above the judges' stand, thought Domino had won; and Mr. Croker, who sat in the club-house gallery, was equally confident that Dobbins was the winner. Admirers of the two horses naturally sided as their predilections inclined them, but the race was palpably so very close that no one cared to express any positive opinion. Even the jockeys, Simms and Taral, would not say that they believed either horse had won.

There was betting on the match early in the day. Domino was quoted at three to five and Dobbins at even money. It was the general trend of opinion that Domino would win, and the constant stream of Domino money forced the Keene colt to one to two when the race was called, while Dobbins went back to eight to five. There was a great deal of speculation on the result, and also on the time at four to five under 1.11$\frac{4}{5}$ and even money over. Dobbins cantered in front of the grand stand before the race, but Domino was not brought out on the track. He wore his bandages. Both colts were the centre of admiring throngs in the pad-

dock. The race was called for 5.10, and the start was effected at 5.16. There was one false break. Taral moved off a good neck in front of Dobbins, and Mr. Rowe made them come back. At the next trial the pair went away like a team. Domino was just a trifle in front until the horses came up out of the dip, where Dobbins got his head in front. Taral was next the rail, and in making the turn he carried Dobbins out. The horses throughout the race were so close together that on several occasions they slightly bumped into each other.

At the head of the stretch Taral drew his whip with his left hand and began whipping. Dobbins at the furlong pole still had his head in front, and Simms was riding his hardest with hands and heels. All the way through the last furlong up to the last strides it looked as though Dobbins would win. In the last half-dozen jumps Taral crept up, inch by inch, and, as already stated, the colts passed the judges so nearly on a perfect line that every one turned to the bulletin board in expectation of seeing a dead heat announced. Without any hesitation the judges immediately signalled "dead heat."

The decision was greeted with cheers by the

large crowd that had assembled around the judges' stand. After the race Mr. Keene and Mr. Croker met in the club-house. Mr. Croker expressed a willingness to run the dead heat off. However, he told Mr. Keene that he would leave the matter entirely to him. Mr. Keene consulted with Lakeland, who advised against giving the colts another hard race; and when Mr. Keene himself expressed this view to Mr. Croker, the latter stated that he was entirely willing to abide by the dead heat. The $2500 added by the association was divided between Mr. Keene and Mr. Croker. The time of the race, 1.12$\frac{3}{5}$, was much slower than was expected.

Domino made a sweep of his two-year-old year and finally put himself in the galaxy with those champions of the American turf which had preceded him. He retired to the stud after a rather disappointing season, and there bade fair to become a phenomenal sire when death overtook him at an early age. Mr. James R. Keene erected a handsome monument over the grave in Kentucky, that all who rode by might read that there lay the remains of a race-horse. Dobbins lived to go to England with Mr. Croker. Representatives of his

blood are now in training, and racing with indifferent success on the English turf.

Henry of Navarre was with us in that time, and a good race-horse he was. So was Charade. Diablo lived to win the Brooklyn Handicap. Geraldine, the whirlwind from California, was still doing such sprinting as the Easterners had never seen. But Domino was the horse of 1893.

Henry of Navarre, Yo Tambien, Rey el Santa Anita, Dobbins, Dr. Rice (the Brooklyn Handicap winner), Hornpipe, Harry Reed, Lazzarone, Sir Walter, Don Alonzo, Clifford, Rampo (the winner of the Suburban), Correction, Butterflies (winner of the Futurity), and Lissak were the good performers of the season of 1894, without any horse being particularly conspicuous for overpowering merit. Henry of Navarre was perhaps the best animal racing that season, although his right to be called a high-class horse has been questioned by turfmen of experience who know a good race-horse when they see him.

Hornpipe (winner of the Brooklyn), Ben Brush, Clifford, Domino, Handspring, Bright Phœbus Halma, Ramapo, Henry of Navarre, Sir Walter, Requital, Lazzarone (winner of the Suburban), St. Maxim, One I Love, Counter Tenor, First

Mate, and Rey el Santa Anita were the conspicuous performers of the season of 1895, and the same condition existed as in 1894. The horses beat each other with a striking regularity which clearly demonstrated that there was not one among them to be called a champion.

Hastings, St. Maxim, Handspring, Ben Brush, The Commoner, Cleophus, Don de Oro, Ornament, The Friar, Harry Reed, Ben Holladay, Voter, Ogden (winner of the Futurity), First Mate, Belmar, Sir Walter, Requital (winner of the Realization), and Henry of Navarre (the winner of the Suburban), were the best performers to show on the American turf in 1896. There was the genesis of several very high-class animals among the two-year-olds which came out that year, notably in Ben Holladay. But still, another great dominant one had not appeared.

Scottish Chieftain, Octagon, Howard Mann (winner of the Brooklyn), Don de Oro, Plaudit, Ornament, Handball, L'Alouette, Henry of Navarre, Previous, Hamburg, Cleophus, Firearm, Frohman, Voter (the great sprinter), The Friar, Tillo, Ben Brush, Sir Walter, Rensselaer, and Bowling Brook, were the conspicuous performers of 1897. Voter had just begun to

show that remarkable sprinting ability which made him the best miler in after days that we have had in America for many, many years. His performances at the shorter distances were perhaps as good as have ever been run in any country.

This was Hamburg's year. Hamburg's place as a racing animal is among the real cracks of the turf. He was during his racing days a commanding individual, who always enlisted the admiration of the crowd when he paraded for a race, on account of his exceedingly fine appearance.

Hamburg by Hanover had for dam that noted mare, Lady Reel by Fellowcraft, and he was quite as good an one as ever came out of that broodmare family, which traced back to the famous imported Galopade, the founder of another great brood-mare line in America, which is frequently spoken of as the Dance family.

Hamburg did everything that could be asked of a first-class race-horse. He showed speed, stamina, courage, and weight-carrying ability of the highest order. No distance was too long or too short for him, and, moreover, his soundness of wind and limb, together with his robust con-

stitution, perfect disposition, and excellent blood lines, are combinations which should, without a doubt, bring about great results at the stud. The consistency of his performances stands out prominent from the fact that he never was unplaced during his racing career.

Hamburg started twenty-one times, won sixteen races, was second in three, and third in two. His total winnings amounted to $62,378. As a two-year-old he started sixteen times, won twelve races, was second in three, and third in one. With 104 pounds up he made his début at Brooklyn in a five-eighths mile race, which he won easily by a length, beating Previous, 115 pounds, Sanders, 104, Prince Lee, 104, and four others; track sloppy; time, 1.03¼. Six days afterward, carrying 122 pounds, he won another five-eighths mile race easily by two lengths, beating Previous, 122 pounds, Sly Fox, 122, Honeydew, 107, and three others; time, 1.02¼.

At Sheepshead Bay, Hamburg, 122 pounds, ran third to Bowling Brook, 122, and Laudeman, 117, in the Double Event Stakes (first part), last five and a half furlongs of the Futurity Course — a nose and two lengths separating the first, second, and third; the beaten division comprising

Prince Lee, 122 pounds, Varus, 122, Briar Sweet, 114, Mr. Baiter, 117, and Swango, 122; time, 1.09⅕.

These few races seem to have sharpened Hamburg up considerably, for on his next appearance in public, in the Great Trial Stakes, over the Futurity Course, he carried 122 pounds, jumped off in front, made all the running, and won in a canter by four lengths, beating Previous, 129 pounds, George Keene, 122, Bowling Brook, 122, Firearm, 129, The Huguenot, 115, Kitefoot, 119, Handball, 120, Laudeman, 119, and two others; time, 1.12⅕.

It was now Hamburg's turn to carry 7 pounds penalty. With 129 pounds, after making his own running all the way, he cantered in by two lengths for the Double Event Stakes (special part), Futurity Course, beating imported Uriel, 122 pounds, Bowling Brook, 129, Previous, 129, Firearm, 120, Sanders, 114, Varus, 129, and three others; time, 1.11⅕.

At Saratoga, carrying 129 pounds, he won the Flash Stakes, one-half mile, by one and a half lengths, beating Handball, 120 pounds, Briar Sweet, 119, and Loiterer, 122; time, 50 seconds. A week afterward, with 134 pounds, he won the

Congress Hall Stakes, five-eighths mile, handily, by a length, beating Archduke, 119 pounds, Harvey, 119, Aratoma, 107, Laudeman, 102, and two others; time, 1.01½. His next and last race at Saratoga, in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, three-quarters mile, was one of the many evidences of the glorious uncertainty of racing. Archduke, 117 pounds, Hamburg, 129, and Harvey, 117, made up the field, and they finished in the order named, Archduke doing the son of Hanover by a head, with Harvey fifteen lengths in the rear; time, 1.15.

At Brighton Beach, Hamburg, 127 pounds, won the Rising Generation Stakes, three-quarters mile, by three lengths, beating Central Trust, 122 pounds, Bowling Brook, 125, Blarneystone, 122, Julius Cæsar, 111, and Blissful, 107; time, 1.15. Four days afterward, with 132 pounds, he won the Electric Handicap, three-quarters mile, by a half-length, beating Handball, 120 pounds, Frohman, 118, First Fruit, 88, and Don't Care, 105.

At Sheepshead Bay, in the fall, Hamburg began by essaying the difficult task of trying to give, according to the weight-for-age scale, 10 pounds to Requital (winner of the Futurity, Real-

ization, etc.), Flying Dutchman (a really good race-horse), and Irish Reel (a very speedy animal and frequent winner), in the Flight Stakes, seven-eighths mile. He made a gallant bid for victory, but was defeated two lengths by Requital in 1.26$\frac{3}{5}$. Flying Dutchman finished third, ten lengths away, and Irish Reel had a distant view of the race.

Three days afterward Hamburg, 120 pounds, ran second, beaten a head, to Previous, 115 pounds, in the Flatbush Stakes, seven-eighths mile, beating Firearm, 115, Handball, 115, The Huguenot, 120, Kitefoot, 115, and three others; time, 1.28$\frac{1}{5}$; and two days later, with 129 pounds, he won the Autumn Stakes, Futurity Course, easily, by two lengths, beating Archduke, 122 pounds, The Huguenot, 122, Firearm, 129, Lydian, 109, Gibraltar, 112; time, 1.11.

His previous races had shown that Hamburg was the best two-year-old in training, and his next victory, in the Great Eastern Handicap, over the Futurity Course, proved that he was the best by a large margin. He shouldered 135 pounds, making the running throughout, and won, with something up his sleeve, by a length, in 1.10$\frac{1}{5}$, beating Kitefoot, 111 pounds, Briar

Sweet, 109, Firearm, 120, Archduke, 124, Handball, 117, L'Alouette (whose next race it was after winning the Futurity), 120, Bowling Brook, 115, Blueaway, 115, George Keene, 111, and four others.

At Brooklyn, Hamburg, 127 pounds, won the Prospect Stakes, three-quarters of a mile, by two lengths, beating Handball, 122 pounds, Archduke, 115, Previous, 122, Bowling Brook, 122, Blueaway, 115; and two days afterward wound up his two-year-old career by beating Handball, Easter Gift, and Previous, at even weights, easily, by one and a half lengths, earning $39,950 during the season.

Hamburg began his three-year-old career inauspiciously with a defeat, the only one encountered by him during the season. In racing parlance, "he wanted a race in him" to get him thoroughly fit. He had done enough work to get most horses fit, and many animals would have been overdone had they gone through the same ordeal. His constitution, however, was so robust and his recuperative powers so great that a good ordinary strong preparation was play for him.

The Belmont Stakes, one mile and three-eighths, track heavy, was the race in which he met his Waterloo. He had beaten his opponents

— except Gala Day, who was not considered a factor in the race — so often as a two-year-old that the race was looked upon as a "moral" for him, barring accidents, and providing he were fit and had made the natural improvement from two to three years of age. There were four runners, all at even weights — 122 pounds.

The result was a staggerer to the followers of public form, who, of course, realize that some horses improve more than others from two to three years of age, and in many cases are better as two-year-olds than ever afterwards. Soon after the start Bowling Brook went to the front and retained his lead to the end, finishing six lengths ahead of Previous, who beat Hamburg by three lengths, with Gala Day forty lengths off. All sorts of excuses were made for Hamburg's poor showing. Some said he could not stay, some said he had not improved since he was a two-year-old, while others said the heavy track beat him. These theories were all wrong, as he later on showed that he was a thoroughly genuine stayer, and that he was a street in front of all the horses of his age; while the heavy track idea was disproved in the previous year, when he won on a sloppy track at Brooklyn and over a heavy

track at Saratoga. As explained above, the real secret was a "little short of work."

At Brooklyn, Hamburg beat Sly Fox and Handball in a canter, by eight lengths, in the Spring Special Stakes, one mile and a sixteenth; time, 1.49. At Sheepshead Bay he gave Loiterer and Murillo 10 pounds each, and beat them, pulled up, by six lengths in the Swift Stakes, seven furlongs. Eleven days afterward he won the Realization, one mile and five furlongs, easily, by two lengths, in 2.51$\frac{1}{5}$, beating Plaudit (winner of the Kentucky Derby, etc., and a high-class race-horse), The Huguenot (winner of the Withers Stakes, the Brooklyn Derby, etc.), Handball, Latson, and George Boyd.

Hamburg's last race was for the Brighton Cup, two miles and a quarter, which he won from start to finish, by one-sixteenth of a mile, beating imported Ogden (winner of the Futurity, etc.), who finished lengths in front of Howard Mann (winner of the Brooklyn Handicap, etc.); track fair; time, 4.02$\frac{3}{4}$.

CHAPTER XXVI

HORSES OF TO-DAY

For some years the Washington Park Jockey Club had not given any racing on account of difficulties in Chicago, and it was not until 1898 that so splendid an event as the American Derby was run again. Pink Coat, a handsome specimen of the American thoroughbred, was the winner on the resumption of racing. Bowling Brook, Previous, and Hamburg were all three-year-olds in 1898, and they furnished us some smashing good races.

That was Ornament's year in the Brooklyn Handicap, when he beat Ben Holladay in a gruelling race. The Huguenot was running some in those days, and Filigraine was a two-year-old that was galloping himself into prominence. Plaudit, Bangle, John Cooper, Martimas were galloping along, and Jean Beraud was a two-year-old to show himself to be almost a second Hamburg. He won the great American

at Gravesend, the Great Eclipse at Morris Park, the Great Trial at Sheepshead, the Hudson at Gravesend, and the Tremont at Gravesend. He was a cracking good youngster and he was out in a good youngster year, for that was also the season in which we saw the first of Ethelbert. Black Venus was a clever filly of that time, beating Ethelbert, Martimas, and others in the Great Eastern Handicap at Coney Island and running a cracking good race to do it.

Good colt as Jean Beraud was as a two-year-old, he was again a great horse in his three-year-old form, and in 1899 he opened his stake season by winning the Belmont at Morris Park with a good field behind him. He also put the Withers to his credit at the same meeting and then passed out of sight.

It was Banistar's year in the Brooklyn and Imp's time in the Suburban. The racing sensation of the season, of 1899, however, was the great chestnut colt Mesmerist by imported Albert, running in the colors of A. Featherstone of Chicago. Especially in the late meetings of the year was Mesmerist the invincible two-year-old of the season. Chacornac won the Futurity, but he was no such horse as this flying fellow by

Albert. He won the Great Eastern at Coney Island, and was second to David Garrick in the Great Trial at the same place. He retired as acknowledged two-year-old champion, and the most splendid things were predicted for him in his three-year-old form. A sickness during the winter seems to have taken it all out of him, and when he came back to the races he was a parody upon the Mesmerist which we had known the year before. He was possessed of an enormous flight of speed, but in his three-year-old year he was utterly unable to carry it the distances a three-year-old is expected to run.

Bangle was a good horse in 1899. He was a son of Iroquois, and his best accomplishment was the winning of the Brighton Cup, in which he beat Don de Oro and Latson. David Garrick was another two-year-old to come along in 1899 and show stake form. High Order was a youngster who had distinct class to him. Filigraine, Ethelbert, and others gave us a smashing race in the Metropolitan Handicap that year, Filigraine winning in 1.39¾, but it took his life to beat Ethelbert. Ethelbert went on and captured the Realization, with a field of seven three-year-olds behind him. Kinley Mack had begun to

show his class as a three-year-old. He demonstrated that he had the old-time stamina by going over a distance of ground like a real race-horse.

Washington Park resumed its racing in 1900, and there was a brilliant American Derby for which Lieutenant Gibson, supposed to be the best three-year-old in the West, if not in the entire country, was a hot favorite. The Lieutenant, however, had to give way to a rank outsider, Sidney Lucas, who went on and raced with such excellence as to become the hero of the Western turf.

In the East, Ethelbert was a grand horse that year, and probably the best thing he ever did was to win the Brighton Cup and finish in front of Imp, the black wonder, Sidney Lucas, and others. This mare Imp belonged in the same class as Miss Woodford, Miss Ford, Firenzi, and others who had come to stamp themselves indelibly upon the story of the turf. She raced pretty well all over the United States, and she was at it early and often. She was managed unfortunately and was not given as good opportunities as her great speed and stamina deserved. She was not engaged in many of the best stakes, and in the handicaps she was generally given such high

weight that it was impossible for her to win. Yet, in spite of all these difficulties, she was the first mare to win the Suburban, and she beat every good horse in training during the four years that she was racing. Her Suburban was a grand race. The mile and a quarter was run in 2.05$\frac{4}{5}$, and she had behind her Bannockburn, Warrenton, and thirteen others. Had she been in more careful hands, Imp would have been one of the really wonderful performers of the turf and would have put a large number of stakes to her credit. The day that she won the Suburban she received such an ovation from the crowd as had not been seen on the Sheepshead Bay track since the day that Salvator beat Tenny. Grand old mare she was, and she is yet loved for those brilliant races that she used to run in simple overnight purses.

Kinley Mack was the Brooklyn Handicap winner that year, on a heavy track. Ballyhoo Bey was one of the several good youngsters that cropped out during the season. Tommy Atkins was another; Olympian was still another. Ballyhoo Bey took the Futurity, with Olympian second and Tommy Atkins third. Beau Gallant was a youngster of considerable class. Commando was

another of more than ordinary capacity and The Parader was a good colt. Alard Scheck was still another, and Bellario might also be added to the list of good young ones that were racing in 1900. Oneck Queen and Indian Fairy were a pair of clever two-year-old fillies. Ethelbert won the Metropolitan for us, and honest old Imp was third in it. Kinley Mack went along to win the Suburban, with Ethelbert, Gulden, and a big field behind him. Conroy and Blues might not be overlooked in a discussion of the two-year-olds of that season; indeed, except for the splendid accomplishments of Kinley Mack, who was a race-horse of high degree, the whole season of 1900 might be called a two-year-old year. Such a large number of clever horses had not been out in many previous seasons.

In 1901 Robert Waddell, an undersized, flat-ribbed, inconsequential looking colt, won the American Derby from a splendid field of horses. The Easterners had sent out several candidates in an attempt to capture this big Western event, but the very best they could do was to finish third with The Parader. Robert Waddell, winning a $20,000 stake, looked less like a Derby horse than anything which had ever finished in

front in that great three-year-old race. He could run, though, and you were forced to respect him for what he did, though you might not like him for his personal appearance.

Commando was a good colt that season. So was The Parader, and so was All Green. Commando won the Belmont at Morris Park, the Carlton at Gravesend, running the mile in 1.39$\frac{2}{5}$, was second to The Parader in the Realization, and managed to get his part of the first money throughout the season. Conroy won the Brooklyn and was the first three-year-old to accomplish that feat. Bonnibert won the Brooklyn Derby in a fast race with Blues, The Parader, and others behind him. Yankee, son of Hanover, was the Futurity winner that year, and Alcedo set a new record for the Suburban, when he beat Water Cure, Toddy, and others, the mile and a quarter in 2.05$\frac{3}{5}$.

Chiefly will the season of 1901 be remembered, however, as giving us the début of at least two remarkable fillies. One of these was Endurance by Right and the other was Blue Girl. Endurance by Right was a daughter of Inspector B. She came to the East in the stable of John W. Schorr of Memphis. Before she had been racing

long here, it was evident that no colt of the season could give her a beating at even weights. She gave an early evidence of her quality by winning a number of high-class races in the West, and when she came on here she was not unheralded. She passed at a high figure into the hands of the late William C. Whitney and went through, in his colors, a remarkable career, winning for him no less than nine races out of ten starts. She picked up the Champagne Stakes at Morris Park, where she beat Yankee, Caughnawaga, and others, and the Great Eastern Handicap at Sheepshead. Because she was not well engaged in the stakes she had fewer opportunities than were given to other two-year-olds of the year, else her winnings would have footed up an enormous amount. She was able, however, in overnight events and in minor stakes to beat pretty well every youngster we had in training.

Blue Girl had better fortune because her engagements were many, and she had every opportunity to show her class. She won the Great American at Gravesend, beating Nasturtium, Major Daingerfield, and others; she took the Great Eclipse at Morris Park, defeating Saturday, Whiskey King, and a good field; she won



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the Great Trial at Sheepshead Bay, with Hyphen and Goldsmith behind her; she won the Juvenile at Morris Park, beating Hyphen and Hoyden and others, and was second in the Tremont to Whiskey King, but had a good field chasing her. Other races of less importance she also put to her credit. She was a daughter of Sir Dixon, and probably the best thing that that fast horse ever sired.

It was also the year of Nasturtium. He was a big chestnut colt by imported Watercress, bred in California by James B. Haggin and brought to the races by A. L. Aste. Before the season was over he passed into the hands of William C. Whitney at the reported price of $50,000. Especially during the early part of the season was he a hard nut for the youngsters to crack.

That was The Parader's year in the Realization. It was also the season when Gold Heels began to show his excellence. He ran a cracking race in the Oriental Handicap at Gravesend, when he beat Blues, Terminus, and others, a mile and a quarter, in 2.05⅖. Banistar was a good horse then, and when he won the Metropolitan Handicap it was a foregone conclusion that he would be the favorite for the other big handicaps of the

year, provided he maintained his form. Unfortunately he did not do so, and lameness prevented his going through the season.

In 1902 an army of good ones were doing their galloping. Wyeth won a sensational American Derby for John A. Drake. Gold Heels won the Brighton Handicap, running the mile and a quarter in 2.03$\frac{4}{5}$ with 124 pounds on him, setting the record for the distance. The same horse also won the Brighton Cup and made himself the champion of the season. Drake had another peek at good fortune with his colt Savable, by Salvator, who won the Futurity for him.

Major Daingerfield came to be a magnificent three-year-old, and among other things won the Lawrence Realization, the Brooklyn Derby, and the Tidal Stakes at Sheepshead. Advance Guard had become a sort of popular idol, especially when it came to going over a distance of ground, and his winning of the Saratoga Cup, at a mile and five furlongs, was one of the best performances of the year. Gold Heels, however, was distinctly the horse of the season, for he not only won the Brighton Handicap and the Brighton Cup, but he was also that season's winner of the Suburban.

It was also the season when Reina, running for Mr. A. Featherstone, beat old Advance Guard and a big field in the Brooklyn. It was the year when we saw the first of Irish Lad, and his winning of the Special at Saratoga was the first race which suggested that he might be a future champion. It was the time of the coming to us also of Africander. Hermis had been a bad two-year-old, but when he began his running in the East late in his three-year-old season, after Gold Heels had gone lame and Major Daingerfield was temporarily out of commission, Hermis became the most talked-about animal in the country. The history of his sale during the Saratoga meeting by H. M. Ziegler to L. V. Bell, and then the after sale by Mr. Bell to E. R. Thomas, for a price generally supposed to be $60,000, is familiar to every one. After Mr. Bell came to own him, Hermis won nine straight races, though he did not put any of the really great stakes to his credit for the reason that he was not up to his proper form in the early part of the season when they were being run. There was no great commanding two-year-old that season, though the average was high.

In the following year, that is to say, in 1903, a remarkable condition existed upon the turf. We

had all sorts and kinds of two-year-olds, who beat each other with consistency. The little Ben Brush colt Broomstick was the first good one to show. But after they had all been weeded out and cut down, the palm of the year was given to Highball, a son of Ben Strom.

The interest of the year, however, centred in the performances of the rival three-year-olds, Africander and Irish Lad, and the rival four-year-olds, Waterboy, Hermis, and McChesney. Any one of these five entered in a race would draw an enormous attendance to the course. Hermis in the early part of the season was a dazzling disappointment. McChesney came from the West with a great reputation and practically challenged the Easterners to meet him. Waterboy had broken a hip when a two-year-old and was really coming upon the turf for the first time. His career was so magnificent that when the season was over he was nominated the champion of the year. The Westerners were quite firm in their belief that, with both horses good, McChesney could beat Waterboy. However, a contest between the two was never arranged, and Waterboy, black son of imported Watercress, might be called the champion of 1903.

There was the same discussion as between Irish Lad and Africander. Africander beat him, but it was upon a track not to Irish Lad's liking; and when they went into winter quarters, it was the general idea that over a reasonable distance of ground there was scarcely a pound difference between them. Africander was a great money winner during the year, for he belonged to the Hampton Stable, whose policy it was to give him as much racing as he could stand. Among the stakes which he put to his credit were the Belmont at Morris Park, the Realization, the Saratoga Cup, and the Suburban. Irish Lad was given no such campaign as this. Perhaps his best race was in the Brooklyn Handicap, when, in a magnificent finish with Gunfire, he won that race in 2.05$\frac{2}{5}$, setting a record for it.

The Futurity of 1903 was won by Hamburg Belle, a daughter of Hamburg, who accomplished the feat after having been badly cut down at the post. As Highball was given the place of first among the two-year-old colts, so Hamburg Belle was given that among the two-year-old fillies.

To show how strong the English impress is yet upon the American race-horse, it may be said here that of the five really great ones of the

season of 1903, Waterboy is by imported Watercress, Hermis by imported Hermence, Africander by imported Star Ruby, and Irish Lad by imported Candlemas. Highball is by imported Ben Strom. Broomstick by Ben Brush, McChesney by Macduff, and Hamburg Belle by Hamburg were the only notable ones of the year to be sired by American horses. It is still the habit of the breeders of America to go to England for both sires and dams, that they may get proper outcrosses for the native blood of America. Climatic change and new environment seem to make this necessary, that the American horse may not deteriorate. Indeed, it is the exercise of such wisdom that has probably been more potent than any other influence in bringing the American racehorse to that high state of perfection which is now his.

It is doubtful if upon the face of the earth there exists an animal better suited to the purposes of the turf or the saddle than the American thoroughbred as he stands to-day. He is a horse of the most splendid courage. Individually he is goodly to the eye. Speed he has, and stamina is within him. He can go short distances at high flights, and he can compass longer routes with

a staying quality that is magnificent. Because it is not demanded of them, the horses of to-day do not race at the greater distances which obtained in the days before the war. There is no doubt, however, that, if asked to do so, any one of the five champions of 1903 could so far eclipse the efforts of Boston, Fashion, Henry, Eclipse, Lexington, Lecompte, and all that galaxy of the olden time, that they would seem poor horses indeed. Improved track construction, improvements in the methods of training, various causes, may contribute to this. Yet all horsemen who have studied the matter are ready to say that the Waterboy, or the McChesney, or the Irish Lad, or the Africander, of recent afternoons, is a better horse than anything which wore racing plates in those early and brilliant years of the American turf.

The companion and the faithful of the gentleman of America is himself a gentleman of high degree.

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